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Montague Summers.

THE WORKS OF APHRA BEHN.

VOL. II.

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OF
APHRA BEHN

EDITED BY
MONTAGUE SUMMERS

VOL. II

ABDELAZER; OR, THE MOOR'S REVENGE
THE YOUNG KING; OR, THE MISTAKE
THE CITY HEIRESS; OR, SIR TIMOTHY TREAT-ALL
THE FEIGN'D CURTEZANS; OR, A NIGHT'S INTRIGUE

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ABDELAZER; OR, THE MOOR'S REVENGE.

ARGUMENT.

The old King of Spain, having conquered Fez and killed the Moorish monarch, has taken the orphaned prince Abdelazer under his protection and in time made him General. Abdelazer, though always courageous, has the desire of revenge ever uppermost, and to gain influence, rather than from any love, he becomes the Queen's paramour. She, being a lustful and wicked woman, joins with the Moor in poisoning her husband, at whose death Philip, her second son, newly returned victor from a martial expedition, leaving his army at some distance, rushes in mad with rage and publicly accuses his mother of adultery with Abdelazer. She is greatly incensed, but Cardinal Mendozo, as Protector of the King, promptly banishes her gallant. The young King Ferdinand, however, to please Florella, the Moor's wife, whom he loves, revokes this decree. Abdelazer, in revenge, next orders his native officer Osmin to kill Philip and the Cardinal. They escape by night disguised as monks, whilst Abdelazer alarms the castle with cries of treason and tells the King that Philip and the Cardinal are plotting to murder him. Ferdinand orders Abdelazer to follow them, intending to visit Florella during her husband's absence. Abdelazer, fully aware of his plan, out of pride and mischief furnishes Florella with a dagger, bidding her stab the King if he persists in his suit. Elvira, the Queen Mother's confidante, watches the King enter Florella's apartment and conveys the news to her Mistress who, with dissembled reluctance, informs Alonzo, the Moor's brother-in-law. Florella resists the King's sollicitations and produces the dagger threatening to stab herself. At this juncture the Queen rushes in and, feigning to think that Florella was about to attempt the King's life, kills her. Her motive for this deed is, in reality, jealousy. Whilst the King falls weeping at his dead mistress' feet Abdelazer enters, and in the ensuing fight Ferdinand is slain. Philip is then proclaimed King, but Abdelazer announcing he is a bastard, an avowal backed by the Queen, declares himself Protector of Spain. Overpowered by his following, the lords accept him. Alonzo, however, flies to Philip's camp with the tidings. A battle between the two parties follows, but the Queen treacherously detaches Mendozo, who loves her, from Philip, and although the Moors are at first beaten back they now gain the advantage and Philip is captured. At a general assembly of the nobles the Queen relates the false tale of Philip's illegitimacy and asserts that the Cardinal is his father. She privately bids Mendozo acknowledge this and so gain the crown, but he refuses to support the lie and is promptly arrested as a traitor. Abdelazer now brings forward the Infanta Leonora and proclaims her Queen of Spain. He next disposes of the Queen Mother by bidding Roderigo, a creature of his own, assassinate her forthwith. Roderigo gains admittance disguised as a friar and stabs her, upon which Abdelazer, to screen himself, rushes in and cuts him down. He next openly declares his love for Leonora and is about to force her when Osmin, his officer, enters to inform him that Alonzo, to whom Leonora is affianced, has resisted arrest but is at last secured. Abdelazer, enraged at the interruption, wounds Osmin in the arm. Leonora pities the blow ; and the Moorish soldier, deeply

hurt at the insult, resolves to betray his master. He accordingly goes to the prison where Philip, the Cardinal, and Alonzo are confined, and killing his fellow Zarrack who was to have been their executioner, sets them free. When Abdelazer enters he finds himself entrapped. He glories, however, in his crimes, and as they set on him kills Osmin, himself falling dead in the mêleé. The Cardinal is forgiven, Leonora and Alonzo are united, whilst Philip ascends the throne.

SOURCE.

Abdelazer; or, the Moor's Revenge is an alteration of the robustious *Lust's Dominion; or, the Lascivious Queen*, printed 12mo, 1657, and then attributed to Marlowe, who was certainly not the author. It is now generally identified with *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* by Dekker (Haughton and Day, 1600), although, as Fleay justly says, there is 'an under-current of pre-Shakespearean work' unlike either Dekker or Day. There are marked crudities of form and a rough conduct of plot which stamp it as of very early origin. Probably it was emended and pruned by the three collaborators.

Although often keeping close to her original, Mrs. Behn has dealt with the somewhat rude material in a very apt and masterly way: she has, to advantage, omitted the old King, Emanuel, King of Portugal, Alvero, father to Maria (Florella), and the two farcical friars, Crab and Cole; she adds Elvira, and whereas in *Lust's Dominion* the Queen at the conclusion is left alive, declaiming:— 'I'll fly

unto some solitary residence
When I'll spin out the remnant of my life
In true contrition for my past offences.'—

Mrs. Behn far more dramatically kills her Isabella. Perhaps the famous assassination of Henri III of France by the Dominican, Jacques Clement, gave a hint for Roderigo masqued as a monk.

The sexual passion, the predominance of which in this tragedy a recent critic has not a little carpingly condemned, is entirely natural in such an untamed savage as Abdelazer, whilst history affords many a parallel to the lascivious Queen.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

Abdelazer; or, The Moor's Revenge was first produced at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden during the late autumn of 1677. It was supported by a strong cast, and Betterton, whose Othello, Steele—writing exquisitely in the *Tatler*—seems to have considered artistically quite perfect, was no doubt a wonderful representative of the ferocious Afric. The effective rôle of Queen Isabella fell to Mrs. Mary Lee, the first tragedienne of the day, Mrs. Marshall, the leading lady of the King's Company, having at this time just retired from the stage.[1] It is interesting to notice that Mrs. Barry on her way to fame played the secondary part of Leonora.

Abdelazer seems to have met with good success, and on Easter Monday, April, 1695, the patentees, after the secession of Betterton, Mrs. Barry,

[1] Her last rôle was Berenice in Crowne's heroic tragedy, *The Destruction of Jerusalem* (1677).

Mrs. Bracegirdle and their following to Lincoln's Inn Fields, chose the tragedy to reopen Drury Lane. The Moor was played by George Powell, a vigorous and passionate actor, who also spoke a new prologue written for the nonce by Cibber, then a mere struggler in the ranks. Colley's verses were accepted at the eleventh hour in default of better, and he tells us how chagrined he was not to be allowed to deliver them in person. The house was very full the first day, but on the morrow it was empty, probably owing to the inexperience of many of the actors and a too hasty rehearsing of the play.

On the stage *Abdelazer* was superseded by Edward Young's *The Revenge*, a tragedy largely borrowed in theme and design from Mrs. Behn, with reminiscences of *Othello*. Produced at Drury Lane, 18 April, 1721, with Mills, Booth, Wilks, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Horton in the cast, it attained considerable success, and Zanga, the Moor, was long a favourite part with our greatest actors even down to the days of Kean, who excelled in it, and Macready. *The Revenge* is not without merit, and it stands out well before the lean and arid tragedies of its time, but this, unfortunately, is not much to say. It is not for a moment to be compared with the magnificent tapestry of *Abdelazer*, woven though the latter may be in colours strong and daring.

ABDELAZER;
or, The Moor's Revenge.

PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, you have so long been absent hence,
That you have almost cool'd your Diligence;
For while we study or revive a Play,
You, like good Husbands, in the Country stay,
There frugally wear out your Summer Suit,
And in Frize Jerkin after Beagles toot;
Or, in Montero-Caps, at Feldfares shoot.
Nay, some are so obdurate in their Sin,
That they swear never to come up again,
But all their Charge of Clothes and Treat retrench,
To Gloves and Stockings for some Country Wench:
Even they, who in the Summer had Mishaps,
Send up to Town for Physick for their Claps.
The Ladies too are as resolved as they,
And having Debts unknown to them, they stay,
And with the Gain of Cheese and Poultry pay.
Even in their Visits, they from Banquets fall,
To entertain with Nuts and Bottle-Ale;
And in Discourse with Secresy report
State-News, that past a Twelve-month since at Court.
Those of them who are most refin'd, and gay,
Now learn the Songs of the last Summer's Play:
While the young Daughter does in private mourn,
Her Love's in Town, and hopes not to return.
These Country Grievances too great appear:
But cruel Ladies, we have greater here;

You come not sharp, as you are wont, to Plays;
But only on the first and second Days:
This made our Poet, in her Visits, look
What new strange Courses, for your time you took,
And to her great Regret she found too soon,
Damn'd Beasts and Ombre spent the Afternoon;
So that we cannot hope to see you here
Before the little Net-work Purse be clear.
Suppose you should have Luck—
Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
You'll lose in Beauty what you win in Gold:
And what each Lady of another says,
Will make you new Lampoons, and us new Plays.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Ferdinand, a young King of *Spain*, in love with *Florella*,	Mr. *Harris.*
Philip, his Brother,	Mr. *Smith.*
Abdelazer, the Moor,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Mendozo, Prince Cardinal, in love with the Queen,	Mr. *Medburne.*
Alonzo, a young Nobleman of *Spain*, contracted to *Leonora*,	Mr. *Crosbie.*
Roderigo, a Creature to the Moor,	Mr. *Norris.*
Antonio, *Sebastian*, Two Officers of *Phillip's*,	Mr. *John Lee.*
Osmin, *Zarrack*, Moors and Officers to *Abdelazer*,	Mr. *Percivall.* Mr. *Richards.*

Ordonio, a Courtier.
A Swain, and Shepherds.

Courtiers, Officers, Guards, Soldiers, Moors, Pages, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

Isabella, Queen of *Spain*, Mother to *Ferdinand* and *Philip*, in love with *Abdelazer*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Leonora, her Daughter, Sister to *Ferdinand* and *Philip*,	Mrs. *Barrey.*
Florella, Wife to *Abdelazer*, and Sister to *Alonzo*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Elvira, Woman to the Queen,	Mrs. *Osborne.*

A Nymph, and Shepherdesses.

Other Women Attendants.

SCENE *Spain*, and in the Camp.

ACT I.

Scene I. *A rich Chamber.*

A Table with Lights, Abdelazer *sullenly leaning his Head on his Hands: after a little while, still Musick plays.*

SONG.

LOVE in fantastick Triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh Pains he did create,
And strange Tyrannick Pow'r he shew'd;
From thy bright Eyes he took his Fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took Desires,
Enough t'undo the amorous World.

From me he took his Sighs and Tears,
From thee his Pride and Cruelty;
From me his Languishments and Fears,
And ev'ry killing Dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,
And set him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.

[*After which he rouzes, and gazes.*

Abd. On me this Musick lost?—this Sound on me
That hates all Softness?—What, ho, my Slaves!

Enter Osmin, Zarrack.

Osm. My gracious Lord— [*Enter* Queen, Elvira.

Qu. My dearest *Abdelazer*—

Abd. Oh, are you there?—Ye Dogs, how came she in?
Did I not charge you on your Lives to watch,
That none disturb my Privacy?

Qu. My gentle *Abdelazer*, 'tis thy Queen,
Who 'as laid aside the Business of her State,
To wanton in the kinder Joys of Love—
Play all your sweetest Notes, such as inspire
The active Soul with new and soft Desire,
[*To the Musick, they play softly.*
Whilst we from Eyes—thus dying, fan the Fire.
[*She sits down by him.*

Abd. Cease that ungrateful Noise. [*Musick ceases.*

Qu. Can ought that I command displease my Moor?

Abd. Away, fond Woman.

Qu. Nay, prithee be more kind.

Abd. Nay, prithee, good Queen, leave me—I am dull,
Unfit for Dalliance now.

Qu. Why dost thou frown?—to whom was that Curse sent?

Abd. To thee—

Qu. To me?—it cannot be—to me, sweet Moor?—
No, no, it cannot—prithee smile upon me—
Smile, whilst a thousand *Cupids* shall descend
And call thee *Jove*, and wait upon thy Smiles,
Deck thy smooth Brow with Flowers;
Whilst in my Eyes, needing no other Glass,
Thou shalt behold and wonder at thy Beauty.

Abd. Away, away, be gone—

Qu. Where hast thou learnt this Language, that can say
But those rude Words—Away, away, be gone?
Am I grown ugly now?

Abd. Ugly as Hell—

Qu. Didst thou not love me once, and swore that Heav'n
Dwelt in my Face and Eyes?

Abd. Thy Face and Eyes!—Baud, fetch me here a Glass, [*To* Elvira.
And thou shalt see the Balls of both those Eyes
Burning with Fire of Lust:
That Blood that dances in thy Cheeks so hot,

That have not I to cool it
Made an Extraction even of my Soul,
Decay'd my Youth, only to feed thy Lust?
And wou'dst thou still pursue me to my Grave?
Qu. All this to me, my *Abdelazer?*
Abd. I cannot ride through the *Castilian* Streets,
But thousand Eyes throw killing Looks at me,
And cry—That's he that does abuse our King—
There goes the Minion of the *Spanish* Queen,
Who, on the lazy Pleasures of his Love,
Spends the Revenues of the King of *Spain*—
This many-headed Beast your Lust has arm'd.
Qu. How dare you, Sir, upbraid me with my Love?
Abd. I will not answer thee, nor hear thee speak.
Qu. Not hear me speak!—Yes, and in Thunder too;
Since all my Passion, all my soft Intreaties
Can do no good upon thee,
I'll see (since thou hast banish'd all thy Love,
That Love, to which I've sacrific'd my Honour)
If thou hast any Sense of Gratitude,
For all the mighty Graces I have done thee.
Abd. Do;—and in thy Story too, do not leave out
How dear those mighty Graces I have purchas'd;
My blooming Youth, my healthful vigorous Youth,
Which Nature gave me for more noble Actions
Than to lie fawning at a Woman's Feet,
And pass my Hours in Idleness and Love—
If I cou'd blush, I shou'd thro all this Cloud
Send forth my Sense of Shame into my Cheeks.
Qu. Ingrate!
Have I for this abus'd the best of Men,
My noble Husband?
Depriving him of all the Joys of Love,
To bring them all intirely to thy Bed;
Neglected all my Vows, and sworn 'em here a-new,
Here, on thy Lips—

Exhausted Treasures that wou'd purchase Crowns,
To buy thy Smiles—to buy a gentle Look;
And when thou didst repay me—blest the Giver?
Oh, *Abdelazer*, more than this I've done—
This very Hour, the last the King can live,
Urg'd by thy Witch-craft, I his Life betray'd;
And is it thus my Bounties are repaid?
Whate'er a Crime so great deserves from Heav'n,
By *Abdelazer* might have been forgiven: [*Weeps.*
But I will be reveng'd by penitence,
And e'er the King dies, own my black Offence—
And yet that's not enough—*Elvira*— [*Pauses.*
Cry murder, murder, help, help.

[*She and her Women cry aloud, he is surpriz'd, the* Queen *falls, he draws a Dagger at* Elvira.

Elv. Help, murder, murder!—

Abd. Hell, what's this?—peace, Baud—'sdeath,
They'll raise the Court upon me, and then I'm lost—
My Queen—my Goddess—Oh raise your lovely Eyes,
I have dissembled Coldness all this while;
And that Deceit was but to try thy Faith.

[*Takes her up, sets her in a Chair, then kneels.*

Look up—by Heav'n, 'twas Jealousy—
Pardon your Slave—pardon your poor Adorer.

Qu. Thou didst upbraid me with my shameful Passion.

Abd. I'll tear my Tongue out for its Profanation.

Qu. And when I woo'd thee but to smile upon me,
Thou cry'st—Away, I'm dull, unfit for Dalliance.

Abd. Call back the frighted Blood into thy Cheeks,
And I'll obey the Dictates of my Love,
And smile, and kiss, and dwell for ever here—

Enter Osmin *hastily.*

How now—why star'st thou so?

Osm. My Lord—the King is dead.

Abd. The King dead!—'Twas time then to dissemble.
[*Aside.*

What means this Rudeness?— [*One knocks.*

Enter Zarrack.

Zar. My Lord—the Cardinal inquiring for the Queen,
The Court is in an uproar, none can find her.

Abd. Not find the Queen! and wou'd they search her here?

Qu. What shall I do? I must not here be found.

Abd. Oh, do not fear—no Cardinal enters here;
No King—no God, that means to be secure—
Slaves guard the Doors, and suffer none to enter,
Whilst I, my charming Queen, provide for your Security—
You know there is a Vault deep under Ground,
Into the which the busy Sun ne'er enter'd,
But all is dark, as are the Shades of Hell,
Thro which in dead of Night I oft have pass'd,
Guided by Love, to your Apartment, Madam—
They knock agen—thither, my lovely Mistress, [*Knock.*
Suffer your self to be conducted—
Osmin, attend the Queen—descend in haste,
[Queen, Osm. *and* Elv. *descend the Vault.*
My Lodgings are beset.

Zar. I cannot guard the Lodgings longer—
Don *Ordonio*, Sir, to seek the Queen—

Abd. How dare they seek her here?

Zar. My Lord, the King has swounded twice,
And being recover'd, calls for her Majesty.

Abd. The King not dead!—go, *Zarrack*, and aloud
Tell Don *Ordonio* and the Cardinal,
He that dares enter here to seek the Queen,
[*Puts his Hand to his Sword.*
Had better snatch the She from the fierce side
Of a young amorous Lion, and 'twere safer.—
Again, more knocking!— [*Knocking.*

Zar. My gracious Lord, it is your Brother, Don *Alonzo.*

Abd. I will not have him enter—I am disorder'd.

Zar. My Lord, 'tis now too late.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Saw you not the Queen, my Lord?
Abd. My Lord!
Alon. Was not the Queen here with you?
Abd. The Queen with me!
Because, Sir, I am married to your Sister,
You, like your Sister, must be jealous too:
The Queen with me! with me! a Moor! a Devil!
A Slave of *Barbary!* for so
Your gay young Courtiers christen me—But, Don,
Altho my Skin be black, within my Veins
Runs Blood as red, and royal as the best.—
My Father, Great *Abdela*, with his Life
Lost too his Crown; both most unjustly ravish'd
By Tyrant *Philip*, your old King I mean.
How many Wounds his valiant Breast receiv'd
E'er he would yield to part with Life and Empire:
Methinks I see him cover'd o'er with Blood,
Fainting amidst those numbers he had conquer'd.
I was but young, yet old enough to grieve,
Tho not revenge, or to defy my Fetters:
For then began my Slavery; and e'er since
Have seen that Diadem by this Tyrant worn,
Which crown'd the sacred Temples of my Father,
And shou'd adorn mine now—shou'd! nay, and must—
Go tell him what I say—'twill be but Death—
Go, Sir,—the Queen's not here.
Alon. Do not mistake me, Sir,—or if I wou'd,
I've no old King to tell—the King is dead—
And I am answer'd, Sir, to what I came for,
And so good night. [*Exit.*
Abd. Now all that's brave and villain seize my Soul,
Reform each Faculty that is not ill,
And make it fit for Vengeance, noble Vengeance.

Oh glorious Word! fit only for the Gods,
For which they form'd their Thunder,
Till Man usurp'd their Power, and by Revenge
Sway'd Destiny as well as they, and took their trade of killing.
And thou, almighty Love,
Dance in a thousand forms about my Person,
That this same Queen, this easy *Spanish* Dame,
May be bewitch'd, and dote upon me still;
Whilst I make use of the insatiate Flame
To set all *Spain* on fire.—
Mischief, erect thy Throne,
And sit on high; here, here upon my Head.
Let Fools fear Fate, thus I my Stars defy:
The influence of this—must raise my Glory high.
[*Pointing to his Sword.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Ferdinand *weeping*, Ordonio *bearing the Crown*, *followed by* Alonzo, *leading* Leonora *weeping;* Florella, Roderigo, Mendozo, *met by the* Queen *weeping;* Elvira *and Women.*

Qu. What doleful Cry was that, which like the Voice
Of angry Heav'n struck thro my trembling Soul?
Nothing but horrid Shrieks, nothing but Death;
Whilst I, bowing my Knees to the cold Earth,
Drowning my Cheeks in Rivulets of Tears,
Sending up Prayers in Sighs, t' implore from Heaven
Health for the Royal Majesty of *Spain*—
All cry'd, the Majesty of *Spain* is dead.
Whilst the sad Sound flew through the ecchoing Air,
And reach'd my frighted Soul—Inform my Fears,
Oh my *Fernando*, oh my gentle Son— [*Weeps.*

King. Madam, read here the truth, if looks can shew
That which I cannot speak, and you wou'd know:

The common Fare in ev'ry face appears;
A King's great loss the publick Grief declares,
But 'tis a Father's Death that claims my Tears.
[Card. *leads in the* Queen *attended.*

Leon. Ah, Sir!
If you thus grieve, who ascend by what y'ave lost,
To all the Greatness that a King can boast;
What Tributes from my Eyes and Heart are due,
Who've lost at once a King and Father too?

King. My *Leonora* cannot think my Grief
Can from those empty Glories find relief;
Nature within my Soul has equal share,
And that and Love surmount my Glory there.
Had Heav'n continu'd Royal *Philip's* Life,
And giv'n me bright *Florella* for a Wife, [*Bows to* Florella.
To Crown and Scepters I had made no claim,
But ow'd my Blessings only to my Flame.
But Heav'n well knew in giving thee away, [*To* Flor.
I had no bus'ness for another Joy. [*Weeps.*
The King, *Alonzo*, with his dying Breath,
[*Turns to* Alon. *and* Leon.
To you my beauteous Sister did bequeath;
And I his Generosity approve,
And think you worthy *Leonora's* Love.

Enter Card. *and* Queen *weeping.*

Alon. Too gloriously my Services are paid,
In the possession of this Royal Maid,
To whom my guilty Heart durst ne'er aspire,
But rather chose to languish in its Fire.

Enter Philip *in a Rage*, Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Phil. I know he is not dead; what envious Powers
Durst snatch him hence? he was all great and good,
As fit to be ador'd as they above.
Where is the Body of my Royal Father?
That Body which inspir'd by's sacred Soul,

Aw'd all the Universe with ev'ry Frown,
And taught 'em all Obedience with his Smiles.
Why stand you thus distracted—Mother—Brother—
My Lords—Prince Cardinal—
Has Sorrow struck you dumb?
Is this my Welcome from the Toils of War?
When in his Bosom I shou'd find repose,
To meet it cold and pale!—Oh, guide me to him,
And with my Sighs I'll breathe new Life into't.

King. There's all that's left of Royal *Philip* now,
[Phil. *goes out.*
Pay all thy Sorrow there—whilst mine alone
Are swoln too high t' admit of Lookers on.
[*Ex.* King *weeping.*

Philip *returns weeping.*

Phil. His Soul is fled to all Eternity;
And yet methought it did inform his Body,
That I, his darling *Philip*, was arriv'd
With Conquest on my Sword; and even in Death
Sent me his Joy in Smiles.

Qu. If Souls can after Death have any Sense
Of human things, his will be proud to know
That *Philip* is a Conqueror.

Enter Abdelazer.

But do not drown thy Laurels thus in Tears,
Such Tributes leave to us, thou art a Soldier.

Phil. Gods! this shou'd be my Mother—

Men. It is, great Sir, the Queen.

Phil. Oh, she's too foul for one or t'other Title.

Qu. How, Sir, do you not know me?

Phil. When you were just, I did,
And with a Reverence, such as we pay Heav'n,
I paid my awful Duty;—
But as you have abus'd my Royal Father,
For such a Sin the basest of your Slaves
Wou'd blush to call you Mother.

Qu. What means my Son?
Phil. Son! by Heav'n, I scorn the Title.
Qu. Oh Insolence!—out of my sight, rude Boy.
Phil. We must not part so, Madam;
I first must let you know your Sin and Shame;—
Nay, hear me calmly—for, by Heav'n, you shall—
My Father whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong Arm
With numerous Battles 'gainst the Enemy,
Wasting his Brains in warlike Stratagems;
To bring Confusion on the faithless Moors,
Whilst you, lull'd in soft Peace at home, betray'd
His Name to everlasting Infamy;
Suffer'd his Bed to be defil'd with Lust,
Gave up your self, your Honour, and your Vows,
To wanton in yon sooty Lecher's Arms. [*Points to* Abd.
Abd. Me, dost thou mean?
Phil. Yes, Villain, thee, thou Hell-begotten Fiend,
'Tis thee I mean.
Qu. Oh most unnatural, to dishonour me!
Phil. That Dog you mean, that has dishonour'd you,
Dishonour'd me, these Lords, nay, and all *Spain;*
This Devil's he, that—
Abd. That—what—Oh pardon me if I throw off
All Ties of Duty:—wert thou ten King's Sons,
And I as many Souls as I have Sins,
Thus I would hazard all. [*Draws, they all run between.*
Phil. Stand off—or I'll make way upon thy Bosom.
Abd. How got you, Sir, this daring?
Phil. From injur'd *Philip's* Death,
Who, whilst he liv'd, unjustly cherish'd thee,
And set thee up beyond the reach of Fate;
Blind with thy brutal Valor, deaf with thy Flatteries,
Discover'd not the Treason thou didst act,
Nor none durst let him know 'em—but did he live,
I wou'd aloud proclaim them in his Ears.
Abd. You durst as well been damn'd.

Phil. Hell seize me if I want Revenge for this—
Not dare!
Arise, thou injur'd Ghost of my dead King,
And thro thy dreadful Paleness dart a Horror,
May fright this pair of Vipers from their Sins.
Abd. Oh insupportable! dost hear me, Boy?
Qu. Are ye all mute, and hear me thus upbraided?
[*To the Lords.*
Phil. Dare ye detain me whilst the Traitor braves me?
Men. Forbear, my Prince, keep in that noble Heat
That shou'd be better us'd than on a Slave.
Abd. You politick Cheat—
Men. Abdelazer—
By the Authority of my Government,
Which yet I hold over the King of *Spain*,
By Warrant of a Council from the Peers,
And (as an Unbeliever) from the Church,
I utterly deprive thee of that Greatness,
Those Offices and Trusts you hold in *Spain*.
Abd. Cardinal—who lent thee this Commission?
Grandees of *Spain*, do you consent to this?
All. We do.
Alon. What Reason for it? let his Faith be try'd.
Men. It needs no tryal, the Proofs are evident,
And his Religion was his Veil for Treason.
Alon. Why should you question his Religion, Sir?
He does profess Christianity.
Men. Yes, witness his Habit which he still retains
In scorn to ours—
His Principles are too as unalterable.
Abd. Is that the only Argument you bring?
I tell thee, Cardinal, not thy Holy Gown
Covers a Soul more sanctify'd than this
Moorish Robe.
Phil. Damn his Religion—he has a thousand Crimes
That will yet better justify your Sentence.

Men. Come not within the Court; for if you do,
Worse mischief shall ensue—you have your Sentence.
[*Ex.* Phil. *and* Men.

Alon. My Brother banish'd! 'tis very sudden;
For thy sake, Sister, this must be recall'd. [*To* Flor.

Qu. Alonzo, join with me, I'll to the King,
And check the Pride of this insulting Cardinal.
[*Exeunt all, except* Abdelazer, Florella.

Abd. Banish'd! if I digest this Gall,
May Cowards pluck the Wreath from off my Brow,
Which I have purchas'd with so many Wounds,
And all for *Spain;* for *Spain!* ingrateful *Spain!*—
Oh, my *Florella*, all my Glory's vanish'd,
The Cardinal (Oh damn him) wou'd have me banish'd.

Flor. But, Sir, I hope you will not tamely go.

Abd. Tamely!—ha, ha, ha,—yes, by all means—
A very honest and religious Cardinal!

Flor. I wou'd not for the World you should be banish'd.

Abd. Not *Spain*, you mean—for then she leaves the King. [*Aside.*
What if I be?—Fools! not to know—All parts o'th' World
Allow enough for Villany; for I'll be brave no more.
It is a Crime—and then I can live any where—
But say I go from hence—I leave behind me
A Cardinal that will laugh—I leave behind me
A *Philip* that will clap his Hands in sport—
But the worst Wound is this, I leave my Wrongs,
Dishonours, and my Discontents, all unreveng'd—
Leave me, *Florella*—prithee do not weep;
I love thee, love thee wondrously—go leave me—
I am not now at leisure to be fond—
Go to your Chamber—go.

Flor. No, to the King I'll fly,
And beg him to revenge thy Infamy. [*Ex.* Flor.
To him Alonzo.

Alon. The Cardinal's mad to have thee banish'd *Spain.*

I've left the Queen in angry Contradiction,
But yet I fear the Cardinal's Reasoning.

Abd. This Prince's Hate proceeds from Love,
He's jealous of the Queen, and fears my Power. [*Aside.*

Alon. Come, rouse thy wonted Spirits, awake thy Soul,
And arm thy Justice with a brave Revenge.

Abd. I'll arm no Justice with a brave Revenge.
[*Sullenly.*

Alon. Shall they then triumph o'er thee, who were once
Proud to attend thy conqu'ring Chariot-Wheels?

Abd. I care not—I am a Dog, and can bear wrongs.

Alon. But, Sir, my Honour is concern'd with yours,
Since my lov'd Sister did become your Wife;
And if yours suffer, mine too is unsafe.

Abd. I cannot help it—

Alon. What Ice has chill'd thy Blood?
This Patience was not wont to dwell with thee.

Abd. 'Tis true; but now the World is chang'd you see.
Thou art too brave to know what I resolve— [*Aside.*
No more—here comes the King with my *Florella*.
He loves her, and she swears to me she's chaste;
'Tis well, if true—well too, if it be false: [*Aside.*
I care not, 'tis Revenge
That I must sacrifice my Love and Pleasure to.
[Alon. *and* Abd. *stand aside.*

Enter King, *Lords*, *Guards passing over the Stage*,
Florella *in a suppliant posture weeping.*

King. Thou woo'st me to reverse thy Husband's Doom,
And I woo thee for Mercy on my self,
Why shoud'st thou sue to him for Life and Liberty,
For any other, who himself lies dying,
Imploring from thy Eyes a little Pity?

Flor. Oh mighty King! in whose sole Power, like Heav'n,
The Lives and Safeties of your Slaves remain,
Hear and redress my *Abdelazer's* Wrongs.

King. All Lives and Safeties in my Power remain!
Mistaken charming Creature, if my Power
Be such, who kneel and bow to thee,
What must thine be,
Who hast the Sovereign Command o'er me and it?
Wou'dst thou give Life? turn but thy lovely Eyes
Upon the wretched thing that wants it,
And he will surely live, and live for ever.
Canst thou do this, and com'st to beg of me?

Flor. Alas, Sir, what I beg's what you alone can give,
My *Abdelazer's* Pardon.

King. Pardon! can any thing ally'd to thee offend?
Thou art so sacred and so innocent,
That but to know thee, and to look on thee,
Must change even Vice to Virtue.
Oh my *Florella!*
So perfectly thou dost possess my Soul,
That ev'ry Wish of thine shall be obey'd:
Say, wou'dst thou have thy Husband share my Crown?
Do but submit to love me, and I yield it.

Flor. Such Love as humble Subjects owe their King.
[*Kneels, he takes her up.*
And such as I dare pay, I offer here.

King. I must confess it is a Price too glorious:
But, my *Florella*—

Abd. I'll interrupt your amorous Discourse. [*Aside.*
[Abel. *comes up to them.*

Flor. Sir, *Abdelazer's* here.

King. His Presence never was less welcome to me;—
[*Aside.*
But, Madam, durst the Cardinal use this Insolence?
Where is your noble Husband?

Abd. He sees me, yet inquires for me. [*Aside.*

Flor. Sir, my Lord is here.

King. *Abdelazer*, I have heard with much surprize,
O'th' Injuries you've receiv'd, and mean to right you:

My Father lov'd you well, made you his General,
I think you worthy of that Honour still.
Abd. True—for my Wife's sake. [*Aside.*
King. When my Coronation is solemnized,
Be present there, and re-assume your wonted State and Place;
And see how I will check the insolent Cardinal.
Abd. I humbly thank my Sovereign—
[*Kneels, and kisses the* King's *Hand.*
That he loves my Wife so well. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Abdelazer, Florella.

Flor. Wilt thou not pay my Service with one Smile?
Have I not acted well the Suppliant's part?
Abd. Oh wonderfully! y'ave learnt the Art to move.
Go, leave me.
Flor. Still out of humour, thoughtful and displeas'd?
And why at me, my *Abdelazer?* what have I done?
Abd. Rarely! you cannot do amiss you are so beautiful.
So very fair—Go, get you in, I say—
[*Turns her in roughly.*
She has the art of dallying with my Soul,
Teaching it lazy softness from her Looks.
But now a nobler Passion's enter'd there,
And blows it thus—to Air—Idol Ambition,
Florella must to thee a Victim fall:
Revenge,—to thee—a Cardinal and Prince:
And to my Love and Jealousy, a King—
More yet, my mighty Deities, I'll do,
None that you e'er inspir'd like me shall act;
That fawning servile Crew shall follow next,
Who with the Cardinal cry'd, banish *Abdelazer.*

Like Eastern Monarchs I'll adorn thy Fate,
And to the Shades thou shalt descend in State. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber of State.*

Enter the King *crown'd*, Philip, Mendozo, Queen, Leonora, Florella, Elvira, Alonzo, Roderigo, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, *Officers and Guards; met by* Abdelazer *follow'd by* Osmin, Zarrack, *and Moors attending. He comes in with Pride, staring on* Philip *and* Mendozo, *and takes his stand next the* King.

Phil. Why stares the Devil thus, as if he meant
From his infectious Eyes to scatter Plagues,
And poison all the World? Was he not banish'd?
How dares the Traitor venture into th' Presence?—
Guards, spurn the Villain forth.

Abd. Who spurns the *Moor*
Were better set his foot upon the Devil—
Do, spurn me, and this Hand thus justly arm'd,
Shall like a Thunder-bolt, breaking the Clouds,
Divide his Body from his Soul—stand back—
[*To the Guards.*
Spurn *Abdelazer!*—

Phil. Death, shall we bear this Insolence?

Alon. Great Sir, I think his Sentence was unjust.
[*To the* King.

Men. Sir, you're too partial to be judge in this,
And shall not give your Voice.

Abd. Proud Cardinal—but he shall—and give it loud.
And shall not!—who shall hinder him?

Phil. This—and cut his Wind-pipe too. [*Offers to draw.*
To spoil his whisp'ring. [Abd. *offers to draw, his Attendants do the same.*

King. What means this Violence?
Forbear to draw your Swords—'tis we command.

Abd. Sir, do me Justice, I demand no more.
[*Kneels, and offers his Sword.*
And at your Feet we lay our Weapons down.

Men. Sir, *Abdelazer* has had Justice done,
And stands by me banish'd the Court of *Spain*.
King. How, Prince Cardinal!
From whence do you derive Authority
To banish him the Court without our leave?
Men. Sir, from my Care unto your royal Person,
As I'm your Governor—then for the Kingdom's Safety.
King. Because I was a Boy, must I be still so?
Time, Sir, has given me in that formal Ceremony,
And I am of an age to rule alone;
And from henceforth discharge you of your Care.
We know your near relation to this Crown,
And wanting Heirs, that you must fill the Throne;
Till when, Sir, I am absolute Monarch here,
And you must learn Obedience.
Men. Pardon my zealous Duty, which I hope
You will approve, and not recal his Banishment.
King. Sir, but I will; and who dares contradict
It, is a Traitor.
Phil. I dare the first, yet do defy the last.
King. My hot-brain'd Sir, I'll talk to you anon.
Men. Sir, I am wrong'd, and will appeal to *Rome*.
Phil. By Heav'n, I'll to the Camp—Brother, farewel,
When next I meet thee, it shall be in Arms,
If thou can'st get loose from thy Mistress' Chains,
Where thou ly'st drown'd in idle wanton Love.
Abd. Hah—his Mistress—who is't Prince *Philip* means?
Phil. Thy Wife, thy Wife, proud Moor, whom thou'rt content
To sell for Honour to eternal Infamy—
Does't make thee snarl?—Bite on, whilst thou shalt see,
I go for Vengeance, and 'twill come with me.
[*Going out, turns and draws.*
Abd. Stay! for 'tis here already—turn, proud Boy.
[Abd. *draws.*
King. What mean you, *Philip?*— [*Talks to him aside.*

Qu. Cease, cease your most impolitick Rage. [*To* Abd.
Is this a time to shew't?—Dear Son, you are a King,
And may allay this Tempest.

King. How dare you disobey my Will and Pleasure?
[*To* Abd.

Abd. Shall I be calm, and hear my Wife call'd Whore?
Were he great *Jove*, and arm'd with all his Lightning,
By Heav'n, I could not hold my just Resentment.

Qu. 'Twas in his Passion, noble *Abdelazer*—
[King *talking to* Phil. *aside.*
Imprudently thou dost disarm thy Rage,
And giv'st the Foe a warning, e'er thou strik'st;
When with thy Smiles thou might'st securely kill.
You know the Passion that the Cardinal bears me;
His Pow'r too o'er *Philip*, which well manag'd
Will serve to ruin both: put up your Sword—
When next you draw it, teach it how to act.

Abd. You shame me, and command me.

Qu. Why all this Rage?—does it become you, Sir?
[*To* Men. *aside.*
What is't you mean to do?

Men. You need not care, whilst *Abdelazer's* safe.

Qu. Jealousy, upon my Life—how gay it looks!

Men. Madam, you want that pitying Regard
To value what I do, or what I am;
I'll therefore lay my Cardinal's Hat aside,
And in bright Arms demand my Honour back.

Qu. Is't thus, my Lord, you give me Proofs of Love?
Have then my Eyes lost all their wonted Power?
And can you quit the hope of gaining me,
To follow your Revenge?—go—go to fight,
Bear Arms against your Country, and your King,
All for a little worthless Honour lost.

Men. What is it, Madam, you would have me do?

Qu. Not side with *Philip*, as you hope my Grace—
Now, Sir, you know my Pleasure, think on't well.

Men. Madam, you know your Power o'er your Slave,
And use it too tyrannically—but dispose
The Fate of him, whose Honour, and whose Life,
Lies at your Mercy—
I'll stay and die, since 'tis your gracious Pleasure.
King. Philip, upon your Life,
Upon your strict Allegiance, I conjure you
To remain at Court, till I have reconcil'd you.
Phil. Never, Sir;
Nor can you bend my Temper to that Tameness.
King. 'Tis in my Power to charge you as a Prisoner;
But you're my Brother—yet remember too
I am your King—No more.
Phil. I will obey.
King. Abdelazer,
I beg you will forget your Cause of Hate
Against my Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal;
He's young, and rash, but will be better temper'd.
Abd. Sir, I have done, and beg your royal Pardon.
King. Come, *Philip*, give him your Hand.
Phil. I can forgive without a Ceremony.
King. And to confirm ye Friends,
I invite you all to Night to banquet with me;
Pray see you give Attendance—Come, Brother,
You must along with us.
[*Exeunt all but* Abd. Queen *and Women.*
Qu. Leave me— [*To the Women, who go out.*
Now my dear Moor.
Abd. Madam.
Qu. Why dost thou answer with that cold Reserve—
Is that a Look—an Action for a Lover?
Abd. Ah, Madam—
Qu. Have I not taken off thy Banishment?
Restor'd thee to thy former State and Honours?
Nay, and heap'd new ones too, too mighty for thy Hopes;

And still to raise thee equal to this Heart,
Where thou must ever reign.

Abd. 'Tis true, my bounteous Mistress, all this you've done—
But—

Qu. But what, my *Abdelazer?*

Abd. I will not call it to your Memory.

Qu. What canst thou mean?

Abd. Why was the King remov'd?

Qu. To make thy way more easy to my Arms.

Abd. Was that all?

Qu. All!

Abd. Not but it is a Blessing Gods would languish for—
But as you've made it free, so make it just.

Qu. Thou mean'st, marry thee.

Abd. No, by the Gods— [*Aside.*
Not marry thee, unless I were a King.

Qu. What signifies the Name to him that rules one?

Abd. What use has he of Life, that cannot live
Without a Ruler?

Qu. Thou wouldst not have me kill him.

Abd. Oh, by no means, not for my wretched Life!
What, kill a King!—forbid it, Heaven:
Angels stand like his Guards about his Person.
The King!
Not so many Worlds as there be Stars
Twinkling upon the embroider'd Firmament!
The King!
He loves my Wife *Florella*, shou'd he die—
I know none else durst love her.

Qu. And that's the Reason you wou'd send him hence.

Abd. I must confess, I wou'd not bear a wrong:
But do not take me for a Villain, Madam;
He is my King, and may do what he pleases.

Qu. 'Tis well, Sir.

Abd. Again that Frown, it renders thee more charming

Than any other Dress thou could'st put on.
Qu. Away, you do not love me.
Abd. Now mayst thou hate me, if this be not pretty.
Qu. Oh, you can flatter finely—
Abd. Not I, by Heaven:
Oh, that this Head were circled in a Crown,
And I were King, by Fortune, as by Birth!
And that I was, till by thy Husband's Power
I was divested in my Infancy—
Then you shou'd see, I do not flatter ye.
But I, instead of that, must see my Crown
Bandy'd from Head to Head, and tamely see it:
And in this wretched state I live, 'tis true;
But with what Joy, you, if you lov'd, might guess.
Qu. We need no Crowns; Love best contented is
In shady Groves, and humble Cottages,
Where when 'twould sport, it safely may retreat,
Free from the Noise and Danger of the Great;
Where Victors are ambitious of no Bays,
But what their Nymphs bestow on Holy-days;
Nor Envy can the amorous Shepherd move,
Unless against a Rival in his Love.
Abd. Love and Ambition are the same to me,
In either I'll no Rivals brook.
Qu. Nor I:
And when the King you urge me to remove,
It may be from Ambition, not from Love.
Abd. Those Scruples did not in your Bosom dwell,
When you a King did in a Husband kill.
Qu. How, Sir, dare you upbraid me with that Sin,
To which your Perjuries first drew me in?
Abd. You interrupt my Sense; I only meant
A Sacrifice to Love so well begun
Shou'd not Devotion want to finish it;
And if that stop to all our Joys were gone,
The envying World wou'd to our Power submit:

But Kings are sacred, and the Gods alone
Their Crimes must judge, and punish too, or none—
Yet he alone destroys his Happiness.
Qu. There's yet one more—
Abd. One more! give me his Name,
And I will turn it to a Magick Spell,
To bind him ever fast.
Qu. Florella.
Abd. Florella! Oh, I cou'd gnaw my Chains
That humble me so low as to adore her:
But the fond Blaze must out—while I erect
A nobler Fire more fit for my Ambition. [*Aside.*
—*Florella* dies—a Victim to your Will.
I will not let you lose one single Wish,
For a poor Life, or two;
Tho I must see my Glories made a Prey,
And not demand 'em from the Ravisher;
Nor yet complain—because he is my King:
But *Philip's* Brow no sacred Ointment deifies,
If he do wrong, stands fair for the Revenger.
Qu. Philip! instruct me how t' undo that Boy I hate;
The publick Infamy I have receiv'd,
I will revenge with nothing less than Death.
Abd. 'Tis well we can agree in our Resentments,
For I have vow'd he shall not live a day;
He has an Art to pry into our Secrets:
To all besides our Love is either hid,
Or else they dare not see—But this Prince
Has a most dangerous Spirit must be calm'd.
Qu. I have resolv'd his Death,
And now have waiting in my Cabinet,
Engines to carry on this mighty Work of my Revenge,
Abd. Leave that to me, who equally am injur'd;
You, like the Gods, need only but command,
And I will execute your sacred Will—
That done, there's none dare whisper what we do.

Qu. Nature, be gone, I chase thee from my Soul,
Who Love's almighty Empire does controul:
And she that will to thy dull Laws submit,
In spite of thee, betrays the Hypocrite.
No rigid Virtue shall my Soul possess,
Let Gown-men preach against the Wickedness;
Pleasures were made by Gods, and meant for us,
And not t'enjoy 'em, were ridiculous.

Abd. Oh perfect, great and glorious of thy Sex!
Like thy great self 'twas spoke, resolv'd and brave—
I must attend the King—where I will watch
All *Philip's* Motions.

Qu. And—after that—if you will beg Admittance,
I'll give you leave to visit me to Night.

Abd. Madam, that Blessing now must be defer'd.
[*Leads her to the Door.*
My Wrongs and I will be retir'd to Night,
And bring forth Vengeance with the Morning's Light.

Enter Osmin, Zarrack.

Osm. My gracious Lord.

Abd. Come near—and take a Secret from my Lips;
And he who keeps not silent hears his Death.—
This Night the Prince and Cardinal—do you mark me—
Are murder'd.

Osm. Where, Sir?

Abd. Here in the Court.

Osm. By whom, great Sir?

Abd. By thee—I know thou darst.

Osm. Whatever you command.

Abd. Good!—then see it be perform'd.
Osmin, how goes the Night?

Osm. About the hour of Eight,
And you're expected at the Banquet, Sir:
Prince *Philip* storms, and swears you're with the Queen.

Abd. Let him storm on; the Tempest will be laid—
Where's my Wife?

Osm. In the Presence, Sir, with the Princess and
Other Ladies.

Abd. She's wondrous forward !—what the King—
(I am not jealous tho)—but he makes court to her.
—Hah, *Osmin!*
He throws out Love from Eyes all languishing;—
Come tell me,—he does sigh to her,—no matter if he do—
And fawns upon her Hand,—and kneels;—tell me, Slave !

Osm. Sir, I saw nothing like to Love; he only treats her
Equal to her Quality.

Abd. Oh, damn her Quality.

Zar. I came just now
From waiting on his Person to the Banquet,
And heard him ask, if he might visit her to Night,
Having something to impart to her, that concern'd his Life.

Abd. And so it shall, by Heav'n ! [*Aside.*

Zar. But she deny'd, and he the more intreated—
But all in vain, Sir.

Abd. Go, *Osmin*, (you the Captain of my Guard of Moors)
Chuse out the best affected Officers,
To keep the Watch to Night—
Let every Guard be doubled—you may be liberal too—
And when I gave the Word, be ready all.

Osm. What shall the Word be? [*Ex.* Zarrack.

Abd. Why—Treason—mean time make it your Business,
To watch the Prince's coming from the Banquet;
Heated with Wine, and fearless of his Person,
You'll find him easily to be attack'd.

Osm. Sir, do not doubt my Management nor Success.
[*Ex.* Osmin.

Abd. So, I thank thee, Nature, that in making me,
Thou didst design me Villain;
Hitting each Faculty for active Mischief:
Thou skilful Artist, thank thee for my Face,
It will discover nought that's hid within.

Thus arm'd for Ills,
Darkness, and Horrour, I invoke your aid;
And thou dread Night, shade all your busy Stars
In blackest Clouds,
And let my Dagger's Brightness only serve
To guide me to the Mark—and guide it so,
It may undo a Kingdom at one Blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Banqueting Hall.*

A Banquet, under a Canopy the King, Leonora, Florella, *Ladies waiting;* Philip, Mendozo, Alonzo, Ordonio, Antonio, Sebastian, *Lords and Attendants: As soon as the Scene draws off, they all rise, and come forward.*

King. My Lords, you're sad to Night; give us loud Musick—
I have a double Cause to mourn;
And Grief has taken up his dwelling here—
Beyond the Art of Love, or Wine to conquer—
'Tis true, my Father's dead—and possibly
'Tis not so decent to appear thus gay;
But Life, and Death, are equal to the wretched,
And whilst *Florella* frowns—'tis in that Number [*To* Flor.
I must account her Slave—*Alonzo*,
How came thy Father so bewitch'd to Valour,
(For *Abdelazer* has no other Virtue)
To recompense it with so fair a Creature?
Was this—a Treasure t' inrich the Devil with?

Alon. Sir, he has many Virtues, more than Courage,
Royally born, serv'd well his King, and Country;
My Father brought him up to martial Toils,
And taught him to be brave; I hope, and good;—
Beside, he was your Royal Father's Favourite.

King. No, *Alonzo*, 'twas not his Love to Virtue,
But nice Obedience to his King, and Master,
Who seeing my increase of Passion for her,
To kill my Hopes, he gave her to this *Moor*.

Alon. She's now a virtuous Woman, Sir.
King. Politick Sir, who would have made her other?
Against her Will, he forc'd her to his Arms,
Whilst all the World was wondring at his Madness.
Alon. He did it with her Approbation, Sir.
King. With thine, *Florella!* cou'dst thou be so criminal?
Flor. Sir, I was ever taught Obedience;
My humble Thoughts durst ne'er aspire to you,
And next to that—Death, or the Moor, or any thing.
King. Oh God! had I then told my Tale
So feebly, it could not gain Belief.
Oh my *Florella!* this little Faith of thine
Has quite undone thy King—*Alonzo*,
Why didst not thou forbid this fatal Marriage,
She being thy only Sister?
Alon. Great Sir, I did oppose it with what Violence
My Duty would permit; and wou'd have dy'd
In a just Quarrel of her dear Defence;
And, Sir, though I submitted to my Father,
The Moor and I stand on unequal Terms.
Phil. Come, who dares drink Confusion to this Moor?
Ant. That, Sir, will I.
Sebast. And I.
Phil. Page, fill my Glass, I will begin the Round,
Ye all shall pledge it—*Alonzo*, first to thee. [*Drinks.*
Alon. To me, Sir!
Phil. Why, yes, thou lovest him—therefore—
Nay, you shall drink it, tho 'twere o'th' *Stygian* Lake.
Take it—by Heaven, thoud'st pimp for him to my Mother—
Nay, and after that, give him another Sister.
Alon. 'Tis well you are my Prince.
Phil. I'd rather be a Prince of Curs—come pledge me—
Alon. Well, Sir, I'll give you way. [*Drinks.*
Phil. So wou'dst thou any—though they trod on thee.
So—nay, Prince Cardinal, tho it be not decent

For one so sanctify'd to drink a Health;
Yet 'tis your Office both to damn and bless—
Come, drink and damn the Moor.
Men. Sir, I'm for no carousing.
Phil. I'm in an Humour now to be obey'd,
And must not be deny'd—But see, the Moor
Enter Abdelazer, *gazes on them.*
Just come to pledge at last—Page, fill again—
Abd. I'll do you Reason, Prince, what'er it be.
[*Gives him the Glass.*
Phil. 'Twas kindly said—Confusion to the Moor.
Abd. Confusion to the Moor—if this vain Boy,
See the next rising Sun. [*Aside.*
Phil. Well done, my Lad.
King. Abdelazer, you have been missing long,
The publick Good takes up your whole Concern,
But we shall shortly ease you of that Load—
Come, let's have some Musick;
Ordonio, did I not call for Musick?
Ord. You did, Sir.
Abd. Roderigo!
Rod. My gracious Lord— [Roderigo *whispers to* Abd.
Abd. No more—the Prince observes us.
Phil. There's no good towards when you are whisp'ring.
Ord. The Musick you commanded, Sir, is ready.

SONG.

Nymph. *MAKE haste*, Amintas, *come away,*
The Sun is up and will not stay;
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day!
Make haste, Amintas, *to this Grove,*
Beneath whose Shade so oft I've sat,
And heard my dear lov'd Swain repeat,
How much he Galatea *lov'd;*
Whilst all the list'ning Birds around,
Sung to the Musick of the blessed Sound.

Make haste, Amintas, *come away*,
The Sun is up and will not stay;
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day!

Swain enters, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and Pipes.

I hear thy charming Voice, my Fair,
And see, bright Nymph, thy Swain is here;
Who his Devotions had much earlier paid,
But that a Lamb of thine was stray'd;
And I the little Wanderer have brought,
That with one angry Look from thy fair Eyes,
Thou may'st the little Fugitive chastise,
Too great a Punishment for any Fault.
Come, Galatea, *haste away*,
The Sun is up and will not stay,
And oh how very short's a Lover's Day! [Dance.

King. How likes *Florella* this?

Flor. Sir, all Delight's so banish'd from my Soul,
I've lost the Taste of every single Joy.

Abd. God's! this is fine! Give me your Art of Flattery,
Or something more of this, will ruin me—
Tho I've resolv'd her Death, yet whilst she's mine,
I would not have her blown by Summer Flies.

Phil. Mark how he snarls upon the King!
The Cur will bite anon.

Abd. Come, my *Florella*, is't not Bed-time, Love?

Flor. I'll wait upon you, Sir. [*Going out.*

Phil. The Moor has ta'en away, we may depart.

Abd. What has he ta'en away? [*Turns about.*

Phil. The fine gay play-thing, that made us all so merry.

Abd. Was this your Sport? [*To his Wife.*

King. Abdelazer, keep your way—Good night, fair Creature!

Abd. I will obey for once. [*Ex.* Abd. *and* Flor.

King. Why this Resentment, Brother, and in publick?

Phil. Because he gives me Cause, and that in Publick.
And, Sir, I was not born to bear with Insolence;
I saw him dart Revênge from both his Eyes,
And bite his angry Lip between his Teeth,
To keep his Jealousy from breaking forth,
Which, when it does—stand fast, my King.

King. But, *Philip*, we will find a way to check him;
Till when we must dissemble—take my Counsel—Good night.

Phil. I cannot, nor I will not—yet good Night.
[*Exit* King, *and all but* Philip's *Party.*
Well, Friends, I see the King will sleep away his Anger,
And tamely see us murder'd by this Moor;
But I'll be active, Boys—
Therefore, *Antonio*, you command the Horse;
Get what more Numbers to our Cause you can:
'Tis a good Cause, and will advance our Credit.
We will awake this King out of his Lethargy of Love,
And make him absolute—Go to your Charge,
And early in the Morning I'll be with you—
[*Ex. all but* Phil.
If all fail, *Portugal* shall be my Refuge,
Those whom so late I conquer'd, shall protect me—
But this *Alonzo* I shou'd make an Interest in;
Cou'd I but flatter—'tis a Youth that's brave.

Enter Cardinal *in haste.*

Men. Fly, fly, my Prince, we are betray'd and lost else.

Phil. Betray'd and lost! Dreams, idle Coward Dreams.

Men. Sir, by my Holy Order, I'm in earnest,
And you must either quickly fly, or die;
'Tis so ordain'd—nor have I time to tell
By what strange Miracle I learn'd our Fate.

Phil. Nor care I, I will stay, and brave it.

Men. That, Sir, you shall not, there's no safety here,
And 'tis the Army only can secure us.

Phil. Where had you this Intelligence?
Men. I'll tell you as we go to my Apartment;
Where we must put ourselves in Holy Dress;
For so the Guards are set in every Place,
(And those all Moors, the Slaves of *Abdelazer*)
That 'tis impossible in any other Habit to escape.
Come, haste with me, and let us put 'em on.
Phil. I had rather stay and kill till I am weary—
Let's to the Queen's Apartment and seize this Moor;
I'm sure there the Mongrel's kennel'd.
Men. Sir, we lose time in talking—Come with me.
Phil. Where be these lousy Gaberdines?
Men. I will conduct you to 'em.
Phil. Mother—and Moor, farewel,
I'll visit you again; and if I do,
My black Infernal, I will conjure you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter Abdelazer *and* Zarrack.

Zar. *Osmin* (my Lord) by this has done his Task,
And *Philip* is no more among the living:
Will you not rest to night?
Abd. Is this a time for Sleep and Idleness—dull Slaves?
Zar. The Bus'ness we have Order, Sir, to do,
We can without your Aid.

Enter Osmin.

Abd. *Osmin!*
Thy ominous Looks presage an ill Success;
Thy Eyes no joyful News of Murders tell:
I thought I shou'd have seen thee drest in Blood—
Speak! Speak thy News—
Say that he lives, and let it be thy last.
Osm. Yes, Sir, he lives.
Abd. Lives! thou ly'st, base Coward—lives!—renounce thy Gods!

It were a Sin less dangerous—speak again.
Osm. Sir, *Philip* lives.
Abd. Oh treacherous Slave!
Osm. Not by my Fault, by Heav'n!
Abd. By what curst Chance,
If not from thee, could he evade his Fate?
Osm. By some Intelligence from his good Angel.
Abd. From his good Devil!
Gods! must the Earth another Day at once
Bear him and me alive?
Osm. Another Day!—an Age for ought I know;
For, Sir, the Prince is fled, the Cardinal too.
Abd. Fled! fled—say'st thou?
Oh, I cou'd curse the Stars, that rule this Night:
'Tis to the Camp they're fled; the only Refuge
That Gods, or Men cou'd give 'em—
Where got you this Intelligence?
Osm. My Lord, inquiring for the Prince
At the Apartment of the Cardinal, (whither he went)
His Pages answer'd me, he was at his Devotions:
A lucky time (I thought) to do the Deed;
And breaking in, found only their empty Habits,
And a poor sleepy Groom, who with much threatning,
Confess'd that they were fled, in holy Robes.
Abd. That Case of Sanctity was first ordain'd,
To cheat the honest World:
Twas an unlucky Chance—but we are idle—
Let's see, how from this Ill, we may advance a good—
[*Pauses.*
'Tis now dead time of Night, when Rapes, and Murders
Are hid beneath the horrid Veil of Darkness—
I'll ring thro all the Court, with doleful Sound
The sad Alarms of Murder—Murder—*Zarrack*,
Take up thy standing yonder—*Osmin*, thou
At the Queen's Apartment—cry out, Murder:
Whilst I, like his ill Genius, do awake the King;

Perhaps in this Disorder I may kill him. [*Aside.*
—Treason—Murder—Murder—Treason.

Enter Alonzo, *and Courtiers.*

Alon. What dismal Crys are these?—
Abd. Where is the King?—Treason—Murder!
Where is the sleeping Queen?—Arise, arise.
Osm. The Devil taught him all his Arts of Falshood.
[*Aside.*

Enter King *in a Night-Gown, with Lights.*

King. Who frights our quiet Slumbers with this Noise?

Enter Queen *and Women, with Lights.*

Qu. Was it a Dream, or did I hear the Sound
Of Treason, call me from my silent Griefs?
King. Who rais'd this Rumour, *Abdelazer*, you?
Abd. I did, Great Sir.
King. Your Reasons.
Abd. Oh Sir, your Brother *Philip*, and the Cardinal,
Both animated by a Sense of Wrongs,
(And envying, Sir, the Fortune of your Slave)
Had laid a Plot this Night, to murder you:
And 'cause they knew it was my waiting Night,
They wou'd have laid the Treason, Sir, on me.
King. The Cardinal, and my Brother! bring them forth,
Their Lives shall answer it.
Abd. Sir, 'tis impossible:
For when they found their Villany discover'd,
They in two Friers Habits made escape.
King. That Cardinal is subtle, and ambitious,
And from him *Philip* learnt his dangerous Principles.
Qu. The Ambition of the one infects the other,
And they are both too dangerous to live—
But might a Mother's Counsel be obey'd,
I wou'd advise you, send the valiant Moor
To fetch 'em back, e'er they can reach the Camp:

For thither they are fled—where they will find
A Welcome fatal to us all.
King. Madam, you counsel well; and, *Abdelazer*,
Make it your Care to fetch these Traitors back,
Not only for my Safety, and the Kingdom's,
But as they are your Enemies; and th' envious World
Will say, you made this story to undo 'em.
Abd. Sir, I'll obey; nor will I know repose,
Till I have justify'd this fatal Truth.
[Abd. *goes to the* Queen, *and talks to her.*
King. Mean time I will to my *Florella's* Lodging,
Silence, and Night, are the best Advocates [*Aside.*
To plead a Lover's Cause—*Abdelazer*—haste.
Madam, I'll wait on you to your Chamber.
Abd. Sir, that's my Duty.
King. Madam, good Night—*Alonzo*, to your rest.
[*Ex. all but* Qu. *and* Abd.
Qu. Philip escap'd!
Oh, that I were upon some Desart Shoar,
Where I might only to the Waves and Winds
Breathe out my Sense of Rage for this Defeat.
Abd. Oh, 'tis no time for Rage, but Action, Madam.
Qu. Give me but any Hopes of blest Revenge,
And I will be as calm as happy Lovers.
Abd. There is a way, and is but that alone;
But such a way, as never must be nam'd.
Qu. How! not be nam'd! Oh, swear thou hat'st me rather,
It were a Torment equal to thy Silence.
Abd. I'll shew my Passion rather in that Silence.
Qu. Kind Torturer, what mean'st thou?
Abd. To shew you, Madam, I had rather live
Wrong'd and contemn'd by *Philip*,
Than have your dearer Name made infamous.
Qu. Heavens! dost thou mock my Rage? can any Sin
I could commit, undo my Honour more

Than his late Insolence?
Oh, name me something may revenge that Shame:
I wou'd encounter killing Plagues, or Fire,
To meet it—Come, oh quickly give me ease.
Abd. I dare no more reveal the guilty Secret,
Than you dare execute it when 'tis told.
Qu. How little I am understood by thee—
Come, tell me instantly, for I grow impatient;
You shall obey me—nay, I do command you.
Abd. Durst you proclaim—*Philip* a Bastard, Madam?
Qu. Hah! proclaim my self—what he wou'd have me thought!
What mean'st thou?—
Abd. Instruct you in the way to your Revenge.
Qu. Upon my self thou meanest—
Abd. No—
He's now fled to th' Camp, where he'll be fortify'd
Beyond our Power to hurt, but by this means;
Which takes away his Hopes of being a King,
(For he'd no other Aim in taking Arms)
And leaves him open to the People's Scorn;
Whom own'd as King, Numbers wou'd assist him,
And then our Lives he may dispose,
As he has done our Honours.
Qu. There's Reason in thy Words: but oh my Fame!
Abd. Which I, by Heaven, am much more tender of,
Than my own Life or Honour; and I've a way
To save that too, which I'll at leisure tell you.
In the mean time send for your Confessor,
And with a borrow'd Penitence confess,
Their Idol *Philip* is a Bastard;
And zealously pretend you're urg'd by Conscience,
A cheap Pretence to cozen Fools withal.
Qu. Revenge, although I court you with my fatal Ruin,
I must enjoy thee: there's no other way,
And I'm resolv'd upon the mighty Pleasure;

He has profan'd my purer Flame for thee,
And merits to partake the Infamy. [*He leads her out.*
Abd. Now have at my young King—
I know he means to cuckold me to Night,
Whilst he believes I'll tamely step aside—
No, let *Philip* and the Cardinal gain the Camp,
I will not hinder 'em—
I have a nobler Sacrifice to make
To my declining Honour, shall redeem it,
And pay it back with Interest—well, then in order to't,
I'll watch about the Lodgings of *Florella*,
And if I see this hot young Lover enter,
I'll save my Wife the trouble of allaying
The amorous Heat—this—will more nimbly do't,
[*Snatches out his Dagger.*
And do it once for all—

Enter Florella *in her Night-Clothes.*

Flor. My *Abdelazer*—why in that fierce posture,
As if thy Thoughts were always bent on Death?
Why is that Dagger out?—against whom drawn?
Abd. Or stay,—suppose I let him see *Florella*,
And when he's high with the expected Bliss,
Then take him thus—Oh, 'twere a fine surprize!
Flor. My Lord—dear *Abdelazer*.
Abd. Or say—I made her kill him—that were yet
An Action much more worthy of my Vengeance.
Flor. Will you not speak to me? what have I done?
Abd. By Heaven, it shall be so.
Flor. What shall be so?
Abd. Hah—
Flor. Why dost thou dress thy Eyes in such unusual wonder?
There's nothing here that is a stranger to thee,
Or what is not intirely thine own.
Abd. Mine!

Flor. Thou canst not doubt it.

Abd. No,—and for a proof that thou art so,—take this Dagger.

Flor. Alas, Sir!—what to do?

Abd. To stab a Heart, *Florella*, a Heart that loves thee.

Flor. Heaven forbid!

Abd. No matter what Heaven will, I say it must—

Flor. What must?

Abd. That Dagger must enter the Heart of him
That loves thee best, *Florella*;—guess the Man.

Abd. What means my Moor?
Wouldst thou have me kill thy self?

Abd. Yes—when I love thee better than the King.

Flor. Ah, Sir! what mean you?

Abd. To have you kill this King,
When next he does pursue thee with his Love—
What, do you weep?—
By Heaven, they shall be bloody Tears then.

Flor. I shall deserve them—when I suffer Love
That is not fit to hear;—but for the King,
That which he pays me, is so innocent—

Abd. So innocent! damn thy dissembling Tongue;
Did I not see, with what fierce wishing Eyes
He gazed upon thy Face, whilst yours as wantonly
Returned, and understood the amorous Language?

Flor. Admit it true, that such his Passions were,
As (Heaven's my witness) I've no cause to fear;
Have not I Virtue to resist his Flame,
Without a pointed Steel?

Abd. Your Virtue!—Curse on the weak Defence;
Your Virtue's equal to his Innocence.
Here, take this Dagger, and if this Night he visit thee,
When he least thinks on't—send it to his Heart.

Flor. If you suspect me, do not leave me, Sir.

Abd. Oh—I'm dispatch'd away—to leave you free—
About a wonderful Affair—mean time,

I know you will be visited—but as you wish to live,
At my return let me behold him dead.—
Be sure you do't—'tis for thy Honour's safety—
I love thee so, that I can take no rest,
Till thou hast kill'd thy Image in his Breast.
—Adieu, my dear *Florella*. [*Exit.*

Flor. Murder my King! the Man that loves me too—
What Fiend, what Fury such an act wou'd do?
My trembling Hand wou'd not the Weapon bear,
And I should sooner strike it here—than there.
[*Pointing to her Breast.*
No! though of all I am, this Hand alone
Is what thou canst command, as being thy own;
Yet this has plighted no such cruel Vow;
No Duty binds me to obey thee now.
To save my King's, my Life I will expose,
No Martyr dies in a more glorious Cause. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter the Queen *in an undress alone, with a Light.*

Qu. Thou grateful Night, to whom all happy Lovers
Make their devout and humble Invocations;
Thou Court of Silence, where the God of Love,
Lays by the awful Terror of a Deity,
And every harmful Dart, and deals around
His kind Desires; whilst thou, blest Friend to Joys,
Draw'st all thy Curtains, made of gloomy Shades,
To veil the Blushes of soft yielding Maids;
Beneath thy Covert grant the Love-sick King,
May find admittance to *Florella's* Arms;
And being there, keep back the busy Day;
Maintain thy Empire till my Moor returns;
Where in her Lodgings he shall find his Wife,
Amidst her amorous Dalliance with my Son.—
My watchful Spies are waiting for the Knowledge;

Which when to me imparted, I'll improve,
Till my Revenge be equal to my Love.

Enter Elvira.

—*Elvira*, in thy Looks I read Success;
What hast thou learnt?

Elv. Madam, the King is gone as you imagin'd,
To fair *Florella's* Lodging.

Qu. But art thou sure he gain'd Admittance?

Elv. Yes, Madam;
But what Welcome he has found, to me's unknown;
But I believe it must be great, and kind.

Qu. I am of thy Opinion.—
But now, *Elvira*, for a well-laid Plot,
To ruin this *Florella;* —though she be innocent,
Yet she must die; so hard a Destiny
My Passion for her Husband does decree:
But 'tis the way I stop at.—
His Jealousy already I have rais'd;
That's not enough, his Honour must be touch'd.
This Meeting twixt the King and fair *Florella*,
Must then be render'd publick;
'Tis the Disgrace, not Action, must incense him—
Go you to Don *Alonzo's* Lodging strait,
Whilst I prepare my Story for his Ear.— [*Exit* Elvira.
Assist me all that's ill in Woman-kind,
And furnish me with Sighs, and feigned Tears,
That may express a Grief for this Discovery.—
My Son, be like thy Mother, hot and bold;
And like the noble Ravisher of *Rome*,
Court her with Daggers, when thy Tongue grows faint,
Till thou hast made a Conquest o'er her Virtue.

Enter Alonzo, Elvira.

—Oh, *Alonzo*, I have strange News to tell thee!

Alon. It must be strange indeed, that makes my Queen
Dress her fair Eyes in Sorrow.

Qu. It is a Dress that thou wilt be in love with,
When thou shalt hear my Story.—
You had a Sister once.

Alon. Had!

Qu. Yes, had,—whilst she was like thy self, all Virtue;
Till her bewitching Eyes kindled such Flames,
As will undo us all.

Alon. My Sister, Madam! sure it cannot be:—
What Eyes? what Flames?—inform me strait.

Qu. *Alonzo*, thou art honest, just and brave:
And should I tell thee more,—
(Knowing thy Loyalty's above all Nature)
It would oblige thee to commit an Outrage,
Which baser Spirits will call Cruelty.

Alon. Gods, Madam! do not praise my Virtue thus,
Which is so poor, it scarce affords me patience
To attend the end of what you wou'd deliver—
Come, Madam, say my Sister—is a Whore.
I know 'tis so you mean; and being so,
Where shall I kneel for Justice?
Since he that shou'd afford it me,
Has made her Criminal.—
Pardon me, Madam, 'tis the King I mean.

Qu. I grieve to own, all thy prophetick Fears
Are true, *Alonzo*, 'tis indeed the King.

Alon. Then I'm disarm'd,
For Heaven can only punish him.

Qu. But, *Alonzo*,
Whilst that religious Patience dwells about thee,
All *Spain* must suffer, nay, Ages that shall ensue
Shall curse thy Name, and Family;
From whom a Race of Bastards shall proceed,
To wear that Crown.

Alon. No, Madam, not for mine,
My Sister's in my power, her Honour's mine;
I can command her Life, though not my King's.

Her Mother is a Saint, and shou'd she now
Look down from Heaven upon a Deed so foul,
I think even there she wou'd invent a Curse,
To thunder on her Head.—
But, Madam, whence was this Intelligence?

Qu. Elvira saw the King enter her Lodgings,
With Lover's haste, and Joy.

Alon. Her Lodgings!—when?

Qu. Now, not an Hour ago,
Now, since the Moor departed.

Alon. Damnation on her! can she be thus false?
Come, lead me to the Lodgings of this Strumpet,
And make me see this truth, [*To* Elvira.
Or I will leave thee dead, for thus abusing me.

Qu. Nay, dear *Alonzo*, do not go inrag'd,
Stay till your Temper wears a calmer look;
That if, by chance, you shou'd behold the Wantons,
In little harmless Dalliance, such as Lovers
(Aided with Silence, and the shades of Night)
May possibly commit,
You may not do that which you may repent of.

Alon. Gods! should I play the Pander!
And with my Patience, aid the amorous Sin—
No, I shall scarce have so much Tameness left,
To mind me of my Duty to my King.
Ye Gods! behold the Sacrifice I make
To my lost Honour: behold, and aid my Justice.
[*Ex.* Alon.

Qu. It will concern me too to see this Wonder,
For yet I scarce can credit it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Florella's *Lodgings.*

Enter the King, *leading in* Florella *all in fear.*

Flor. Ah, Sir, the Gods and you would be more merciful,
If by a Death less cruel than my Fears,

You would preserve my Honour; begin it quickly,
And after that I will retain my Duty,
And at your Feet breathe Thanks in dying Sighs.

King. Where learnt you, Fairest, so much Cruelty
To charge me with the Power of injuring thee?
Not from my Eyes, where Love and Languishment
Too sensibly inform thee of my Heart.

Flor. Call it not Injury, Sir, to free my Soul
From fears which such a Visit must create,
In dead of Night, when nought but frightful Ghosts
Of restless Souls departed walk the Round.

King. That fleeting thing am I, whom all Repose,
All Joys, and every good of Life abandon'd,
That fatal Hour thou gavest thy self away;
And I was doom'd to endless Desperation:
Yet whilst I liv'd, all glorious with my hopes,
Some sacred Treasures in thy Breast I hid,
And near thee still my greedy Soul will hover.

Flor. Ah, rather like a Ravisher you come,
With Love and Fierceness in your dangerous Eyes;
And both will equally be fatal to me.

King. Oh, do not fear me, as the fair *Lucretia*
Did the fierce *Roman* Youth; I mean no Rapes,
Thou canst not think that I wou'd force those Joys,
Which cease to be so, when compell'd, *Florella*—
No, I would sooner pierce this faithful Heart,
Whose Flame appears too criminal for your Mercy.

Flor. Why do you fright me, Sir? methinks your Looks
All pale, your Eyes thus fixt, and trembling Hands,
The awful Horror of the dark and silent Night,
Strike a cold Terror round my fainting Heart,
That does presage some fatal Accident.

King. 'Tis in your cruel Eyes the Danger lies—
Wou'd you receive me with that usual Tenderness,
Which did express it self in every Smile,
I should dismiss this Horror from my Face,

And place again its native Calmness there;
And all my Veins shall re-assume their Heat,
And with a new and grateful Ardour beat.

Flor. Sir, all my Soul is taken up with fear,
And you advance your Fate, by staying here—
Fly, fly, this place of Death—if *Abdelazer*
Shou'd find you here—all the Divinity
About your sacred Person could not guard you.

Flor. Ah, my *Florella*, cease thy needless Fear,
And in thy Soul let nothing reign but Love;
Love, that with soft Desires may fill thy Eyes,
And save thy Tongue the pain t' instruct my Heart,
In the most grateful Knowledge Heaven can give me.

Flor. That Knowledge, Sir, wou'd make us both more wretched,
Since you, I know, wou'd still be wishing on,
And I shou'd grant, till we were both undone.
And, Sir, how little she were worth your care,
Cou'd part with all her honourable Fame,
For an inglorious Life—short and despis'd—

King. Canst thou believe a Flame thy Eyes have kindled,
Can urge me to an infamous pursuit?—
No, my *Florella*, I adore thy Virtue,
And none profane those Shrines, to whom they offer;
—Say but thou lov'st—and I thus low will bow— [*Kneels.*
And sue to thee, to be my Sovereign Queen?
I'll circle thy bright Forehead with the Crowns
Of *Castile*, *Portugal*, and *Arragon*;
And all those petty Kingdoms, which do bow
Their Tributary Knees to thy Adorer.

Flor. Ah, Sir! have you forgot my sacred Vow?
All that I am, is *Abdelazer's* now.

King. By Heav'n, it was a sacrilegious Theft;
But I the Treasure from his Breast will tear,
And reach his Heart, though thou art seated there.

Flor. A Deed like that my Virtue wou'd undo,

And leave a Stain upon your Glories too;
A Sin, that wou'd my Hate, not Passion move;
I owe a Duty, where I cannot love.

King. Thou think'st it then no Sin to kill thy King;
For I must die, without thy Love, *Florella.*

Flor. How tamely, Sir, you with the Serpent play,
Whose fatal Poison must your Life betray;
And though a King, cannot divine your Fate;
Kings only differ from the Gods in that.—
See, Sir, with this—I am your Murderer made;
[*Holds up a Dagger.*
By those we love, we soonest are betray'd.

King. How! can that fair Hand acquaint it self with Death?
—What wilt thou do, *Florella?*

Flor. Your Destiny divert,
And give my Heart those Wounds design'd for yours.
—If you advance, I'll give the deadly Blow.

King. Hold!—I command thee hold thy impious Hand,
My Heart dwells there, and if you strike—I die.

Enter Queen, Alonzo, *and* Elvira.

Qu. Florella! arm'd against the King?
[*Snatches the Dagger and stabs her: the* King *rises.*
Oh Traitress!

King. Hold, hold, inhuman Murdress;
What hast thou done, most barbarous of thy Sex!
[*Takes* Flor. *in his Arms.*

Qu. Destroy'd thy Murdress,—and my too fair Rival.
[*Aside.*

King. My Murdress!—what Devil did inspire thee
With Thoughts so black and sinful? cou'd this fair Saint
Be guilty of a Murder?—No, no, too cruel Mother,
With her Eyes, her charming lovely Eyes,
She might have kill'd, and her too virtuous Cruelty.
—Oh my *Florella!* Sacred lovely Creature!

Flor. My Death was kind, since it prevented yours,
And by that Hand, which sav'd mine from a Guilt.
[*Points to the* Queen.
—That Dagger I receiv'd of *Abdelazer*,
To stab that Heart,—he said, that lov'd me best;
But I design'd to overcome your Passion,
And then to have vanquish'd *Abdelazer's* Jealousy:
But finding you too faithful to be happy,
I did resolve to die—and have my wish.
—Farewel—my King—my Soul begins its flight,
—And now—is hovering—in eternal—Night. [*Dies.*

King. She's gone—she's gone—her sacred Soul is fled
To that Divinity, of which it is a part;
Too excellent to inhabit Earthly Bodies.

Alon. Oh, Sir, you grieve too much, for one so foul.

King. What profane Breath was that pronounc'd her foul?
Thy Mother's Soul, though turn'd into a Cherubim,
Was black to hers—Oh, she was all divine.
—*Alonzo*, was it thou?—her Brother!

Alon. When she was good, I own'd that Title, Sir.

King. Good!—by all the Gods, she was as chaste as Vestals,
As Saints translated to Divine Abodes.
I offer'd her to be my Queen, *Alonzo*,
To share the growing Glories of my Youth;
But uncorrupted she my Crown contemn'd,
And on her Virtue's Guard stood thus defended.
[Alon. *weeps.*
—Oh my *Florella!* let me here lie fix'd, [*Kneels.*
And never rise, till I am cold and pale
As thou, fair Saint, art now—But sure
She cou'd not die;—that noble generous Heart,
That arm'd with Love and Honour, did rebate
All the fierce Sieges of my amorous Flame,
Might sure defend it self against those Wounds

Given by a Woman's Hand,—or rather 'twas a Devil's.
[*Rises.*
—What dost thou merit for this Treachery?
Thou vilest of thy Sex—
But thou'rt a thing I have miscall'd a Mother,
And therefore will not touch thee—live to suffer
By a more shameful way;—but here she lies,
Whom I, though dead, must still adore as living.

Alon. Sir, pray retire, there's danger in your stay;
When I reflect upon this Night's Disorder,
And the Queen's Art to raise my Jealousy;
And after that my Sister's being murder'd,
I must believe there is some deeper Plot,
Something design'd against your sacred Person.

King. Alonzo, raise the Court, I'll find it, [*Ex.* Alonzo.
Tho 'twere hid within my Mother's Soul.

Qu. My gentle Son, pardon my kind mistake,
I did believe her arm'd against thy Life.

King. Peace, Fury! Not ill boding Raven Shrieks,
Nor midnight Cries of murder'd Ghosts, are more
Ungrateful, than thy faint and dull Excuses.
—Be gone! and trouble not the silent Griefs,
Which will insensibly decay my Life,
Till like a Marble Statue I am fixt,
Dropping continual Tears upon her Tomb.
[*Kneels and weeps at* Florella's *Feet.*

Abd. [*Within.*] Guard all the Chamber-Doors—Fire and Confusion
Consume the *Spanish* Dogs—was I for this
Sent to fetch back a *Philip*, and a Cardinal,
To have my Wife abus'd?

Enter Abdelazer.

Qu. Patience, dear *Abdelazer*.

Abd. Patience and I am Foes: where's my *Florella?*
The King! and in *Florella's* Bed-Chamber!
Florella dead too!—

Rise, thou eternal Author of my Shame;
Gay thing—to you I speak, [King *rises.*
And thus throw off Allegiance.
Qu. Oh, stay your Fury, generous *Abdelazer*,
Abd. Away, fond Woman. [*Throws her from him.*
King. Villain, to me this Language?
Abd. To thee, young amorous King.
How at this dead and silent time of Night,
Durst you approach the Lodgings of my Wife?
King. I scorn to answer thee.
Abd. I'll search it in thy Heart then.
[*They fight*, Queen *and* Elv. *run out crying Treason.*
King. The Devil's not yet ready for his Soul,
And will not claim his due.—Oh, I am wounded. [*Falls.*
Abd. No doubt on't, Sir, these are no Wounds of Love.
King. Whate'er they be, you might have spar'd 'em now,
Since those *Florella* give me were sufficient:
—And yet a little longer, fixing thus
Thou'dst seen me turn to Earth, without thy aid.
Florella!—Florella!—is thy Soul fled so far
It cannot answer me, and call me on?
And yet like dying Ecchoes in my Ears,
I hear thee cry, my Love—I come—I come, fair Soul.
—Thus at thy Feet—my Heart shall bleeding—lie.
Who since it liv'd for thee—for thee—will die. [*Dies.*
Abd. So—thou art gone—there was a King but now,
And now a senseless, dull, and breathless nothing.
[*A noise of fighting without.*
Enter Queen *running.*
Qu. Oh Heavens! my Son—the King, the King is kill'd!—
Yet I must save his Murderer:—Fly, my Moor;
Alonzo, Sir, assisted by some Friends,
Has set upon your Guards,
And with resistless Fury is making hither.
Abd. Let him come on.

Enter Alonzo *and others, led in by* Osmin, Zarrack, *and Moors.*

Oh, are you fast? [*Takes away their Swords.*

Alon. What mean'st thou, Villain?

Abd. To put your Swords to better uses, Sir,
Than to defend the cause of Ravishers.

Alon. Oh Heavens, the King is murder'd!

Abd. Look on that Object,
Thy Sister and my Wife, who's doubly murder'd,
First in her spotless Honour, then her Life.

Alon. Heaven is more guilty than the King in this.

Qu. My Lords, be calm; and since your King is murder'd.
Think of your own dear Safeties; chuse a new King,
That may defend you from the Tyrant's Rage.

Alon. Who should we chuse? Prince *Philip* is our King.

Abd. By Heaven, but *Philip* shall not be my King;
Philip's a Bastard, and Traytor to his Country:
He braves us with an Army at our Walls,
Threatning the Kingdom with a fatal Ruin.
And who shall lead you forth to Conquest now,
But *Abdelazer*, whose Sword reap'd Victory,
As oft as 'twas unsheath'd?—and all for *Spain*
—How many Laurels has this Head adorn'd?
Witness the many Battles I have won;
In which I've emptied all my youthful Veins!—
And all for *Spain!*—ungrateful of my Favours!
—I do not boast my Birth,
Nor will not urge to you my Kingdom's Ruin;
But loss of Blood, and numerous Wounds receiv'd—
And still for *Spain!*—
And can you think, that after all my Toils,
I wou'd be still a Slave?—to Bastard *Philip* too?
That dangerous Foe, who with the Cardinal,
Threatens with Fire and Sword.—I'll quench those Flames,
Such an esteem I still preserve for *Spain.*

Alon. What means this long Harangue? what does it aim at?

Abd. To be Protector of the Crown of *Spain*,
Till we agree about a lawful Successor.

Alon. Oh Devil!

Qu. We are betray'd, and round beset with Horrors;
If we deny him this—the Power being his,
We're all undone, and Slaves unto his Mercy.—
Besides—Oh, give me leave to blush when I declare,
That *Philip* is—as he has rendred him.—
But I in love to you, love to my *Spain*,
Chose rather to proclaim my Infamy,
Than an ambitious Bastard should be crown'd.

Alon. Here's a fine Plot,
What Devil reigns in Woman, when she doats? [*Aside.*

Rod. My Lords, I see no remedy but he must be Protector.

Alon. Oh, Treachery—have you so soon forgot
The noble *Philip*, and his glorious Heir,
The murder'd *Ferdinand?*—
And, Madam, you so soon forgot a Mother's Name,
That you wou'd give him Power that kill'd your Son?

Abd. The Modesty wherewith I'll use that Power,
Shall let you see, I have no other Interest
But what's intirely *Spain's*.—Restore their Swords,
And he amongst you all who is dissatisfy'd,
I set him free this minute.

Alon. I take thee at thy word—
And instantly to *Philip's* Camp will fly. [*Exit.*

Abd. By all the Gods my Ancestors ador'd,
But that I scorn the envying World shou'd think
I took delight in Blood—I wou'd not part so with you.
—But you, my Lords, who value *Spain's* Repose,
Must for it instantly with me take Arms.
Prince *Philip*, and the Cardinal, now ride
Like *Jove* in Thunder; we in Storms must meet them.
To Arms! to Arms! and then to Victory,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Abdelazer's *Tent.*

Enter Abdelazer, Osmin *bearing his Helmet of Feathers,* Zarrack *with his Sword and Truncheon.*

Abd. Come, *Osmin*, arm me quickly; for the Day
Comes on apace, and the fierce Enemy
Will take advantages by our delay.

Enter Queen *and* Elvira.

Qu. Oh, my dear Moor!
The rude, exclaiming, ill-affected Multitude
(Tempestuous as the Sea) run up and down,
Some crying, kill the Bastard—some the Moor;
These for King *Philip*,—those for *Abdelazer*.

Abd. Your Fears are idle,—blow 'em into Air.
I rush'd amongst the thickest of their Crouds,
And with the awful Splendor of my Eyes,
Like the imperious Sun, dispers'd the Clouds.
But I must combat now a fiercer Foe,
The hot-brain'd *Philip*, and a jealous Cardinal.

Qu. And must you go, before I make you mine?

Abd. That's my Misfortune—when I return with Victory,
And lay my Wreaths of Laurel at your Feet,
You shall exchange them for your glorious Fetters.

Qu. How canst thou hope for Victory, when their Numbers
So far exceed thy Powers?

Abd. What's wanting there, we must supply with Conduct.
I know you will not stop at any thing
That may advance our Interest, and Enjoyment.

Qu. Look back on what I have already done;
And after that look forward with Assurance.

Abd. You then (with only Women in your Train)
Must to the Camp, and to the Cardinal's Tent;—

Tell him, your Love to him hath drawn you thither:
Then undermine his Soul—you know the way on't.
And sooth him into a Belief, that the best way
To gain your Heart, is to leave *Philip's* Interest;
Urge 'tis the Kingdom's safety, and your own;
And use your fiercest Threats, to draw him to a Peace with me;
Not that you love me, but for the Kingdom's good:
Then in a Tent which I will pitch on purpose,
Get him to meet me: He being drawn off,
Thousands of Bigots (who think to cheat the World
Into an Opinion, that fighting for the Cardinal is
A pious Work) will (when he leaves the Camp)
Desert it too.

Qu. I understand you, and more than I have time to be
Instructed in, I will perform; and possibly
Before you can begin, I'll end my Conquests.

Abd. 'Twill be a Victory worthy of your Beauty.
—I must to Horse, farewel, my generous Mistress.

Qu. Farewel! and may thy Arms as happy prove,
As shall my Art, when it dissembles Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Philip's *Tent.*

Enter Philip, Alonzo, *and Guards.*

Phil. 'Tis a sad Story thou hast told, *Alonzo;*
Yet 'twill not make me shed one single Tear:
They must be all of Blood that I will offer
To my dear Brother's Ghost—
But, gallant Friend, this Good his Ills have done,
To turn thee over to our juster Interest,
For thou didst love him once.

Alon. Whilst I believ'd him honest, and for my Sister's sake;
But since, his Crimes have made a Convert of me.

Phil. Gods! is it possible the Queen should countenance
His horrid Villanies?

Alon. Nay, worse than so, 'tis thought she'll marry him.

Phil. Marry him! then here upon my Knees I vow, [*Kneels.*

To shake all Duty from my Soul;
And all that Reverence Children owe a Parent,
Shall henceforth be converted into Hate. [*Rises.*
—Damnation! marry him! Oh, I cou'd curse my Birth!
This will confirm the World in their Opinion,
That she's the worst of Women;
That I am basely born too, (as she gives it out)
That Thought alone does a just Rage inspire,
And kindles round my Heart an active Fire.

Alon. A Disobedience, Sir, to such a Parent,
Heaven must forgive the Sin, if this be one:
—Yet do not, Sir, in Words abate that Fire,
Which will assist you a more effectual way.

Phil. Death! I could talk of it an Age;
And, like a Woman, fret my Anger high:
Till like my Rage, I have advanc'd my Courage,
Able to fight the World against my Mother.

Alon. Our Wrongs without a Rage, will make us fight,
Wrongs that wou'd make a Coward resolute.

Phil. Come, noble Youth,
Let us join both our several Wrongs in one,
And from them make a solemn Resolution,
Never to part our Interest, till this Moor,
This worse than Devil Moor be sent to Hell.

Alon. I do.

Phil. Hark—hark—the Charge is sounded, let's to Horse,
St. *Jaques* for the Right of *Spain* and me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Drums and Trumpets afar off, with noise of fighting at a distance: After a little while, enter Philip *in a Rage.*

Phil. Oh unjust Powers! why d'ye protect this Monster?—

And this damn'd Cardinal, that comes not up
With the *Castilian* Troops? curse on his formal Politicks—

Enter Alonzo.

—*Alonzo*, where's the Moor?

Alon. The Moor—a Devil—never did Fiend of Hell,
Compell'd by some Magician's Charms,
Break thro the Prison of the folded Earth
With more swift Horrour, than this Prince of Fate
Breaks thro our Troops in spite of Opposition.

Phil. Death! 'tis not his single Arm that works the Wonders,
But our Cowardice—Oh, this Dog Cardinal!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Sound a Retreat, or else the Day is lost.

Phil. I'll beat that Cur to Death that sounds Retreat.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Sound a Retreat.

Phil. Who is't that tempts my Sword?—continue the Alarm,
Fight on Pell-mell—fight—kill—be damn'd—do any thing
But sound Retreat—Oh, this damn'd Coward Cardinal!
[*Exeunt.*

The noise of fighting near; after a little while enter Philip *again.*

Phil. Not yet, ye Gods! Oh, this eternal Coward!

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Sir, bring up your Reserves, or all is lost;
Ambition plumes the Moor, that makes him act
Deeds of such Wonder, that even you wou'd envy them.

Phil. 'Tis well—I'll raise my Glories to that dazling height,
Shall darken his, or set in endless Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Grove.*

Enter Card. *and* Queen; *the noise of a Battel continuing afar off all the Scene.*

Qu. By all thy Love, by all thy Languishments,
By all those Sighs and Tears paid to my Cruelty,
By all thy Vows, thy passionate Letters sent,
I do conjure thee, go not forth to fight:
Command your Troops not to engage with *Philip*,
Who aims at nothing but the Kingdom's ruin.
—*Fernando's* kill'd—the Moor has gain'd the Power,
A Power that you nor *Philip* can withstand;
And is't not better he were lost than *Spain*,
Since one must be a Sacrifice?
Besides—if I durst tell it,
There's something I cou'd whisper to thy Soul,
Wou'd make thee blush at ev'ry single Good
Thou'ast done that insolent Boy;—But 'tis not now
A time for Stories of so strange a Nature,—
Which when you know, you will conclude with me,
That every Man that arms for *Philip's* Cause,
Merits the name of Traitor.—
Be wise in time, and leave his shameful Interest,
An Interest thou wilt curse thy self for taking;
Be wise, and make Alliance with the Moor.

Card. And, Madam, should I lay aside my Wrongs,
Those publick Injuries I have receiv'd,
And make a mean and humble Peace with him?
—No, let *Spain* be ruin'd by our Civil Swords,
E'er for its safety I forego mine Honour.—

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Advance, Sir, with your Troops, or we are lost.

Card. Give order—

Qu. That they stir not on their Lives;
Is this the Duty that you owe your Country?
Is this your Sanctity—and Love to me?

Is't thus you treat the Glory I have offer'd
To raise you to my Bed?
To rule a Kingdom, be a Nation's Safety,
To advance in hostile manner to their Walls;
Walls that confine your Countrymen, and Friends,
And Queen, to whom you've vow'd eternal Peace,
Eternal Love? And will you court in Arms?
Such rude Addresses wou'd but ill become you.
No, from this hour renounce all Claims to me,
Or *Philip's* Interest; for let me tell you, Cardinal,
This Love, and that Revenge, are inconsistent.

Card. But, Madam—

Qu. No more—disband your Rebel Troops,
And strait with me to *Abdelazer's* Tent,
Where all his Claims he shall resign to you,
Both in my self, the Kingdom, and the Crown:
You being departed, thousands more will leave him,
And you're alone the Prop to his Rebellion.

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. Advance, advance, my Lord, with all your Force,
Or else the Prince and Victory is lost,
Which now depends upon his single Valour;
Who, like some ancient Hero, or some God,
Thunders amongst the thickest of his Enemies,
Destroying all before him in such numbers,
That Piles of Dead obstruct his passage to the living—
Relieve him strait, my Lord, with our last Cavalry and Hopes.

Card. I'll follow instantly.— [*Ex.* Sebast.

Qu. Sir, but you shall not, unless it be to Death—
Shall you preserve the only Man I hate,
And hate with so much reason?—let him fall
A Victim to an injur'd Mother's Honour.
—Come, I will be obey'd—indeed I must— [*Fawns on him.*

Card. When you're thus soft, can I retain my Anger?

Oh, look but ever thus—in spite of Injuries—
I shall become as tame and peaceable,
As are your charming Eyes, when dress'd in Love,
Which melting down my Rage, leave me defenceless.
—Ah, Madam, have a generous care of me,
For I have now resign'd my Power to you. [*Shouts within.*

Qu. What Shouts are these?

Enter Sebastian.

Sebast. My Lord, the Enemy is giving ground,
And *Philip's* Arm alone sustains the day:
Advance, Sir, and compleat the Victory. [*Exit.*

Qu. Give order strait, that a Retreat be sounded;
And whilst they do so, by me conducted,
We'll instantly to *Abdelazer's* Tent—
Haste—haste, my Lord, whilst I attend you here.
[*Ex. severally.*

Cardinal *going out, is met by* Philip.

Phil. Oh, damn your lazy Order, where have you been, Sir?
—But 'tis no time for Questions,
Move forward with your Reserves.

Card. I will not, Sir.

Phil. How, will not!

Card. Now to advance would be impolitick;
Already by your desperate Attempts,
You've lost the best part of our Hopes.

Phil. Death! you lye.

Card. Lye, Sir!

Phil. Yes, lye, Sir,—therefore come on,
Follow the desperate Reer-Guard, which is mine,
And where I'll die, or conquer—follow my Sword
The bloody way it leads, or else, by Heaven,
I'll give the Moor the Victory in spite,
And turn my Force on thee—
Plague of your Cowardice—Come, follow me. [*Ex.* Card.

SCENE V. *The Grove.*

As Philip *is going off, he is overtook by* Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian, *and other Officers: At the other side some Moors, and other of* Abdelazer's *Party, enter and fall on* Philip *and the rest—the Moors are beaten off—one left dead on the Stage.—*

Enter Abdelazer, *with* Roderigo *and some others.*

Abd. Oh, for more Work—more Souls to send to Hell!
—Ha, ha, ha, here's one going thither,—Sirrah—Slave Moor—who kill'd thee?—how he grins—this Breast,
Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never wou'd have been a Mark for Fools.

Abd. *going out: Enter* Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, *and Officers, as passing over the Stage.*

Phil. I'll wear my Sword to th' Hilt, but I will find
The Subject of my Vengeance.—
Moor, 'tis for thee I seek, where art thou, Slave?—
Abd. Here, *Philip.* [Abd. *turns.*
Phil. Fate and Revenge, I thank thee.—
Abd. Why—thou art brave, whoe'er begot thee.
Phil. Villain, a King begot me.
Abd. I know not that,
But I'll be sworn thy Mother was a Queen,
And I will kill thee handsomly for her sake.
[*Offers to fight, their Parties hinder them.*
Alon. Hold—hold, my Prince.
Osm. Great Sir, what mean you? [*To* Abd.
The Victory being yours, to give your Life away
On one so mad and desperate. [*Their Parties draw.*
Phil. Alonzo, hold,
We two will be the Fate of this great Day.
Abd. And I'll forego all I've already won,
And claim no Conquest; the whole heaps of Bodies,
Which this Right-hand has slain, declare me Victor.

Phil. No matter who's the Victor; I have thee in my view,
And will not leave thee,
Till thou hast crown'd those Heaps, and made 'em all
The glorious Trophies of my Victory—Come on, Sir.
Alon. You shall not fight thus single;
If you begin, by Heaven, we'll all fall on.
Phil. Dost thou suspect my Power?
Oh, I am arm'd with more than compleat Steel,
The Justice of my Quarrel; when I look
Upon my Father's Wrongs, my Brother's Wounds,
My Mother's Infamy, *Spain's* Misery,
I am all Fire; and yet I am too cold
To let out Blood enough for my Revenge:
—Therefore stir not a Sword on my side.
Abd. Nor on mine.

They fight; both their Parties engage on either side; the Scene draws off, and discovers both the Armies, which all fall on and make the main Battel: Philip *prevails, the* Moors *give ground: Then the Scene closes to the the Grove. Enter some* Moors *flying in disorder.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to a Tent.*

Enter Abdelazer, Roderigo, Osmin, Zarrack, *and some others of his Party.*

Rod. Oh, fly, my Lord, fly, for the Day is lost.
Abd. There are three hundred and odd Days i'th Year,
And cannot we lose one? dismiss thy Fears,
They'll make a Coward of thee.
Osm. Sir, all the noble *Spaniards* have forsook you;
Your Soldiers faint, are round beset with Enemies,
Nor can you shun your Fate, but by your Flight.
Abd. I can—and must—in spite of Fate:
The Wheel of War shall turn about again,
And dash the Current of his Victories.—

This is the Tent I've pitched, at distance from the Armies,
To meet the Queen and Cardinal;
Charm'd with the Magick of Dissimulation,
I know by this h'as furl'd his Ensigns up,
And is become a tame and coward Ass.
[*A Retreat is sounded.*
—Hark—hark, 'tis done: oh, my inchanting Engine!
—Dost thou not hear Retreat sounded?
Rod. Sure 'tis impossible.
Abd. She has prevail'd—a Woman's Tongue and Eyes
Are Forces stronger than Artilleries.

Enter Queen, Cardinal, *Women, and Soldiers.*

—We are betray'd—
Qu. What means this Jealousy? lay by your Weapons.
And embrace—the sight of these beget Suspicion:
—*Abdelazer*, by my Birth he comes in peace;
Lord Cardinal, on my Honour so comes he.
Abd. Let him withdraw his Troops then.
Qu. They're Guards for all our Safeties:
Give me your Hand, Prince Cardinal—thine, *Abdelazer*—
[*She brings them together, they embrace.*
This blest Accord I do behold with Joy.
Card. Abdelazer,
I at the Queen's Command have met you here,
To know what 'tis you will propose to us.
Abd. Peace and eternal Friendship 'twixt us two.
How much against my Will I took up Arms,
Be witness, Heav'n: nor was it in revenge to you,
But to let out th' infected Blood of *Philip*,
Whose sole aim
Is to be King—which *Spain* will never suffer;
Spain gave me Education, though not Birth,
Which has intitled it my native Home,
To which such Reverence and Esteem I bear,
I will preserve it from the Tyrant's Rage.

The People who once lov'd him, now abhor him,
And 'tis your Power alone that buoys him up:
And when you've lifted him into a Throne,
'Tis time to shake you off.

Card. Whilst I behold him as my native Prince,
My Honour and Religion bids me serve him;
Yet not when I'm convinc'd that whilst I do so,
I injure *Spain*.

Abd. If he were so, the Powers above forbid
We should not serve, adore, and fight for him;
But *Philip* is a Bastard:—nay, 'twill surprize ye,
But that 'tis Truth, the Queen will satisfy you.

Qu. With one bold Word he has undone my Honour.
[*Weeps.*
Too bluntly, *Abdelazer*, you repeat
That which by slow Degrees you shou'd have utter'd.

Abd. Pardon my Roughness, Madam, I meant well.

Card. Philip a Bastard!
If by such Arts you wou'd divide me from him,
I shall suspect you wou'd betray us both.

Qu. Sir, he informs you Truth; and I blush less
To own him so, than that he is a Traitor.

Card. Philip a Bastard! oh, it cannot be—
Madam, take heed you do not for Revenge,
Barter your dearer Honour, and lose both.

Qu. I know what's due to Honour, and Revenge,
But better what I owe to *Spain*, and you—
You are a Prince o'th' Blood, and may put off
The Cardinal when you please, and be a Monarch.

Card. Though my Ambition's equal to my Passion,
Neither shall make me act against those Principles
My Honour ever taught me to obey.
—And, Madam—
'Tis less a Sin, not to believe you her,
Than 'tis to doubt your Virtue.

Qu. I wish it were untold, if it must forfeit

The least of your Esteem—but that 'tis Truth,
Be witness, Heav'n, my Shame, my Sighs, and Tears.
[*Weeps.*

Card. Why, Madam, was't so long conceal'd from me?

Qu. The Circumstances I shall at leisure tell you:
And for the present,
Let it suffice, he cannot rule in *Spain*,
Nor can you side with him, without being made
As much incapable to reign as he.

Card. Though Love and Honour I have always made
The Business of my Life;
My Soul retains too so much of Ambition,
As puts me still in mind of what I am,
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain:*
Nor shall my blinded Zeal to Loyalty,
Make me that glorious Interest resign,
Since *Philip's* Claims are not so great as mine.
—Madam, tho I'm convinc'd I've done amiss
In taking Arms for *Philip*,
Yet 'twill be difficult to disengage my self.

Abd. Most easily—
Proclaim it in the head of all your Troops,
The Justice of your Cause for leaving him;
And tell 'em, 'tis a Work of Piety
To follow your Example.
The giddy Rout are guided by Religion,
More than by Justice, Reason, or Allegiance.
—The Crown which I as a good Husband keep,
I will lay down upon the empty Throne;
Marry you the Queen, and fill it—and for me,
I'll ever pay you Duty as a Subject. [*Bows low.*

Card. On these Conditions all I am is yours;
Philip we cannot fear, all he can do
Is to retire for refuge into *Portugal.*

Abd. That wou'd be dangerous—
Is there no Arts to get him in our Power?

Card. Perhaps by Policy, and seeming Friendship,
For we have reason yet to fear his Force ;
And since I'm satisfy'd he's not my lawful Prince,
I cannot think it an Impiety
To sacrifice him to the Peace of *Spain*,
And every Spirit that loves Liberty :
First we'll our Forces join, and make 'em yours,
Then give me your Authority to arrest him ;
If so we can surprize him, we'll spare the hazard
Of a second Battel.

Abd. My Lord, retire into my inner Tent,
And all things shall be instantly perform'd. [*Exeunt all.*

SCENE VII. *The Grove.*

Enter some of Philip's *Party running over the Stage, pursu'd by* Philip, Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, *and some few Officers more.*

Alon. Do not pursue 'em, Sir, such coward Slaves
Deserve not Death from that illustriate Hand.

Phil. Eternal Plagues consume 'em in their flight ;
Oh, this damn'd coward Cardinal has betray'd us !
When all our Swords were nobly dy'd in Blood,
When with red Sweat that trickled from our Wounds
We'ad dearly earn'd the long disputed Victory,
Then to lose all, then to sound base Retreat,
It swells my Anger up to perfect Madness.

Alon. Indeed 'twas wondrous strange.

Sebast. I'm glad, Sir—

Phil. Art glad of it ? art glad we are abandon'd ?
That I, and thou have lost the hopeful'st Day—

Sebast. Great Sir, I'm glad that you came off alive.

Phil. Thou hast a lean Face—and a carrion Heart—
A plague upon the Moor, and thee—Oh, *Alonzo*,
To run away—follow'd by all the Army !
Oh, I cou'd tear my Hair, and curse my Soul to Air !

—Cardinal—thou Traitor, *Judas*, that would'st sell
Thy God again, as thou hast done thy Prince.
—But come—we're yet a few,
And we will fight till there be left but one—
If I prove him, I'll die a glorious death.

Ant. Yes, but the Cardinal has took pious Care
It shall be in our Beds.

Sebast. We are as bad as one already, Sir; for all our Fellows are crawl'd home, some with ne'er a Leg, others with ne'er a Arm, some with their Brains beat out, and glad they escaped so.

Phil. But, my dear Countrymen, you'll stick to me.

1 *Sold.* Ay, wou'd I were well off— [*Aside.*

Phil. Speak, stout *Sceva*, wilt thou not?

1 *Sold.* *Sceva*, Sir, who's that?

Phil. A gallant *Roman*, that fought by *Cæsar's* side,
Till all his Body cover'd o'er with Arrows,
Shew'd like a monstrous Porcupine.

1 *Sold.* And did he die, Sir?

Phil. He wou'd not but have dy'd for *Cæsar's* Empire.

1 *Sold.* Hah—why, Sir, I'm none of *Sceva*, but honest *Diego*, yet would as willingly die as he, but that I have a Wife and Children; and if I die they beg.

Phil. For every drop of Blood which thou shalt lose,
I'll give thy Wife—a Diadem.

Sold. Stark mad, as I am valiant!

Enter Card. *Officers and Soldiers:* Philip *offers to run on him, is held by* Alonzo.

Phil. Oh Heav'n! is not that the Cardinal?
Traitor, how dar'st thou tempt my Rage, and Justice?

Card. Your Pardon, Sir, I come in humble Love
To offer happy Peace.

Phil. Was that thy aim when base Retreat was sounded?
Oh, thou false Cardinal—let me go, *Alonzo*—
Death! offer happy Peace! no, offer War,

Bring Fire and Sword—Hell and Damnation—Peace !
Oh, damn your musty Peace—No, will you fight and cry,
Down with the Moor ! and then I'll die in peace.
I have a Heart, two Arms, a Soul, a Head,
I'll hazard these—I can but hazard all—
Come—I will kneel to thee—and be thy Slave—[*Kneels.*
I'll let thee tread on me, do any thing,
So this damn'd Moor may fall.

Card. Yes, Sir, he shall—

Phil. Gods ! shall he—thy noble Hand upon't,
And for this Promise, take my grateful Heart.
[*Embraces him.*
—Shall *Abdelazer* fall ?

Card. Yes, upon thee—
Like the tall Ruins of a falling Tower,
To crush thee into Dust—
[*As they embrace, the Guards seize him and the rest.*
Traitor and Bastard, I arrest thee of High-Treason.

Phil. Hah !—Traitor !—and Bastard—and from thee !
[*They hold* Philip's *Hands.*

Card. Guards, to your Hands the Prisoner is committed.
There's your Warrant—*Alonzo*, you are free. [*Ex.* Card.

Phil. Prithee lend me one Hand—to wipe my Eyes,
And see who 'tis dares authorize this Warrant :
—The Devil and his Dam !—the Moor and Queen !
Their Warrant !—Gods ! *Alonzo*, must we obey it ?
Villains, you cannot be my Jailors ; there's no Prison,
No Dungeon deep enough ; no Gate so strong,
To keep a Man confin'd—so mad with Wrong.
—Oh, dost thou weep, *Alonzo ?*

Alon. I wou'd fain shed a Tear,
But from my Tears so many Show'rs are gone,
They are too poor to pay your Sorrow's Tribute ;
There is no Remedy, we must to Prison.

Phil. Yes, and from thence to Death—
I thought I should have had a Tomb hung round

With tatter'd Ensigns, broken Spears and Javelins;
And that my Body, with a thousand Wounds,
Shou'd have been borne on some triumphant Chariot,
With solemn Mourning, Drums, and Trumpets sounding;
Whilst all the wondring World with Grief and Envy,
Had wish'd my glorious Destiny their own:
But now, *Alonzo*—like a Beast I fall,
And hardly Pity waits my Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Presence-Chamber, with a Throne and Canopy. Enter* Abdelazer, Cardinal, Alonzo, Ordonio, Roderigo, *and other Lords, one bearing the Crown, which is laid on the Table on a Cushion; the* Queen, Leonora, *and Ladies. They all seat themselves, leaving the Throne and Chair of State empty.* Abdelazer *rises and bows*, Roderigo *kneeling, presents him with the Crown.*

Abd. Grandees of *Spain*, if in this royal Presence
There breathes a Man, who having laid his hold
So fast on such a Jewel, and dares wear it,
In the Contempt of Envy, as I dare;
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as the Gods
Bestow their Blessings) wou'd give such Wealth away;
Let such a Man stand forth—are ye all fix'd?
No wonder, since a King's a Deity.
And who'd not be a God?
This glorious Prospect, when I first saw the Light,
Met with my Infant Hopes; nor have those Fetters
(Which e'er they grew towards Men, *Spain* taught me how to wear)
Made me forget what's due to that illustrious Birth;
—Yet thus—I cast aside the Rays of Majesty—
[*Kneels, and lays the Crown on the Table.*
And on my Knee do humbly offer up
This splendid powerful thing, and ease your Fears
Of Usurpation and of Tyranny.

Alon. What new Device is this? [*Aside.*

Card. This is an Action generous and just—
Let us proceed to new Election.

Abd. Stay, Peers of *Spain*,
If young Prince *Philip* be King *Philip's* Son,
Then is he Heir to *Philip*, and his Crown;
But if a Bastard, then he is a Rebel,
And as a Traitor to the Crown shou'd bleed:
That dangerous popular Spirit must be laid,
Or *Spain* must languish under civil Swords;
And *Portugal* taking advantage of those Disorders,
(Assisted by the Male-contents within,
If *Philip* live) will bring Confusion home.
—Our Remedy for this is first to prove,
And then proclaim him Bastard.

Alon. That Project wou'd be worth your Politicks [*Aside.*
—How shou'd we prove him Bastard?

Abd. Her Majesty being lately urg'd by Conscience,
And much above her Honour prizing *Spain*,
Declar'd this Secret, but has not nam'd the Man;
If he be noble and a *Spaniard* born,
He shall repair her Fame by marrying her.

Card. No; *Spaniard*, or Moor, the daring Slave shall die.

Qu. Would I were cover'd with a Veil of Night, [*Weeps.*
That I might hide the Blushes on my Cheeks!
But when your Safety comes into Dispute,
My Honour, nor my Life must come in competition.
—I'll therefore hide my Eyes, and blushing own,
That *Philip's* Father is i'th' Presence now.

Alon. I'th' Presence! name him.

Qu. The Cardinal— [*All rise in Amazement.*

Card. How's this, Madam!

Abd. How! the Cardinal!

Card. I *Philip's* Father, Madam!

Qu. Dull Lover—is not all this done for thee!
Dost thou not see a Kingdom and my self,
By this Confession, thrown into thy Arms?
Card. On Terms so infamous I must despise it.
Qu. Have I thrown by all Sense of Modesty,
To render you the Master of my Bed,
To be refus'd—was there any other way?—
Card. I cannot yield; this Cruelty transcends
All you have ever done me—Heavens! what a Contest
Of Love and Honour swells my rising Heart!
Qu. By all my Love, if you refuse me now,
Now when I have remov'd all Difficulties,
I'll be reveng'd a thousand killing ways.
Card. Madam, I cannot own so false a thing,
My Conscience and Religion will not suffer me.
Qu. Away with all this Canting; Conscience, and Religion!
No, take advice from nothing but from Love.
Card. 'Tis certain I'm bewitch'd—she has a Spell
Hid in those charming Lips.
Alon. Prince Cardinal, what say you to this?
Card. I cannot bring it forth—
Qu. Do't, or thou'rt lost for ever.
Card. Death! What's a Woman's Power!
And yet I can resist it.
Qu. And dare you disobey me?
Card. Is't not enough I've given you up my Power,
Nay, and resign'd my Life into your Hands,
But you wou'd damn me too—I will not yield—
Oh, now I find a very Hell within me;
How am I misguided by my Passion!
Alon. Sir, we attend your Answer.
Qu. 'Tis now near twenty Years, when newly married,
(And 'tis the Custom here to marry young,)
King *Philip* made a War in *Barbary*,
Won *Tunis*, conquer'd *Fez*, and hand to hand

Slew great *Abdela*, King of *Fez*, and Father
To this *Barbarian* Prince.

Abd. I was but young, and yet I well remember
My Father's Wound—poor *Barbary*—but no more.

Qu. In absence of my King I liv'd retir'd,
Shut up in my Apartment with my Women,
Suffering no Visits, but the Cardinal's,
To whom the King had left me as his Charge;
But he, unworthy of that Trust repos'd,
Soon turned his Business into Love.

Card. Heavens! how will this Story end? [*Aside.*

Qu. A Tale, alas! unpleasant to my Ear,
And for the which I banish'd him my Presence,
But oh, the power of Gold! he bribes my Women,
That they should tell me (as a Secret too)
The King (whose Wars were finish'd) would return
Without acquainting any with the time;
He being as jealous, as I was fair and young,
Meant to surprize me in the dead of Night:
This pass'd upon my Youth, which ne'er knew Art.

Card. Gods! is there any Hell but Woman's Falshood!
[*Aside.*

Qu. The following Night I hasted to my Bed,
To wait my expected Bliss—nor was it long
Before his gentle Steps approach'd my Ears.
Undress'd he came, and with a vigorous haste
Flew to my yielding Arms: I call'd him King,
My dear lov'd Lord; and in return he breath'd
Into my Bosom, in soft gentle Whispers,
My Queen! my Angel! my lov'd *Isabella!*
And at that word—I need not tell the rest.

Alon. What's all this, Madam, to the Cardinal?

Qu. Ah, Sir, the Night too short for his Caresses,
Made room for Day, Day that betray'd my Shame;
For in my guilty Arms I found the Cardinal.

Alon. Madam, why did not you complain of this?

Qu. Alas, I was but young, and full of Fears;
Bashful, and doubtful of a just Belief,
Knowing King *Philip's* rash and jealous Temper;
But from your Justice I expect Revenge.

Rod. His Crime, my Lords, is Death, by all our Laws.

Card. Have you betray'd me by my too much Faith?
Oh shameless Creature, am I disarm'd for this?
Had I but so much Ease to be inrag'd,
Sure I shou'd kill thee for this Treachery:
But I'm all Shame, and Grief—By all that's holy,
My Lords, I never did commit this Crime.

Abd. 'Tis but in vain, Prince Cardinal, to deny it.

Qu. Do not believe him, Lords;—
Revenge—let Sentence pass upon the Traitor.

Card. I own that Name with Horror, which you drew me to,
When I betray'd the best of Men, and Princes;
And 'tis but just you fit me for Despairs,
That may instruct me how to follow him in Death:
Yet as I'm Prince o'th Blood, and Cardinal too,
You cannot be my Judges.

Abd. You shall be try'd, Sir, as becomes your Quality.
Osmin, we commit the Cardinal to your Charge.

Card. Heaven! should I live to that! No,
I have within me a private Shame,
That shall secure me from the publick one.

Alon. A pretty turn of State!—we shall all follow, Sir.

Card. The Powers above are just:
Thus I my Prince a Sacrifice first made,
And now my self am on the Altar laid.

[*Ex.* Card. *guarded.*

Abd. Madam, retire, you've acted so divinely,
You've fill'd my Soul with new admiring Passion:
I'll wait on you in your Apartment instantly,
And at your Feet pay all my Thanks, and Love.

Qu. Make haste, my dearest Moor, whilst I retire,

And fit my Soul to meet thy kind Desire.
[*Ex.* Queen *and her Train;* Leon. *advancing to follow, is staid by* Abd.
Abd. Stay, beauteous Maid, stay, and receive that Crown,
[*Leads her back.*
Which as your due, Heav'n and all *Spain* present you with.
Alon. But granting *Philip* is—that thing you call him,
If we must grant him so, who then shall reign?
Not that we do not know who ought to reign,
But ask who 'tis you will permit to do so. [*To* Abd.
Abd. Who but bright *Leonora!* the Royal Off-spring
Of noble *Philip*, whose Innocence and Beauty,
Without th' advantage of her glorious Birth,
Merits all Adoration.
All. With Joy we do salute her Queen.
Abd. Live *Leonora!* beauteous Queen of *Spain!* [*Shout.*
Alon. From *Abdelazer* this! it cannot be,
At least not real. [*Aside.*
Abd. My Lords,
Be it now your Care magnificently to provide
Both for the Coronation, and the Marriage
Of the fair Queen;
Let nothing be omitted that may shew,
How we can pay, where we so vastly owe. [*Bows.*
Alon. I am much bound to *Spain*, and you, my Lords,
For this great Condescenion.
Leo. My Lords, I thank ye all,
And most the gallant Moor—I am not well—
[*Turns to* Alon.
Something surrounds my Heart so full of Death,
I must retire to give my Sorrow Breath.
[*Ex.* Leo. *follow'd by all but* Abd. *and* Rod. *who looks on* Abd.
Rod. Sir,—what have you done?
Abd. What every Man that loves like me shou'd do;
Undone my self for ever, to beget

One Moment's thought in her, that I adore her;
That she may know, none ever lov'd like me,
I've thrown away the Diadem of *Spain*—
—'Tis gone! and there's no more to set but this—
(My Heart) at all, and at this one last Cast,
Sweep up my former Losses, or be undone.

Rod. You court at a vast Rate, Sir.

Abd. Oh, she's a Goddess! a Creature made by Heaven
To make my prosperous Toils all sweet and charming!
She must be Queen, I and the Gods decree it.

Rod. Sir, is she not designed *Alonzo's* Bride?

Abd. Yes, so her self and he have ill agreed;
But Heav'n and I am of another Mind,
And must be first obey'd.

Rod. *Alonzo* will not yield his Interest easily.

Abd. Wou'd that were all my stop to Happiness;
But, *Roderigo*, this fond amorous Queen
Sits heavy on my Heart.

Rod. She's but a Woman, nor has more Lives than one.

Abd. True, *Roderigo*, and thou hast dealt in Murders,
And knowest the safest way to—

Rod. How, Sir!—

Abd. Thou dar'st not sure pretend to any Virtue;
Had Hell inspir'd thee with less Excellency
Than Arts of killing Kings, thou'dst ne'er been rais'd
To that exalted Height, t' have known my Secrets.

Rod. But, Sir—

Abd. Slave, look back upon the Wretchedness I took thee from;
What Merits had thou to deserve my Bounty,
But Vice, brave prosperous Vice?
Thou'rt neither wise, nor valiant.

Rod. I own my self that Creature rais'd by you,
And live but to repay you, name the way.

Abd. My business is—to have the Queen remov'd;
She does expect my coming this very Hour;

And when she does so, 'tis her Custom to be retir'd,
Dismissing all attendance, but *Elvira*.

Rod. The rest I need not be instructed in. [*Ex.* Rod.

Enter Osmin.

Osm. The Cardinal, Sir, is close confin'd with *Philip*.

Abd. 'Tis well.

Osm. And do you think it fit, Sir, they shou'd live?

Abd. No, this day they both must die, some sort of Death,
That may be thought was given them by themselves:
I'm sure I give them cause—*Osmin*, view well this Ring;
Whoever brings this Token to your Hands,
Without considering Sex, or Quality,
Let 'em be kill'd.

Osm. Your Will shall be obey'd in every thing.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *A fine Chamber. A Table and Chair.*

Enter Queen *and* Elvira.

Qu. Elvira, hast thou drest my Lodgings up,
Fit to receive my Moor?
Are they all gay, as Altars, when some Monarch
Is there to offer up rich Sacrifices?
Hast thou strew'd all the Floor his Feet must press,
With the soft new-born Beauties of the Spring?

Elv. Madam, I've done as you commanded me.

Qu. Let all the Chambers too be fill'd with Lights;
There's a Solemnity methinks in Night,
That does insinuate Love into the Soul,
And make the bashful Lover more assur'd.

Elv. Madam,
You speak as if this were your first Enjoyment.

Qu. My first! Oh *Elvira*, his Power, like his Charms,
His Wit, or Bravery, every hour renews;
Love gathers Sweets like Flow'rs, which grow more fragrant,
The nearer they approach Maturity. [*Knock.*

—Hark! 'tis my Moor,—give him admittance strait,
The Thought comes o'er me like a gentle Gale,
Raising my Blood into a thousand Curls.

Elv. Madam, it is a Priest—

Qu. A Priest! Oh, send him quickly hence;
I wou'd not have so cold and dull an Object,
Meet with my nobler Sense, 'tis mortifying.

Elv. Perhaps 'tis some Petition from the Cardinal.

Qu. Why, what have I to do with Priest or Cardinal?
Let him not enter— [Elv. *goes out, and returns with* Roderigo *drest like a Fryar.*

Elv. From *Abdelazer*, Madam.

Qu. H'as named a Word will make all Places free.

Rod. Madam, be pleas'd to send your Woman hence,
I've something to deliver from the Moor,
Which you alone must be acquainted with.

Qu. Well, your Formality shall be allowed—retire— [*To* Elv. *Exit* Elv.
What have you to deliver to me now?

Rod. This— [*Shews a Dagger, and takes her roughly by the Hands.*

Qu. Hah!—

Rod. You must not call for help, unless to Heaven.

Qu. What daring thing art thou?

Rod. One that has now no time to answer thee. [*Stabs her, she struggles, her Arm bleeds.*

Qu. Oh, hold thy killing Hand! I am thy Queen.

Rod. Thou may'st be Devil too, for ought I know;
I'll try thy Substance thus— [*Stabs again.*

Qu. Oh, *Abdelazer!*—
Thou hast well reveng'd me—on my Sins of Love;— [*He seats her in the Chair.*
But shall I die thus tamely unreveng'd?—
—Help—murder—help— [*He offers to stab again.*

Enter Elvira, *and other Women.*

Elv. Oh Heavens! the Queen is murder'd—help the Queen! [Rod. *offers to stab* Elv.

Enter Abdelazer.

Abd. Hah! the Queen! what sacrilegious Hand,
Or Heart so brutal—
Durst thus profane the Shrine ador'd by me?
Guard well the Passages.—

Qu. Thou art that sacrilegious—brutal thing!—
And false as are the Deities thou worship'st.

Abd. Gods! let me not understand that killing Language?
—Inform me quickly, how you came thus wounded,
Lest looking on that sacred Stream of Blood,
I die e'er I've reveng'd you on your Murderer.

Qu. Haste then, and kill thy self; thou art my Murderer.
Nor had his Hand, if not by thee instructed,
Aim'd at a Sin so dangerous—

Abd. Surely she'll live—[*Aside.*]—This!—
Can Mischief dwell beneath this reverend Shape?
Confess who taught thee so much Cruelty.
Confess, or I will kill thee.

Rod. The Cardinal.

Qu. The Cardinal!

Abd. Oh impious Traitor!
How came I mention'd then?

Rod. To get Admittance.

Abd. But why do I delay thy Punishment?
Die,—and be damn'd together. [*Aside.*] [*Stabs him.*
But oh, my Queen!—*Elvira*, call for help.
Have I remov'd all that oppos'd our Flame, [*Kneels.*
To have it thus blown out, thus in a Minute?
When I, all full of youthful Fire, all Love,
Had rais'd my Soul with Hopes of near Delights,
To meet thee cold, and pale; to find those Eyes,
Those charming Eyes thus dying—Oh ye Powers!
Take all the Prospect of my future Joys,
And turn it to Despair, since thou art gone.

Qu. Cease,—cease—your kind Complaints—my struggling Soul,

'Twixt Death—and Love—holds an uneasy Contest;
This will not let it stay—nor that depart;—
And whilst I hear thy Voice—thus breathing Love,
It hovers still—about—the grateful—Sound.
My Eyes—have took—an everlasting Leave—
Of all that blest their Sight; and now a gloomy Darkness
Benights the wishing Sense,—that vainly strives—
To take another View;—but 'tis too late,—
And Life—and Love—must yield—to Death—and—
Fate. [*Dies.*

Abd. Farewell, my greatest Plague, [*He rises with Joy.*
Thou wert a most impolitick loving thing;
And having done my Bus'ness which thou wert born for,
'Twas time thou shouldst retire,
And leave me free to love, and reign alone.

Enter Leonora, Alonzo, Ordonio, *and other Men and Women.*

Come all the World, and pay your Sorrows here,
Since all the World has Interest in this Loss.

Alon. The Moor in Tears! nay, then the Sin was his.

Leon. The Queen my Mother dead!
How many Sorrows will my Heart let in,
E'er it will break in pieces. [*Weeps over her.*

Alon. I know the Source of all this Villany,
And need not ask you how the Queen came murder'd.

Elv. My Lord, that Fryer, from the Cardinal, did it.

Alon. The Cardinal!
'Tis possible,—for the Injuries she did him
Cou'd be repaid with nothing less than Death. [*Aside.*
My Fair, your Griefs have been so just of late,
I dare not beg that you would weep no more;
Though every Tear those lovely Eyes let fall,
Give me a killing Wound—Remove the Body.

[*Guards remove the Body. Ex. all but* Alon. *and* Leon.
Such Objects suit not Souls so soft as thine.

Leon. With Horrors I am grown of late familiar;
I saw my Father die, and liv'd the while;
I saw my beauteous Friend, and thy lov'd Sister,
Florella, whilst her Breast was bleeding fresh;
Nay, and my Brother's too, all full of Wounds,
The best and kindest Brother that ever Maid was blest with;
Poor *Philip* bound, and led like Victims for a Sacrifice;
All this I saw and liv'd—
And canst thou hope for Pity from that Heart,
Whose harden'd Sense is Proof 'gainst all these Miseries?
This Moor, *Alonzo*, is a subtle Villain,
Yet of such Power we scarce dare think him such.

Alon. 'Tis true, my charming Fair, he is that Villain,
As ill and powerful too; yet he has a Heart
That may be reach'd with this—but 'tis not time,
[*Points to his Sword.*
We must dissemble yet, which is an Art
Too foul for Souls so innocent as thine.

Enter Abdelazer.

The *Moor!*
Hell! will he not allow us sorrowing time?

Abd. Madam, I come to pay my humblest Duty,
And know what Service you command your Slave.

Leon. Alas, I've no Commands; or if I had,
I am too wretched now to be obey'd.

Abd. Can one so fair, and great, ask any thing
Of Men, or Heaven, they wou'd not grant with Joy?

Leon. Hea'vns Will I'm not permitted to dispute,
And may implore in vain; but 'tis in you
To grant me what may yet preserve my Life.

Abd. In me! in me! the humblest of your Creatures!
By yon bright Sun, or your more splendid Eyes,
I wou'd divest my self of every Hope,
To gratify one single Wish of yours.
—Name but the way.

Leon. I am so unhappy, that the only thing
I have to ask, is what you must deny;
—The Liberty of *Philip*—
Abd. How! *Philip's* Liberty—and must I grant it?
I (in whose Hands Fortune had put the Crown)
Had I not lov'd the Good and Peace of *Spain*,
Might have dispos'd it to my own Advantage;
And shall that Peace,
Which I've preferr'd above my proper Glories,
Be lost again in him, in him a Bastard?
Alon. That he's a Bastard, is not, Sir, believ'd;
And she that cou'd love you, might after that
Do any other Sin, and 'twas the least
Of all the Number to declare him Bastard.
Abd. How, Sir! that cou'd love me! what is there here,
Or in my Soul, or Person, may not be belov'd?
Alon. I spoke without Reflection on your Person,
But of dishonest Love, which was too plain,
From whence came all the Ills we have endur'd;
And now being warm in Mischiefs,
Thou dost pursue the Game, till all be thine.
Abd. Mine!
Alon. Yes, thine—
The little humble Mask which you put on
Upon the Face of Falshood, and Ambition,
Is easily seen thro; you gave a Crown,
But you'll command the Kingly Power still,
Arm and disband, destroy or save at Pleasure.
Abd. Vain Boy, (whose highest Fame,
Is that thou art the great *Alvaro's* Son)
Where learnt you so much daring, to upbraid
My generous Power thus falsly—do you know me?
Alon. Yes, Prince, and 'tis that Knowledge makes me dare;
I know thy Fame in Arms; I know in Battels
Thou hast perform'd Deeds much above thy Years:

My Infant Courage too
(By the same Master taught) grew up to thine,
When thou in Rage out-didst me, not in Bravery.
—I know thou'st greater Power too—thank thy Treachery!
Abd. Dost thou not fear that Power?
Alon. By Heaven, not I,
Whilst I can this—command.
[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*
Abd. I too command a Sword.
[Abd. *lays his Hand on his, and comes close up to him.*
But not to draw on thee, *Alonzo;*
Since I can prove thy Accusation false
By ways more grateful—take this Ring, *Alonzo;*
The sight of it will break down Prison-Gates,
And set all free, as was the first-born Man.
Alon. What means this turn?
Abd. To enlarge *Philip;* but on such Conditions,
As you think fit to make for my Security:
And as thou'rt brave, deal with me as I merit.
Alon. Art thou in earnest?
Abd. I am, by all that's sacred.
Leon. Oh, let me fall before you, and ne'er rise,
Till I have made you know what Gratitude
Is fit for such a Bounty!—
Haste, my *Alonzo*—haste—and treat with *Philip;*
Nor do I wish his Freedom, but on such Terms
As may be advantageous to the Moor.
Alon. Nor I, by Heaven! I know the Prince's Soul,
Though it be fierce, has Gratitude and Honour;
And for a Deed like this, will make returns,
Such as are worthy of the brave Obliger. [*Exit* Alon.
Abd. Yes, if he be not gone to Heaven before you come. [*Aside.*
—What will become of *Abdelazer* now,
Who with his Power has thrown away his Liberty?
Leon. Your Liberty! Oh, Heaven forbid that you,

Who can so generously give Liberty,
Should be depriv'd of it!
It must not be whilst *Leonora* lives.
Abd. 'Tis she that takes it from me.
Leon. I! Alas, I wou'd not for the World
Give you one minute's Pain.
Abd. You cannot help it, 'tis against your Will;
Your Eyes insensibly do wound and kill.
Leon. What can you mean? and yet I fear to know.
Abd. Most charming of your Sex! had Nature made
This clouded Face, like to my Heart, all Love,
It might have spar'd that Language which you dread;
Whose rough harsh sound, unfit for tender Ears,
Will ill express the Business of my Life.
Leon. Forbear it, if that Business, Sir, be Love.
Abd. Gods!
Because I want the art to tell my Story
In that soft way, which those can do whose Business
Is to be still so idly employ'd,
I must be silent and endure my Pain,
Which Heaven ne'er gave me so much tameness for.
Love in my Soul is not that gentle thing
It is in other Breasts; instead of Calms,
It ruffles mine into uneasy Storms.
—I wou'd not love, if I cou'd help it, Madam;
But since 'tis not to be resisted here—
You must permit it to approach your Ear.
Leon. Not when I cannot hear it, Sir, with Honour.
Abd. With Honour!
Nay, I can talk in the Defence of that:
By all that's sacred, 'tis a Flame as virtuous,
As every Thought inhabits your fair Soul,
And it shall learn to be as gentle too;
—For I must merit you—
Leon. I will not hear this Language; merit me!
Abd. Yes—why not?

You're but the Daughter of the King of *Spain*,
And I am Heir to great *Abdela*, Madam;
I can command this Kingdom you possess,
(Of which my Passion only made you Queen)
And re-assume that which your Father took
From mine—a Crown as bright as that of *Spain*.
Leon. You said you wou'd be gentle—
Abd. I will; this sullen Heart shall learn to bow,
And keep it self within the Bounds of Love;
Its Language I'll deliver out in Sighs,
Soft as the Whispers of a yielding Virgin.
I cou'd transform my Soul to any Shape;
Nay, I could even teach my Eyes the Art
To change their natural Fierceness into Smiles;
—What is't I wou'd not do to gain that Heart!
Leon. Which never can be yours! that and my Vows,
Are to *Alonzo* given; which he lays claim to
By the most sacred Ties, Love and Obedience;
All *Spain* esteems him worthy of that Love.
Abd. More worthy it than I! it was a Woman,
A nice, vain, peevish Creature that pronounc'd it;
Had it been Man, 't had been his last Transgression.
—His Birth! his glorious Actions! are they like mine?
Leon. Perhaps his Birth wants those Advantages,
Which Nature has laid out in Beauty on his Person.
Abd. Ay! there's your Cause of Hate! Curst be my Birth,
And curst be Nature that has dy'd my Skin
With this ungrateful Colour! cou'd not the Gods
Have given me equal Beauty with *Alonzo!*
—Yet as I am, I've been in vain ador'd,
And Beauties great as thine have languish'd for me.
The Lights put out, thou in thy naked Arms
Will find me soft and smooth as polish'd Ebony;
And all my Kisses on thy balmy Lips as sweet,
As are the Breezes, breath'd amidst the Groves

Of ripening Spices in the height of Day:
As vigorous too,
As if each Night were the first happy Moment
I laid thy panting Body to my Bosom.
Oh, that transporting Thought—
See— I can bend as low, and sigh as often, [*Kneels.*
And sue for Blessings only you can grant;
As any fair and soft *Alonzo* can—
If you could pity me as well—
But you are deaf, and in your Eyes I read
[*Rises with Anger.*
A Scorn which animates my Love and Anger;
Nor know I which I should dismiss or cherish.

Leon. The last is much more welcome than the first;
Your Anger can but kill; but, Sir, your Love—
Will make me ever wretched, since 'tis impossible
I ever can return it.

Abd. Why, kill me then! you must do one or t'other.
[*Kneels.*
For thus—I cannot live—why dost thou weep?
Thy every Tear's enough to drown my Soul!
How tame Love renders every feeble Sense! [*Rises.*
—Gods! I shall turn Woman, and my Eyes inform me
The Transformation's near—Death! I'll not endure it,
I'll fly before sh'as quite undone my Soul— [*Offers to go.*
But 'tis not in my Power—she holds it fast—
And I can now command no single part— [*Returns.*
Tell me, bright Maid, if I were amiable,
And you were uningag'd, could you then love me?

Leon. No! I could die first.

Abd. Hah!—awake, my Soul, from out this drousy Fit,
And with thy wonted Bravery scorn thy Fetters.
By Heaven, 'tis gone! and I am now my self.
Be gone, my dull Submission! my lazy Flame
Grows sensible, and knows for what 'twas kindled.
Coy Mistress, you must yield, and quickly too:

Were you devout as Vestals, pure as their Fire,
Yet I wou'd wanton in the rifled Spoils
Of all that sacred Innocence and Beauty.
—Oh, my Desire's grown high!
Raging as midnight Flames let loose in Cities,
And, like that too, will ruin where it lights.
Come, this Apartment was design'd for Pleasure,
And made thus silent, and thus gay for me;
There I'll convince that Error, that vainly made thee think
I was not meant for Love.

Leon. Am I betray'd? are all my Women gone?
And have I nought but Heaven for my Defence?

Abd. None else, and that's too distant to befriend you.

Leon. Oh, take my Life, and spare my dearer Honour!
—Help, help, ye Powers that favour Innocence.

[*Enter Women.*

Just as the Moor *is going to force in* Leonora, *enters to him* Osmin *in haste.*

Osm. My Lord, *Alonzo*—

Abd. What of him, you Slave—is he not secur'd?
Speak, dull Intruder, that know'st not times and seasons,
Or get thee hence.

Osm. Not till I've done the Business which I came for.

Abd. Slave!—that thou cam'st for.

[*Stabs him in the Arm.*

Osm. No, 'twas to tell you, that *Alonzo*,
Finding himself betray'd, made brave resistance;
Some of your Slaves h'as killed, and some h'as wounded.

Abd. 'Tis time he were secured;
I must assist my Guards, or all is lost. [*Exit.*

Leon. Sure, *Osmin*, from the Gods thou cam'st,
To hinder my undoing; and if thou dy'st,
Heaven will almost forgive thy other Sins
For this one pious Deed.—
But yet I hope thy Wound's not mortal.

Osm. 'Tis only in my Arm—and, Madam, for this pity,
I'll live to do you Service.

Leon. What Service can the Favourite of the Moor,
Train'd up in Blood and Mischiefs, render me?

Osm. Why, Madam, I command the Guard of Moors,
Who will all die, when e'er I give the Word.
Madam, 'twas I caus'd *Philip* and the Cardinal
To fly to th' Camp,
And gave 'em warning of approaching Death.

Leon. Heaven bless thee for thy Goodness.

Osm. I am weary now of being a Tyrant's Slave,
And bearing Blows too; the rest I could have suffer'd.
Madam, I'll free the Prince.
But see, the Moor returns.

Leon. That Monster's Presence I must fly, as from a killing Plague. [*Ex. with her Women.*

Enter Abdelazer *with* Zarrack, *and a Train of* Moors.

Abd. It is prodigious, that a single Man
Should with such Bravery defend his Life
Amongst so many Swords;—but he is safe.
Osmin, I am not us'd to sue for Pardon,
And when I do, you ought to grant it me.

Osm. I did not merit, Sir, so harsh a Usage.

Abd. No more; I'm asham'd to be upbraided,
And will repair the Injury I did thee.

Osm. Acknowledgment from you is pay sufficient.

Abd. Yet, *Osmin*, I shou'd chide your Negligence,
Since by it *Philip* lives still, and the Cardinal.

Osm. I had design'd it, Sir, this Evening's Sacrifice.

Abd. *Zarrack* shall now perform it—and instantly:
Alonzo too must bear 'em company.

Zar. I'll shew my Duty in my haste, my Lord.
[*Ex.* Zar.

Osm. Death! I'm undone; I'll after him, and kill him.
[*Offers to go.*

Abd. Osmin, I've business with you.—
[Osm. *comes back bowing.*

As they are going off, enter Leonora, Ordonio, *other Lords, and Women.*

Leon. Oh Prince! for Pity hear and grant my Suit. [*Kneels.*
Abd. When so much Beauty's prostrate at my Feet,
What is't I can deny?—rise, thou brightest Virgin
That ever Nature made;
Rise, and command my Life, my Soul, my Honour.
Leon. No, let me hang for ever on your Knees,
Unless you'll grant *Alonzo* Liberty.
Abd. Rise, I will grant it; though *Alonzo*, Madam,
Betray'd that Trust I had repos'd in him.
Leon. I know there's some Mistake; let me negotiate
Between my Brother and the Gallant Moor.
I cannot force your Guards,
There is no Danger in a Woman's Arm.
Abd. In your bright Eyes there is, that may corrupt 'em more
Than all the Treasures of the Eastern Kings.
Yet, Madam, here I do resign my Power;
Act as you please, dismiss *Alonzo's* Chains.
And since you are so generous, to despise
This Crown, which I have given you,
Philip shall owe his Greatness to your Bounty,
And whilst he makes me safe, shall rule in *Spain*.
—*Osmin*— [*Whispers.*
Ord. And will you trust him, Madam?
Leon. If he deceive me, 'tis more happy far
To die with them, than live where he inhabits.
Osm. It shall be done.
Abd. Go, *Osmin*, wait upon the Queen;
And when she is confin'd, I'll visit her,
Where if she yield, she reigns; if not, she dies. [*Aside.*
[*Ex.* Abd. *one way*, Leon. Osm. *and the rest another.*

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Discovers Philip *chain'd to a Post, and over against him the* Cardinal *and* Alonzo *in Chains.*

Phil. Oh, all ye cruel Powers! is't not enough
I am depriv'd of Empire, and of Honour?
Have my bright Name stol'n from me, with my Crown!
Divested of all Power! all Liberty!
And here am chain'd like the sad *Andromede*,
To wait Destruction from the dreadful Monster!
Is not all this enough, without being damn'd,
To have thee, Cardinal, in my full view?
If I cou'd reach my Eyes, I'd be reveng'd
On the officious and accursed Lights,
For guiding so much torment to my Soul.

Card. My much wrong'd Prince! you need not wish to kill
By ways more certain, than by upbraiding me
With my too credulous, shameful past misdeeds.

Phil. If that wou'd kill, I'd weary out my Tongue
With an eternal repetition of thy Treachery;—
Nay, and it shou'd forget all other Language,
But Traitor! Cardinal! which I wou'd repeat,
Till I had made my self as raging mad,
As the wild Sea, when all the Winds are up;
And in that Storm, I might forget my Grief.

Card. Wou'd I cou'd take the killing Object from your Eyes.

Phil. Oh *Alonzo*, to add to my Distraction,
Must I find thee a sharer in my Fate?

Alon. It is my Duty, Sir, to die with you.—
But, Sir, my Princess
Has here—a more than equal claim to Grief;
And Fear for her dear Safety will deprive me
Of this poor Life, that shou'd have been your Sacrifice.

Enter Zarrack *with a Dagger; gazes on* Philip.

Phil. Kind Murderer, welcome! quickly free my Soul,
And I will kiss the sooty Hand that wounds me.
Zar. Oh, I see you can be humble.
Phil. Humble! I'll be as gentle as a Love-sick Youth,
When his dear Conqu'ress sighs a Hope into him,
If thou wilt kill me!—Pity me and kill me.
Zar. I hope to see your own Hand do that Office.
Phil. Oh, thou wert brave indeed,
If thou wou'dst lend me but the use of one.
Zar. You'll want a Dagger then.
Phil. By Heaven, no, I'd run it down my Throat,
Or strike my pointed Fingers through my Breast.
Zar. Ha, ha, ha, what pity 'tis you want a Hand.

Enter Osmin.

Phil. Osmin, sure thou wilt be so kind to kill me!
Thou hadst a Soul was humane.
Osm. Indeed I will not, Sir, you are my King.
[*Unbinds him.*
Phil. What mean'st thou?
Osm. To set you free, my Prince.
Phil. Thou art some Angel sure, in that dark Cloud.
Zar. What mean'st thou, Traitor?
Osm. Wait till your Eyes inform you.
Card. Good Gods! what mean'st thou?
Osm. Sir, arm your Hand with this.
[*Gives* Phil. *a Sword, goes to undo* Alonzo.
Zar. Thou art half-damn'd for this!
I'll to my Prince—
Phil. I'll stop you on your way—lie there—your Tongue [*Kills him.*
Shall tell no Tales to day—Now, Cardinal—but hold,
I scorn to strike thee whilst thou art unarm'd,
Yet so thou didst to me;
For which I have not leisure now to kill thee.

—Here, take thy Liberty;—nay, do not thank me;
By Heaven, I do not mean it as a Grace.

Osm. My Lord, take this— [*To* Alon. *and the* Card.
And this—to arm your Highness.

Alon. Thou dost amaze me!

Osm. Keep in your Wonder with your Doubts, my Lord.

Phil. We cannot doubt, whilst we're thus fortify'd—
[*Looks on his Sword.*
Come, *Osmin*, let us fall upon the Guards.

Osm. There are no Guards, great Sir, but what are yours;
And see—your Friends I've brought to serve ye too.
[*Opens a back Door.*

Enter Leonora *and Women*, Ordonio, Sebastian, Antonio, *&c.*

Phil. My dearest Sister safe!

Leon. Whilst in your Presence, Sir, and you thus arm'd.

Osm. The Moor approaches,—now be ready all.

Phil. That Name I never heard with Joy till now;
Let him come on, and arm'd with all his Powers,
Thus singly I defy him. [*Draws.*

Enter Abdelazer.

[Osmin *secures the Doors.*

Abd. Hah! betray'd! and by my Slaves! by *Osmin* too!

Phil. Now, thou damn'd Villain! true-born Soul of Hell!
Not one of thy infernal Kin shall save thee.

Abd. Base Coward Prince!
Whom the admiring World mistakes for Brave;
When all thy boasted Valour, fierce and hot
As was thy Mother in her height of Lust,
Can with the aid of all these—treacherous Swords,
Take but a single Life; but such a Life,
As amongst all their Store the envying Gods
Have not another such to breathe in Man.

Phil. Vaunt on, thou monstrous Instrument of Hell!
For I'm so pleas'd to have thee in my Power,

That I can hear thee number up thy Sins,
And yet be calm, whilst thou art near Damnation.
Abd. Thou ly'st, thou canst not keep thy Temper in;
For hadst thou so much Bravery of Mind,
Thou'dst fight me singly; which thou dar'st not do.
Phil. Not dare!
By Heaven, if thou wert twenty Villains more,
And I had all thy Weight of Sins about me,
I durst thus venture on;—forbear, *Alonzo.*
Alon. I will not, Sir.
Phil. I was indeed too rash; 'tis such a Villain,
As shou'd receive his Death from nought but Slaves.
Abd. Thou'st Reason, Prince! nor can they wound my Body
More than I've done thy Fame; for my first step
To my Revenge, I whor'd the Queen thy Mother.
Phil. Death! though this I knew before, yet the hard Word
Runs harshly thro my Heart;—
If thou hadst murder'd fifty Royal *Ferdinands*,
And with inglorious Chains as many Years
Had loaded all my Limbs, 't had been more pardonable
Than this eternal Stain upon my Name:
—Oh, thou hast breath'd thy worst of Venom now.
Abd. My next advance was poisoning of thy Father.
Phil. My Father poison'd! and by thee, thou Dog!
Oh, that thou hadst a thousand Lives to lose,
Or that the World depended on thy single one,
That I might make a Victim
Worthy to offer up to his wrong'd Ghost.—
But stay, there's something of thy Count of Sins untold,
That I must know; not that I doubt, by Heaven,
That I am *Philip's* Son—
Abd. Not for thy Ease, but to declare my Malice,
Know, Prince, I made thy amorous Mother
Proclaim thee Bastard, when I miss'd of killing thee.

Phil. Gods! let me contain my Rage!

Abd. I made her too betray the credulous Cardinal,
And having then no farther use of her,
Satiated with her Lust,
I set *Roderigo* on to murder her.
Thy Death had next succeeded; and thy Crown
I wou'd have laid at *Leonora's* Feet.

Alon. How! durst you love the Princess?

Abd. Fool, durst! had I been born a Slave,
I durst with this same Soul do any thing;
Yes, and the last Sense that will remain about me,
Will be my Passion for that charming Maid,
Whom I'd enjoy'd e'er now, but for thy Treachery.
[*To* Osmin.

Phil. Deflour'd my Sister! Heaven punish me eternally,
If thou out-liv'st the Minute thou'st declar'd it.

Abd. I will, in spite of all that thou canst do.
—Stand off, fool-hardy Youth, if thou'dst be safe,
And do not draw thy certain Ruin on,
Or think that e'er this Hand was arm'd in vain.

Phil. Poor angry Slave, how I contemn thee now!

Abd. As humble Huntsmen do the generous Lion;
Now thou darst see me lash my Sides, and roar,
And bite my Snare in vain; who with one Look
(Had I been free) hadst shrunk into the Earth,
For shelter from my Rage:
And like that noble Beast, though thus betray'd,
I've yet an awful Fierceness in my Looks,
Which makes thee fear t'approach; and 'tis at distance
That thou dar'st kill me; for come but in my reach,
And with one Grasp I wou'd confound thy Hopes.

Phil. I'll let thee see how vain thy Boastings are,
And unassisted, by one single Rage,
Thus—make an easy Passage to thy Heart.

[*Runs on him, all the rest do the like in the same Minute.* Abd. *aims at the* Prince, *and kills* Osmin, *and falls dead himself.*

—Die with thy Sins unpardon'd, and forgotten—
[*Shout within.*

Alon. Great Sir, your Throne and Kingdom want you now;
Your People rude with Joy, do fill each Street,
And long to see their King—whom Heaven preserve.

All. Long live *Philip*, King of *Spain*—

Phil. I thank ye all;—and now, my dear *Alonzo*,
Receive the Recompence of all thy Sufferings,
Whilst I create thee Duke of *Salamancha*.

Alon. Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands.
[*Kneels.*

Leon. Rise, Sir, my Brother now has made us equal.

Card. And shall this joyful Day, that has restor'd you
To all the Glories of your Birth and Merits,
That has restor'd all *Spain* the greatest Treasure
That ever happy Monarchy possess'd,
Leave only me unhappy, when, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith?—Thus low I fall, [*Kneels.*
And from that Store of Mercy Heaven has given you,
Implore you wou'd dispense a little here.

Phil. Rise, (though with much ado) I will forgive you.

Leon. Come, my dear Brother, to that glorious business,
Our Birth and Fortunes call us, let us haste,
For here methinks we are in danger still.

Phil. So after Storms, the joyful Mariner
Beholds the distant wish'd-for Shore afar,
And longs to bring the rich-fraight Vessel in,
Fearing to trust the faithless Seas again.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by little Mrs. *Ariell.*

WITH late Success being blest, I'm come agen;
You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen,
Which when once shewn, our Sex cannot refrain.
Yet spite of such a Censure I'll proceed,
And for our Poetess will intercede:
Before, a Poet's wheedling Words prevail'd,
Whose melting Speech my tender Heart assail'd,
And I the flatt'ring Scribler's Cause maintain'd;
So by my means the Fop Applauses gain'd.
'Twas wisely done to chuse m' his Advocate,
Since I have prov'd to be his better Fate;
For what I lik'd, I thought you could not hate.
Respect for you, Gallants, made me comply,
Though I confess he did my Passion try,
And I am too good-natur'd to deny.
But now not Pity, but my Sex's Cause,
Whose Beauty does, like Monarchs, give you Laws,
Should now command, being join'd with Wit, Applause.
Yet since our Beauty's Power's not absolute,
She'll not the Privilege of your Sex dispute,
But does by me submit.—Yet since you've been
For my sake kind, repeat it once agen.
Your Kindness, Gallants, I shall soon repay,
If you'll but favour my Design to Day:
Your last Applauses, like refreshing Showers,
Made me spring up and bud like early Flow'rs;
Since then I'm grown at least an Inch in height,
And shall e'er long be full-blown for Delight.

Written by a Friend.

THE YOUNG KING;
OR, THE MISTAKE.

ARGUMENT.

Orsames, heir to the Dacian throne, has been kept in a castle from his infancy, never having seen any human being save his old tutor, Geron, owing to an Oracle which foretold great cruelties and mischiefs if he should be allowed to wear the crown. The Queen of Dacia designs her daughter Cleomena as her successor, and with this intent gives her an Amazonian education. The Dacians and Scythians are at war, but Thersander, the Scythian prince, has joined the Dacians under the name of Clemanthis, inasmuch as he loves the princess, who in her turn becomes enamoured of him. He is recognized but not betrayed by Urania, a Scythian lady who, her lover Amintas having been previously captured, allows herself to be taken prisoner and presented to Cleomena. Amintas is confined in the old castle where Urania, visiting him, is accidently seen by Orsames. He is, however, persuaded by Geron that it is an apparition. Amintas is freed by Urania, who has gained Cleomena's friendship. Honorius, the Dacian general, offers Thersander his daughter Olympia, and the young Scythian is obliged to feign acceptance. Cleomena hears Honorius telling the Queen his design and goes off enraged, only to see Thersander seemingly courting Olympia. She raves and threatens to kill him, but eventually parts with disdain, bidding him quit the place. Orsames is now brought from the castle during his sleep, crowned, seated on the throne and treated in every respect as King. His power is acknowledged, the Queen kneels before him, and Olympia entering, he falls violently in love with her. At a supposed contradiction he orders one courtier to instant execution and another to be cast into the sea. Immediately after, during a banquet, a narcotic is mingled with his wine and he is conveyed back to the castle whilst under its influence, leaving the Queen fearful that her experiment is of no avail as he has displayed so tyrannical and cruel a nature.

A battle between the Dacians and Scythians follows, in which the latter are victorious owing to Thersander having, under his own name, returned to their camp. The Dacian chiefs then challenge him to single combat. He crosses over once again as Clemanthis and the lot falls upon himself. He thereupon dresses Amintas in the clothes of Clemanthis and arranges that in a pretended duel with him himself shall gain the upper hand. Meanwhile two rival princes to the hand of Cleomena post assassins in the wood to kill Thersander, and these, deceived by the garb of Clemanthis, mistake Amintas for the prince, and leaving him half dead on the ground and covered with blood and wounds, take their flight, imagining they have fully carried out their masters' wishes. Amintas is just able to gasp the name 'Thersander', and Cleomena promptly concludes that Thersander has slain Clemanthis. She then herself assumes the attire of Clemanthis and goes out to the duel. She is wounded, her sex discovered, and she is borne from the field, whilst Thersander remains plunged in despair.

Antalazes only

Meanwhile Orsames in his prison forces Geron to tell him the truth as to his adventure, whilst outside the populace are clamouring for him as king. Cleomena, disguised as a shepherd-boy, carries a letter to Thersander, and stabs him as he reads it. The Scythian king has her thrown into a dungeon, but Thersander obtains her release. Amintas meanwhile has been cured of his wounds by a Druid leech. Thersander is visited by Cleomena and reveals to her his indentity with Clemanthis. They are at length united, and this event, with the arrival of Orsames, who has been placed on the throne by the Dacians, joins the two countries in a lasting peace. It is explained that the Oracle is satisfied by his previous reign of a night.

SOURCE.

The plot of *The Young King*, which, as the *Biographia Dramatica* well remarks, 'is very far from being a bad one', is taken from the eighth part of La Calprenède's famous romance, *Cléopatre*. The adventures of Alcamenes (Thersander) and Menalippa (Cleomena) are therein related for the benefit of Cleopatra and Artemisa, temporarily imprisoned on shipboard. The narrative, which occupies some hundred pages, is a good example of those prolix detached episodes and histories peculiar to this school, which by their perpetual crossing and intertwining render the consecutive reading of a heroic romance so confused and difficult a task. Yet in this particular instance the tale is extraordinarily well told and highly interesting. Mrs. Behn has altered the names for the better. Barzanes in the novel becomes Honorius in the play; Euardes, Ismenes; Phrataphernes, Artabazes; Beliza, Semiris; whilst La Calprenède dubs the Scythian king, Arontes and the queen of Dacia, Amalthea.

Cléopatre, commenced in 1646, was eventually completed in twelve volumes. There is an English translation of the eighth part by James Webb (8vo, 1658), which he terms *Hymen's Præludia; or, Love's Masterpiece*, and dedicates with much flowery verbiage to his aunt, Jane, Viscountess Claneboy. A translation of the whole romance, by Robert Loveday, was published folio, 1668.

The story, however, is not original even in La Calprenède, being taken with changed names from *Il Caloandro* smascherato di Giovanni Ambrogio Marini (Part 1, Fiorenza, 1646; Part 2, Bologna, 1651), a French version of which, by Georges de Scudéri, appeared in 1668.

Some critics have seen a resemblance between the character of the young prince Orsames and that of Hippolito, 'one that never saw woman,' in Dryden and Davenant's alteration of *The Tempest* (1667).[1] But the likeness is merely superficial. Mrs. Behn has undoubtedly taken the whole episode of Orsames directly from Calderon's great philosophic and symbolical comedia, *La Vida es Sueño* (1633).[2] That Mrs. Behn had a

[1] This version of Shakespeare, and particularly the part of Hippolito, belong to Davenant, for, as Dryden says in the preface, Sir William 'to put the last hand to it, design'd the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman.'

[2] *Life is a Dream.* English translation by John Oxenford, *Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XCVI; by Archbishop Trench, 1856; by Denis Florence

good knowledge of Spanish is certain, and she has copied with the closest fidelity minute but telling details of her original. Calderon himself probably derived his plot from Rojas' *Viaje Entretenido*. Basilio, King of Poland, to thwart the fulfilling of a horoscope, imprisons his son Segismundo from infancy in a lonely tower. The youth is, however, as a test of his character, one night whilst under the influence of a soporific conveyed from his prison and wakes to find himself in a sumptuous apartment amidst crowds of adulating courtiers. He shows himself, however, a very despot, and throws an officious servant, who warns him to proffer greater respect to the infanta Estella, his cousin, clean out of window; he nearly kills his tutor Clotaldo, who interrupts his violent wooing; and, in fine, is seen to be wholly unfit to reign. A potion is deftly administered, and once more, asleep, he is carried back to the castle. The populace, however, rise and set him on the throne, and eventually the astrological forecast comes true; but at the same time he proves himself a worthy sovereign. All these details are to be found in *The Young King*, as well as Calderon's scene where Rosaura, in pursuit of her lover, accidently encounters Segismundo in his prison.

The story itself is, of course, world-wide with a thousand variants. Oriental in origin, it is familiar to all readers of the *Thousand and One Nights*, when Abou Hassan is drugged by Haroun al Raschid, and for one day allowed to play the caliph with power complete and unconfined. The same trick is said to have been tried upon a drunkard at Bruges by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, during his marriage festivities, 1440. Christopher Sly, well drubbed by Marian Hacket and bawling for a pot of small ale, will at once occur to every mind. Richard Edwardes has the same story in his *Collection of Tales* (1570); the old *Ballad of the Frolicsome Duke* sings it; Sir Richard Barckley repeats it in his *Discourse of the Felicitie of Man* (1598); and Burton found a niche for it in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621). Simon Goulart included it in the *Tresor d' histoires admirables et memorables* (circa 1600), whence it was Englished by Grimeston (1607). In fact it is a common property of all times and all nations.

Although Mrs. Behn confessedly does not attain (nor was such her intention) the deep philosophy and exquisite melody of the great Spanish poet, she has produced a first-rate specimen of the romance drama, rococo perhaps, and with quaint ornaments, but none the less full of life, incident and interest.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

THE earliest sketch of *The Young King; or, The Mistake* was written by Mrs. Behn whilst she was still a young girl at Surinam. Upon her return to England the rhyming play had made its appearance, and soon heroic tragedy was carrying all before it on the London stage. Influenced no doubt by this tremendous vogue, she turned to her early MS. and proceeded to put her work, founded on one of the most famous of the heroic romances, into the fashionable couplets. Traces of this may be found in the scene

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Mac-Carthy, 1873; by FitzGerald (a private edition), 'Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of'. It has also been excellently edited by Norman Maccoll, *Select Plays from Calderon* (1888).

between Cleomena and Urania, i, 11; in Orsames' speech, iv, 111, and elsewhere. Whilst she was busy, however, *The Rehearsal* was produced at the King's Theatre, 8 December, 1671, and for the moment gave a severe blow to the drama it parodied. Accordingly, Mrs. Behn with no little acumen put her tragi-comedy on one side until the first irresistible influence of Buckingham's burlesque had waned ever so slightly, and then, when her dramatic reputation was firmly established by the triumphant success of *The Rover*, the applause that had been given to *Sir Patient Fancy* and half-a-dozen more of her plays, she bethought of her earlier efforts, and after subjecting *The Young King* to a thorough revision, in which, however, it retained marked traces of its original characteristics, she had it produced at the Duke's Theatre in the spring of 1679. Mr. Gosse goes so far as to say that she had previously offered it to the theatres and publishers, but could find neither manager nor printer who would accept it. This, which he deduces from her dedication to Philaster, seems to me unwarrantable, and is not borne out by the play itself, which, baroque as it may appear to us, is certainly equal to, and indeed far better, than the rank and file of Restoration tragi-comedy. There is no record of its performance, and it never kept the boards. But although we have no direct evidence of its success, on the other hand it would be rash to suggest it was in any sense a failure. Indeed, since two editions were published we may safely assert its popularity. The actors' names are not preserved, but Mrs. Mary Lee doubtless created Cleomena; Mrs. Barry, Urania; Betterton, Thersander; and Smith, Orsames.

TO PHILASTER.

'Tis the glory of the Great and Good to be the Refuge of the Distress'd; their Virtues create 'em troubles; and he that has the God like Talent to oblige, is never free from Impunity, you, *Philaster*, have a Thousand ways merited my Esteem and Veneration; and I beg you wou'd now permit the effects of it, which cou'd not forbear, though unpermitted, to dedicate this youthful sally of my Pen, this first Essay of my Infant-Poetry to your 1.
Self: 'Tis a Virgin-Muse, harmless and unadorn'd, unpractis'd in the Arts to please; and if by chance you find any thing agreeable, 'tis natural and unskill'd Innocence. Three thousand Leagues of spacious Ocean she has 2.
measured, visited many and distant Shores, and found a welcome every where; but in all that vast tract of Sea and Land cou'd never meet with one whose Person and Merits cou'd oblige her to yield her ungarded self into his protection: A thousand Charms of Wit, good Nature, and Beauty at first approach she found in *Philaster*; and since she knew she cou'd not appear upon the too-critical English Stage without making choice of some Noble Patronage, she waited long, look'd round the judging World, and fix't on you. She fear'd the reproach of being an *American*, whose Country rarely produces Beauties of this kind: The Muses seldom inhabit there; or if they do, they visit and away; but for variety a Dowdy Lass may please: Her youth too should attone for all her faults besides; and her being a Stranger will beget civility, and you that are by nature kind and generous, tender and soft to all that's new and gay, will not, I hope refuse her the Sanctuary I am so sensible she will have need of in this loose Age of Censure. You have goodness enough to excuse all her weaknesses, and Wit enough to defend 'em; and that's sufficient to render her Estimable to all the World that knows the generous and excellent *Philaster*; whilst this occasion to celebrate you under this Name, is both a Pleasure and Honour to.

ASTERA.

THE YOUNG KING;
or, The Mistake.

PROLOGUE.

BEAUTY like Wit, can only charm when new;
Is there no Merit then in being true?
Wit rather shou'd an Estimation hold
With Wine, which is still best for being old.
Judgment in both, with vast Expence and Thought,
You from their native Soil, from Paris *brought:*
The Drops that from that sacred Sodom *fall,*
You like industrious Spiders suck up all.
Well might the French *a Conquest here design,*
Were but their Swords as dangerous as their Wine.
Their Education yet is worse than both;
They make our Virgins Nuns, unman our Youth.
We that don't know 'em, think 'em Monsters too;
And will, because we judge of them by you.
You'll say this once was so, but now you're grown
So wise t'invent new Follies of your own:
Their slavish Imitations you disdain;
A Pox of Fops that purchase Fame with Pain:
You're no such Fools as first to mount a Wall,
Or for your King and Country venture all.
With such like grinning Honour 'twas perchance,
Your dull Forefathers first did conquer France.
Whilst they have sent us, in Revenge for these,
Their Women, Wine, Religion, and Disease.
Yet for Religion, it's not much will down,
In this ungirt, unblest, and mutinous Town.

Nay, I dare swear, not one of you in seven,
E'er had the Impudence to hope for Heaven.
In this you're modest—
But as to Wit, most aim before their time,
And he that cannot spell, sets up for Rhyme:
They're Sparks who are of Noise and Nonsense full,
At fifteen witty, and at twenty dull;
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard Words,
And briskly draw Bamboo instead of Swords:
But never yet Rencounter cou'd compare
To our late vigorous Tartarian *War:*
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field;
Fierce was the Hero, and too brave to yield.
But stoutest Hearts must bow; and being well can'd,
He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.
All laughing call—
Turn out the Rascal, the eternal Blockhead;
—Zounds, crys Tartarian, *I am out of Pocket:*
Half Crown my Play, Sixpence my Orange cost;
Equip me that, do you the Conquest boast.
For which to be at ease, a Gathering's made,
And out they turn the Brother of the Blade.
—This is the Fruit of Idleness and Ease:
Heaven bless the King that keeps the Land in Peace,
Or he'll be sweetly served by such as these.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DACIANS.

Queen of *Dacia.*

Orsames, her Son, kept from his Infancy in a Castle on a Lake, ignorant of his Quality, and of all the World besides; never having seen any human thing save only his old Tutor.

Cleomena, his Sister, bred up in War, and design'd to reign instead of *Orsames*: the Oracle having foretold the bloody Cruelties should be committed during his short Reign, if ever suffered to wear the Crown.

Honorius, General of the Army, and Uncle to *Orsames* and *Cleomena.*

Olympia, his Daughter, young and beautiful.

Ismenes and *Artabazes*, } Two Rival Princes in love with *Cleomena.*

[*Geron*, the old Tutor to *Orsames.*]

Pimante, a Fop Courtier.

Arates, a Courtier.

Semeris, Woman to *Cleomena.*

Vallentio, a Colonel of the Army.

[*Gorel*, a Citizen.
Keeper of the Castle.
A Druid.]

SCYTHIANS.

King of *Scythia.*

Thersander, his Son, under the Name of *Clemanthis*, when on the *Dacian* side.

Amintas, a young Nobleman, belov'd by *Thersander*, and Lover of *Urania.*

Lysander, Page to *Thersander.*

Urania, in love with *Amintas.*

Lyces, a Shepherdess.

Pages and Attendants, [Courtiers (men and women),] [Officers, Guards,] Soldiers, [Huntsmen,] Shepherds, Shepherdesses, [Assassins,] and all a Rabble of the Mobile.

SCENE, the Court of *Dacia*, between the two Armies just before the Town.

ACT I.

Scene I. *A Grove near the Camp.*

Enter Pimante *with Letters.*

GONE! Well, I have never the Luck, I thank my Stars, to meet with any of these mighty Men of Valour. —*Vallentio!* Noble Colonel.

Enter Vallentio.

Val. Pimante! Why, what the Devil brought thee to the Camp?

Pim. Affairs, Affairs—

Val. They must be wondrous pressing that made thee venture; but the Fighting's past, and all the Noise over; every Man of Fame gone to receive what's due to his Merit; and the whole Camp looks now like a City in a great Plague, no stirring—But what's thy Business here?

Pim. Why, I brought Letters from the Queen to that same mighty Man of Prowess—what d'ye call him?

Val. The brave *Clemanthis?*

Pim. The same—But, Colonel, is he indeed so very terrible a thing as Fame gives out?—But she was ever a notable Wag at History.

Val. How dare thy Coward-thoughts venture upon any thing so terrible as the remembrance of that Gallant Man? Is not his Name like Thunder to thy Ears? Does it not make thee shrink into thy self?

Pim. Lord, Colonel, why so hot? 'Tis the cursed'st thing in the World to be thus continually us'd to fighting; why, how uncivil it renders a Man! I spake by way of Question.

Val. Oh! how soft and wanton I could grow in the Description I could make of him—

He merits all in Peace as well as War;
Compos'd of Charms would take all Womankind,
As those of 's Valour overcome the Men.

Pim. Well said, i'faith, Colonel; but if he be so fine a Man, why did you not keep him here amongst you to do Execution on the *Scythians?* for I think e'er long you'll give 'em Battel.

Val. The General, whose noble Life he sav'd,
Us'd all his Interest with him, but in vain:
He neither could oblige his stay i'th' Camp,
Nor get him to the Court. Oh! were his Quality
But like his Actions great, he were a Man
To merit *Cleomena*,
Whose Worth and Beauty, as a thing Divine,
I reverence.
But I abhor the feeble Reign of Women;
It foretels the Downfal of the noblest Trade, War.
Give me a Man to lead me on to Dangers,
Such as *Clemanthis* is, or as *Orsames* might have been.

Pim. Colonel, 'tis Treason but to name *Orsames*, and much more to wish he were as King.

Val. Not wish he were! by all those Gods I will,
Who did conspire against him in their Oracles.
Not wish him King! yes, and may live to see it.

Pim. What should we do with such a King? The Gods foretel he shall be fierce and bloody, a Ravisher, a Tyrant o'er his People; his Reign but short, and so unfit for Reign.

Val. The Gods! I'll not trust 'em for a Day's Pay—let them but give one a taste of his Reign, tho but an hour, and I'll be converted to them.

Pim. Besides, he is very ill bred for a King; he knows nothing of the World, cannot dress himself, nor sing, nor dance, or play on any Musick; ne'er saw a Woman, nor knows how to make use of one if he had her. There's an old fusty Philosopher that instructs him; but 'tis in nothing

ever that shall make a fine Gentleman of him: He teaches him a deal of Awe and Reverence to the Gods; and tells him that his natural Reason's Sin—But, Colonel, between you and I, he'll no more of that Philosophy, but grows as sullen as if you had the breeding of him here i'th' Camp.

Val. Thou tell'st me heavenly News; a King, a King again! Oh, for a mutinous Rabble, that would break the Prison-Walls, and set *Orsames* free, both from his Fetters and his Ignorance.

Pim. There is a Discourse at Court, that the Queen designs to bring him out, and try how he would behave himself: But I'm none of that Counsel, she's like to make a fine Court on't; we have enough in the Virago he Daughter, who, if it were not for her Beauty, one would swear were no Woman, she's so given to Noise and Fighting.

Val. I never saw her since she was a Child, and then she naturally hated *Scythia.*

Pim. Nay, she's in that mind still; and the superstitious Queen, who thinks that Crown belongs to *Cleomena*—

Val. Yes, that was the Promise of the Oracle too.

Pim. Breeds her more like a General than a Woman. Ah, how she loves fine Arms! a Bow, a Quiver! and though she be no natural *Amazon*, she's capable of all their martial Fopperies—But hark, what Noise is that? [*Song within.*

Val. 'Tis what we do not use to hear—Stand by.

SONG.

(1.)

DAMON, *I cannot blame your Will,*
'Twas Chance, and not Design, did kill;
For whilst you did prepare your Arms
On purpose Celia *to subdue,*
I met the Arrows as they flew,
And sav'd her from their Harms.

(2.)

Alas, she could not make returns,
Who for a Swain already burns,
A Shepherd, who does her caress
With all the softest Marks of Love;
And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move
The cruel Shepherdess.

(3.)

Content thee with this Victory,
I'm Young and Beautiful as she;
I'll make thee Garlands all the Day,
And in the Shades we'll sit and sing;
I'll crown thee with the Pride o'th' Spring,
When thou art Lord o'th' May.

Enter Urania *dress'd gay*, Lyces *a Shepherdess.*

Ly. Still as I sing you sigh.
Uran. I cannot hear thy Voice, and the returns
The Echoes of these shady Groves repeat,
But I must find some Softness at my Heart.
—Wou'd I had never known another Dwelling,
But this too happy one where thou wert born! [*Sighs.*
Ly. You sigh again: such things become
None but unhappy Maids that are forsaken;
Your Beauty is too great to suffer that.
Ura. No Beauty's proof against false perjur'd Man.
Ly. Is't possible you can have lost your Love?
Ura. Yes, pretty Maid, canst tell me any tidings of him?
Ly. I cannot tell, by what marks do you know him?
Ura. Why, by these—a tempting Face and Shape,
A Tongue bewitching soft, and Breath as sweet,
As is the welcome Breeze that does restore
Life to a Man half kill'd with heat before;
But has a Heart as false as Seas in Calms,
Smiles first to tempt, then ruins with its Storms.

Ly. Oh, fair *Urania!* there are many more
So like your Love, if such a one he be:
That you wou'd take each Shepherd to be he:
'Tis grown the fashion now to be forsworn;
Oaths are like Garlands made of finest Flowers,
Wither as soon as finish'd;
They change their Loves as often as their Scrips,
And lay their Mistresses aside like Ribbons,
Which they themselves have sullied.

Pim. Gad, I'll venture in—

Val. Fair Women, and so near the Camp!
What are ye, and from whence?

Pim. Ha! 'tis no matter for that; ask no Questions, but fall to. [*Goes to* Lyces.

Ura. I'm not asham'd to tell the one or t'other;
I am a Maid, and one of gentle Birth,
A *Scythian* born, an Enemy to thee,
Not as thou art a Man, but Friend to *Dacia.*

Val. What Sin have I committed, that so fair a Creature should become my Enemy? but since you are so, you must be my Prisoner, unless your Eyes prevent me, and make me yours.

Pim. How, take a Woman Prisoner! I hope you are a finer Gentleman than so.

Val. But, Madam, do not fear, for I will use you
As well as such a Man as I can do.

Ura. Though thou be'st rough, thou hast a noble look,
And I believe my Treatment will be gentle.

Val. Fair Maid, this Confidence is brave in thee;
And though I am not us'd to make returns,
Unless in Thunder on my Enemies,
Yet name the way, and I will strive to serve you.

Ura. Then, Sir, I beg that you would set me free,
Nor yet retain me here a Prisoner;
But as thou'rt brave, conduct me to the Castle on the Lake,
Where young *Amintas* lies, the Spoil of War.

Val. Amintas, Madam, is a gallant Youth,
And merits more from Fortune than his Chains;
But I could wish (since I have vow'd to serve you)
You would command me something
Worthy your Beauty, and of that Resolution.
Ura. There is no other way to do me service.
Val. Then most willingly I will obey you.
Ura. But, Sir, I beg this Virgin may depart,
Being a *Dacian*, and a neighbouring Villager.
Val. All your Commands shall strictly be obey'd.
Pim. Pox on her, she's coy, and let her go. Well,
Colonel, I doubt you'll be for the Queen by and by.
Ura. Here—take this Jewel as a part of payment,
For all thy goodness to an unknown Maid. [*To* Lyces.
And if by chance I ever see thee more,
Believe me, *Lyces*, I will quit the score.
[*Ex.* Lyces *weeping.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Grove of Trees.*

Within the Scene lies Thersander *sleeping, his Cap and Feather at a distance from him.*

Enter Cleomena *drest like an* Amazon, *with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows at her Back, with* Semiris *attired like her.*

Cleo. I'm almost tir'd with holding out the Chase.
Sem. That's strange! methought your Highness followed not
So fast to Day as I have seen you heretofore.
Cleo. I do not use to leave the Game unvanquish'd,
Yet now by what strange inclination led
I know not,
The Sport growing dull, I wish to meet a place
Far from the noise and business of the Day:
Hast thou ty'd fast my Horses?
Sem. Madam, I have.

Cleo. What place is this, *Semiris?*

Sem. I know not, Madam, but 'tis wondrous pleasant.

Cleo. How much more charming are the Works of Nature

Than the Productions of laborious Art?

Securely here the wearied Shepherd sleeps,

Guiltless of any fear, but the disdain

His cruel Fair procures him.

How many Tales the Echoes of these Woods

Cou'd tell of Lovers, if they would betray,

That steal delightful hours beneath their Shades!

Sem. You'd rather hear 'em echo back the sound

Of Horns and Dogs, or the fierce noise of War.

Cleo. You charge me with the faults of Education,

That cozening Form that veils the Face of Nature,

But does not see what's hid within, *Semiris:*

I have a Heart all soft as thine, all Woman,

Apt to melt down at every tender Object.

—Oh, *Semiris!* there's a strange change within me.

Sem. How, Madam!

Cleo. I would thou knew'st it;

Till now I durst do any thing—but fear,

Yet now I tremble with the thoughts of telling thee

What none but thou must know—I am in love.

Sem. Why do you blush, my Princess? 'tis no sin;

But, Madam, who's the happy glorious Object?

Cleo. Why, canst thou not guess then?

Sem. How is it possible I should?

Cleo. Oh Gods! not guess the Man!

Or, rather think some God! Dull stupid Maid,

Hast thou not heard of something more than mortal!

'Twixt Human and Divine! our Country's Genius,

Our young God of War! not heard of him!

Sem. 'Tis not Prince *Artabazes*, or *Ismenes?*

Cleo. Away, thou anger'st me.

Sem. Pardon me, Madam,

It can be none at Court, if none of these?
And all besides are much below that Glory.

Cleo. What call'st thou much below, mistaken thing?
Can a gay Name give Virtue, Wit, or Beauty?
Can it gain Conquest, or in Fields or Courts?
No, nor defend its own fantastick Owner.
—Come, guess again.

Sem. I can guess no further than a Man, and that I'm sure he is.

Cleo. I know not—
For yet I never saw him, but in's Character,
Unless sometimes in Dreams.

Sem. Is't not enough he conquers where he comes,
But that his Fame prevents his Sword and Eyes?
Perhaps his Person may not be agreeable;
The best in Camps are not the best in Courts.

Cleo. So brave a Mind must have as brave an Outside.
My Uncle's Letters from the Camp contain
Nothing but Wonders of his Worth and Valour,
And 'tis impossible but such a Man
Must merit Love as well as Admiration.

Sem. Does he not come to Court?

Cleo. The Queen has made him many Invitations;
But he for some unknown and cruel Cause,
Humbly implores her Pardon for refusing:
Nor can the General learn his Quality;
But like his Deeds, believes it must be great.

Sem. 'Tis most likely; but I should never fall in love with Fame alone.

Cleo. I hope it is not Love—but strange Curiosity
To see this brave Unknown—and yet I fear—
I've hid this new Impatience of my Soul,
Even from thee, till it grew too importunate;
And strove by all my lov'd Divertisements,
To chase it from my Bosom, but in vain:
'Tis too great for little Sports to conquer;

The Musick of the Dogs displeas'd to day,
And I was willing to retire with thee,
To let thee know my Story:
And this lone Shade, as if design'd for Love,
Is fittest to be conscious of my Crime.
—Therefore go seek a Bank where we may sit;
And I will sigh whilst thou shalt pity me.
[*Stands with her Arms across.*
[Sem. *looks about, finds the Cap and Feathers.* } 40
Sem. See, Madam, what I've found. } to.
Cleo. 'Tis a fine Plume, and well adorn'd,
And must belong to no uncommon Man:
—And look, *Semiris*, where its Owner lies—
—Ha! he sleeps, tread softly lest you wake him:
—Oh Gods! who's this with so divine a Shape?
Sem. His Shape is very well.
Cleo. Gently remove the Hair from off his Face,
[Sem. *puts back his Hair.*
And see if that will answer to the rest:
—All lovely! all surprizing! Oh, my Heart,
How thou betray'st the weakness of our Sex!
—Look on that Face, where Love and Beauty dwells—
And though his Eyes be shut, tell me, *Semiris*,
Has he not wondrous Charms?

Sem. Yes, Madam, and I wou'd excuse you, if you shou'd now fall in Love, here's Substance; but that same Passion for Fame alone, I do not like.

Cleo. Ah, do not call my Blushes to my Face,
But pardon all my weakness:
May not my Eyes have leave to gaze a while?
Since after this there's not another Object
Can merit their Attention—
—But I'll no longer view that pleasing Form—
[*Turns from him.*
—And yet I've lost all power of removing—
[*Turns and gazes.*

Even now I was in love with mere Report,
With Words, with empty Noise;
And now that Flame, like to the Breath that blew it,
Is vanish'd into Air, and in its room
An Object quite unknown, unfam'd, unheard of,
Informs my Soul; how easily 'tis conquer'd!
How angry am I with my Destiny!
Till now, with much disdain I have beheld
The rest of all his Sex; and shall I here
Resign a Heart to one I must not love?
Must this be he must kill the King of *Scythia?*
For I must lay no claim to any other:
Grant, Oh ye Gods, who play with Mortals thus,
That him for whom ye have design'd your Slave,
May look like this Unknown,
And I'll be ever grateful for the Bounty.
—But these are vain imaginary Joys.
[Thersander *wakes, rises, and gazes.*

Ther. Am I awake, or do my Dreams present me
Ideas much more bright and conquering,
Than e'er approach'd my waking Sense by far?
—Sure 'tis *Diana*, the Goddess of these Woods,
That Beauty and that Dress confirm me 'tis. [*Kneels.*
—Great Goddess, pardon an unlucky Stranger,
The Errors he commits 'gainst your Divinity,
Who, had he known this Grove had sacred been,
He wou'd not have profan'd it by his Presence.

Cleo. Rise, Sir, I am no Deity;
Or if I were, I cou'd not be offended [*He rises.*
To meet so brave a Man—Gods, how he looks!

Ther. Can you be mortal!
What happy Land contains you? or what Men
Are worthy to adore you?

Cleo. I find you are a Stranger to this place,
You else had known me to be *Cleomena.*

Ther. The Princess *Cleomena!* my mortal Enemy! [*Aside.*

Cleo. You seem displeas'd at the knowledge of my Name;
But give me leave to tell you, yours on me
Wou'd have another Sense.

Ther. The knowledge of your Name has not displeas'd me; [*Kneels.*
But, Madam, I had sooner took you for
The Sovereign of the World than that of *Dacia;*
Nor ought you to expect less Adoration
From all that World, than those who're born your Slaves.
—And amongst those devout ones number him,
Whom happy Fate conducted to your Feet,
And who'll esteem himself more fortunate,
If by that little service he had rendred you,
Clemanthis' Name have ever reach'd your Ear.

Cleo. Clemanthis! what cou'd the Gods do more, [*Aside.*
To make me ever bless'd!—Rise, noble Youth—[*Raises him.*
Cou'dst thou salute me Mistress of the World,
Or bring me news of Conquest over *Scythia,*
It would not reach so kindly to my Soul,
As that admir'd illustrious Name of thine.
This Crown's in debt to your all-conquering Sword;
And I'm the most oblig'd to make Returns,
Which if you knew me, sure you wou'd not doubt,
If to those Favours you've already done us,
You'll add one more, and go with me to Court.

Ther. To th' Court? to th' utmost Bounds of all the Universe.
At your Command, through Dangers worse than Death,
I'd fly with hasty Joy—
Like Gods, do but decree, and be obey'd.

Sem. Madam, the Company we left are coming this way, and with them Prince *Honorius.*

Ther. The General here so soon! [*Aside.*

Enter Honorius, Ismenes, *Women, and Huntsmen.*

Cleo. Welcome, victorious Uncle.
[Hon. *kisses* Cleo's *Hand.*

Hon. Madam, I heard the Noise of Horns and Dogs,
And thought your Highness was abroad to Day;
Following the Cry, it brought me to this Company,
Who were in search for you, and 'twas my Duty to attend them.
—My gallant Friend *Clemanthis* here!
This was above my hopes; let me embrace thee,—
And tell thee with what Joy I find thee in the presence
Of my fair Niece, who must prevail upon you
To wait on her to Court; what I cou'd not intreat, let her command.

Ther. Where Duty and my Inclination leads me,
There needs no Invitation.

Cleo. Already, Uncle, he has promis'd it.

Ism. Sir, is this the Man to whom all *Dacia* is so much oblig'd?

Hon. This is that gallant Man, whose single Valour
Has gain'd the Victory over the *Nomades*,
Who kill'd their King, and scatter'd all their Forces;
And when my feeble Strength (which Age and Wars
Had made unfit for mighty Toils) grew faint,
He, like *Æneas*, bore my aged Limbs
Through all the fiery Dangers of the Battel.

Ther. Too much you've said to my Advantage, Sir,
Robbing the Gods and Fortune of their Glory.

Ism. Rank me amongst your Captives; for I find,
Whether you fight or not, you must be Victor.
[*Embraces* Ther.

Enter Vallentio, Urania, Pimante; Vall. *kneels and delivers* Urania *to the Princess.*

Cleo. What new Encounter's this?

Val. I need not ask where I shall pay my Duty:
My Wonder will direct me to your Feet.

Cleo. Who knows the Man that makes me such a Present?

Hon. Madam, he is an Officer of mine,
A worthy gallant Fellow;
But one that hardly knows what Cities are,
But as he'as view'd 'em through their batter'd Walls,
And after join'd 'em to your Territories.

Cleo. Rise high in her Esteem that loves a Soldier.
[*He rises.*

Val. I need say nothing for my Prisoner, Madam,
Whose Looks will recommend her: only this,
It was against my Will I made her so,
Who ne'er refus'd till then to take your Enemies.

Ther. It is *Urania*, she'll know me, and betray me.
[*Aside.*

Cleo. Say, lovely Maid, whom, and from whence thou art?

Ura. A *Scythian*, Madam, and till now your Foe.

Pim. Ay, Madam, we took her, we took her.

Cleo. So fair an one must merit my Esteem:
I hope there are not many such fine Creatures
Brought into the Camp against us; if there be,
The *Scythians* cannot doubt of Victory.
—Thy Name and Business here?

Ura. *Urania*, Madam—
My Story were too tedious for your Ear,
Nor were it fit I should relate it here.
—But 'tis not as an Enemy I come,
'Tis rather, Madam, to receive my Doom;
Nor am I by the chance of War betray'd,
But 'tis a willing Captive I am made:
Your Pity, not your Anger I shall move,
When I confess my Fault is only Love,
Love to a Youth, who never knew till now
How to submit, nor cou'd to ought but you.
—His Liberty for Ransom you deny;
I dare not say that this is Cruelty,
Since yet you may be pleas'd to give me leave
To die with him, with whom I must not live.

Ther. Excellent Maid! what Generosity her Love has taught her! [*Aside.*

Cleo. That you esteem me cruel, is unkind,
But Faults of Lovers must Forgiveness find:
Amintas' Chains had far more easy been,
Had he been less a Favorite to his King.
—But you, *Urania*, may perhaps redeem
That Captive which I would not render them.

Ura. Madam, this Bounty wou'd exceed Belief,
But you too generous are to mock my Grief:
And when you shall m' unhappy Story learn,
'Twill justify my Tears, and your Concern.

Cleo. I need no Arguments for what I do,
But that I will, and then it must be so.

Ura. The Prince of *Scythia* in the Camp of *Dacia!*
If I could be mistaken in that form,
I'd hate my Eyes for thus deluding me:
But Heaven made nothing but *Amintas* like him. [*Aside.*

Cleo. Come, let's to Court, by this the Queen expects us:
—You, my fair Prisoner, must along with me:
[*Takes her Hand.*
—Thy Hand, *Clemanthis*, too—Now tell me, Uncle,
[*Takes him with the other Hand.*
—What *Scythian* that beholds me thus attended,
Would not repine at my Felicity,
Having so brave a Friend, so fair an Enemy? [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Castle or Prison on the Sea.*

After a little playing on the Lute,—enter Orsames *with his Arms across, looking melancholy, follow'd by* Geron *with a Lute in his Hand.*

Ors. I do not like this Musick;
It pleases me at first,
But every Touch thou giv'st that 's soft and low
Makes such Impressions here,

As puzzles me beyond Philosophy
To find the meaning of;
Begets strange Notions of I know not what,
And leaves a new and unknown thought behind it,
That does disturb my Quietness within.
Ger. You were not wont to think so.
Ors. 'Tis true—
But since with time grown ripe and vigorous,
I will be active, though but ill employ'd.
—*Geron*, thou'st often told me,
That this same admirable Frame of Nature,
This Order and this Harmony of things,
Was worthy admiration.
—And yet thou say'st all Men are like to us,
Poor, insignificant Philosophers.
I to my self could an Idea frame
Of Man, in much more excellence.
Had I been Nature, I had varied still,
And made such different Characters of Men,
They should have bow'd and made a God of me,
Ador'd, and thank'd me for their great Creation.
—Now, tell me, who's indebted to her Bounties,
Whose needless Blessings we despise, not praise?
Ger. Why, what wou'd you have done, had you been Nature?
Ors. Some Men I wou'd have made with mighty Souls,
With Thoughts unlimited by Heaven or Man;
I wou'd have made 'em—as thou paint'st the Gods.
Ger. What to have done?
Ors. To have had Dominion o'er the lesser World,
A sort of Men with low submissive Souls,
That barely shou'd content themselves with Life,
And should have had the Infirmities of Men,
As Fear, and Awe, as thou hast of the Gods;
And those I wou'd have made as numberless
As Curls upon the Face of yonder Sea,

Of which each Blast drives Millions to the Shore,
Which vanishing, make room for Millions more.
Ger. But what if these, so numerous, though so humble,
Refuse Obedience to the mighty few?
Ors. I would destroy them, and create anew.
—Hast not observ'd the Sea,
Where every Wave that hastens to the Bank,
Though in its angry Course it overtake a thousand petty ones,
How unconcern'd 'twill triumph o'er their Ruin,
And make an easy Passage to the Shore?—
Ger. Which in its proud career 'twill roughly kiss,
And then 'twill break to nothing.
Ors. Why, thou and I, though tame and peaceable,
Are mortal, and must unregarded fall.
—Oh, that thought! that damn'd resistless thought!
Methinks it hastens Fate before its time,
And makes me wish for what I fain wou'd shun.
Ger. Appease your self with thoughts of future Bliss.
Ors. Future Bliss! the Dreams of lazy Fools;
Why did my Soul take Habitation here,
Here in this dull unactive piece of Earth!
Why did it not take Wing in its Creation,
And soar above the hated Bounds of this?
What does it lingring here?
Ger. To make itself fit for that glorious End
'Twas first design'd for,—
By patient suffering here.
Ors. But, *Geron*, still to live! still thus to live
In expectation of that future Bliss,
(Though I believ'd it) is a sort of Virtue
I find the Gods have not inspir'd me with.
Ger. Philosophy will teach you, Sir,—
Ors. Not to be wise, or happy—
I'll hear no more of your Philosophy.
—Leave me—for I of late desire to be without thee.

Ger. This Disobedience, Sir, offends the Gods—
Ors. Let 'em do their worst,
For I am weary of the Life they gave.
Ger. He grows too wise to be impos'd upon,
And I unable to withstand his Reasons.— [Ger. *goes out.*
[Ors. *lies on the Ground.*

Enter Urania, *and Keeper.*

Keep. The Ring is sufficient Warrant, and your Path on the right Hand will lead you to the Lord *Amintas*—but have a care you advance no further that way.—
[*Exit Keeper.*
Ura. What strange Disorder does possess my Soul!
And how my Blood runs shivering through my Veins,
As if, alas, 't had need of all its Aid.
At this encounter with my dear *Amintas.*
Ors. Ha! what Noise is that? [*He rouzes.*
Ura. I heard a Voice that way—or else it was the fear
This gloomy Place possesses all that enter it:
—Stay, I was forbad that Walk.
—Heavens! I have forgot which 'twas I should have taken,
I'll call my Love to guide me—*Amintas*, *Amintas*—
Ors. What Voice is that?
Methought it had more sweetness in't than *Geron's*—
[*Rises, gazes, then runs fiercely to her.*
—Ha—what charming thing art thou?
Ura. 'Tis not *Amintas*—yet I should not fear,
He looks above the common rate of Men.
—Sir, can you direct my way
To find a Prisoner out they call *Amintas!*
Ors. —Oh Gods! it speaks, and smiles, and acts like me;
It is a Man, a wondrous lovely Man!
Whom Nature made to please me.
—Fair thing, pray speak again:
Thy Voice has Musick in't that does exceed
All *Geron's* Lutes, pray bless my Ears again.

Ura. Sir, as you're Noble, as you are a Gentleman,
Instruct me where to find my Lord *Amintas.*

Ors. Bright Creature! sure thou wert born i'th' upper World,
Thy Language is not what we practise here;
Speak on, thou Harmony to every Sense,
Ravish my Ear as well as Sight and Touch.

Ura. Surely he's mad—nay, Sir, you must not touch me.

Ors. Perhaps thou art some God descended hither,
[*Retires and bows.*
And cam'st to punish, not to bless thy Creatures?
Instruct me how to adore you so,
As to retain you here my Houshold God,
And I and *Geron* still will kneel and pray to you.

Ura. Alas, I am a Woman.

Ors. A Woman! what's that?
Something more powerful than a Deity;
For sure that Word awes me no less than t'other.

Ura. What can he mean?—oh, I shall die with fear—
[*Aside.*
—Sir, I must leave you.

Ors. Leave me! oh no, not for my future Being!
You needs must live with me, and I will love you;
I've many things that will invite you to't,
I have a Garden compass'd round with Sea,
Which every day shall send fresh Beauties forth,
To make the Wreaths to crown thy softer Temples.
Geron shall deck his Altar up no more;
The gaudy Flowers shall make a Bed for thee,
Where we will wanton out the heat o'th' day—
What things are these, that rise and fall so often,
[*Touches her Breasts.*
Like Waves, blown gently up by swelling Winds?
Sure thou hast other Wonders yet unseen,
Which these gay things maliciously do hide.

Ura. Alas, I am undone, what shall I do?— [*Aside.*

Ors. Nature, thy Conduct's wise! nor could thy Favours
Be giv'n to one more apprehensive of 'em?
—Say, lovely Woman! for I am all on fire,
Impatient of delay,
Can you instruct me what I am to do? [*Sighs.*
Undress, and let me lead thee to my Bed.

Ura. Alas, Sir, what to do? defend me, Heaven! [*Aside.*

Ors. Why, I will hold thee—thus, between my Arms,
—I'll see thee sleep, and wonder at thy Form,
—Then wake thee to be gazing on thy Eyes,
—And something more—but yet I know not what.

Ura. His whole Discourse amazes me,
And has more Ignorance than Madness in't:
—But how shall I get free?

Ors. Thou grow'st impatient too, come, let us in—
[*Goes to take her in, she strives to get free, he struggles with her.*

Ura. Hold off, you are too rude.

Ors. This is the prettiest play I e'er was at,
But I shall gain the better.—
[*Takes her in his Arms to carry her off.*

Ura. Help, help!

Enter Amintas *in Fetters.*

Amin. A Woman's Voice!—Villain, unhand the Lady.

Ors. Ha! what new thing art thou?

Amin. One sent from Heaven to punish Ravishers.—
[*Snatches* Ura. *while* Ors. *is gazing on him.*

Ors. Thou'st call'd up an unwonted Passion in me,
And these be the effects on't.
[Ors. *strikes him; they struggle and fall.*

Enter Geron.

Ger. Hah! what's the matter here? a Woman too!
We are undone—Madam, I pray retire—
For here's no safety for your Sex.

Ura. I gladly take your Counsel.
[Ura. *goes into* Amintas' *Apartment.*

Ors. What art thou?

Amin. That which I seem to be.

Ors. Then thou'rt a God; for till I saw a Woman,
I never saw a thing so fine as thou:
And 'tis but just thou shouldst be more than Mortal,
That durst command that Creature from my Arms.

Amin. It is the King—I know it by his Innocence,
and Ignorance— [*Aside.*
—Rise, I beseech you, Sir, and pardon me.

Ors. So I could live a Year with looking on thee;
—But where's the Creature call'd it self a Woman?

Ger. What Woman, Sir?

Ors. Ha! *Geron*, where's the Woman?

Ger. What do you mean, Sir?

Ors. The Heavenly Woman, that was here but now.

Ger. I saw none such, nor know I what you mean.

Ors. Not what I mean? thou could'st not be so dull:
What is't that I have strove for all this while?

Amin. I'll leave him too, my Presence may be hurtful,
And follow the Lady that's fled to my Apartment.
[*Ex.* Amin.

Ors. Go, fetch the Woman, or, by Heaven, I'll fling thee
into the Sea.

Ger. I must delude him. [*Aside.*

Ors. Fly, why stay'st thou dully here? go bring the
Woman.

Ger. Sure you are frantick.

Ors. I am so, and thou shalt feel the effect on't.
Unless thou render back that lovely Creature.

Ger. Oh! this is perfect Madness, Sir, you're lost;
Call back your noble Temper, and be calm.

Ors. No, there's a furious Tempest in my Soul,
Which nothing can allay but that fine thing.

Ger. Hear Reason yet—no human Being can get en-
trance here;
Look round this Castle, and no other Object

Will meet your Eyes, but a watery Wilderness,
And distant and unhabitable Lands.
—What airy Vision has possess'd your Fancy?
For such the Gods sometimes afflict Men with.
Ors. Ha! an airy Vision!—Oh, but it cannot be;
By all that's good, 'twas real Flesh and Blood.
Ger. And are you sure you are awake?
Ors. As thou art now.
Ger. Then 'twas an Apparition.
Ors. Away—thou'st often told me of such Fooleries,
And I as often did reprove thee for't.
Ger. From whence, or how should any living thing get hither?
Ors. It dropt, perhaps, from Heaven, or how, I know not;
But here it was, a solid living thing;
You might have heard how long we talk'd together.
Ger. I heard you talk, which brought me to this place,
And found you struggling on the ground alone;
But what you meant I know not.
Ors. 'Tis so—I grant you that it was a Vision—
—How strong is Fancy!—yet—it is impossible—
Have I not yet the Musick of its Words?
Like answering Echoes less'ning by degrees,
Inviting all the yielding Sense to follow.
Have not my Lips (that fatally took in—
Unrest from ev'ry touch of that fair Hand)
The sweet remains of warmth receiv'd from thence,
Besides the unerring Witness of my Eyes?
And can all these deceive me? tell me, can they?
Ger. Most certainly they have.
Ors. Then let the Gods take back what they so vainly gave.
Ger. Cease to offend, and they will cease to punish.
Ors. But why a Woman? cou'd they secure my Faith
By nothing more afflicting?

Ger. Shapes Divine are most perplexing.
To Souls, like yours, whom Terrors cannot fright,
It leaves desires of what it cannot gain,
And still to wish for that—
Is much the greatest torment of the Mind.

Ors. Well said—but, *Geron*, thou'st undone thy Aim,
And us'd the only Argument cou'd invite me
T' offend again, that thus I might be punish'd:
The Gods themselves invite me to the Sin!
Not seeing a Woman, I had never bin. [*Exeunt.*

4° Not seeing a Woman I ne'er had bin.

SCENE II. [*Another Room in the Prison.*]

Enter Amintas *in Fetters with* Urania.

Amin. My gallant Maid! this Generosity,
Above thy Sex, and much above my Merit,
I never can repay: my dear *Urania*,
Thou did'st outdo thy Sex before in Beauty,
In all the Charms that make 'em so ador'd:
But this last Act, this noble Mark of Love,
Begets a reverend Wonder in my Soul,
And I behold thee as some sacred thing,
That—this way should be worship'd—
[*Kneels, and kisses her Hand.*

Ura. I'm glad you have so kind a Sense of that
Which ev'ry Maid that lov'd like me wou'd do;
What cou'd you less expect?—Ah, my *Amintas*,
That fatal Night before our Wedding-day,
Being alarm'd by the Enemy,
And you were sent to try your Force with theirs,
My Heart foretold your Fate; and that same Night,
Whose darkness veiled my Blushes all alone,
Drest like a Youth I hasted from the Court,
And being well mounted, soon o'ertook the Army,
When, all unknown, I got so near your Person,
That in the Fight I had the Glory twice

To serve you, when your Horses being kill'd,
I still presented you with fresh, whose Riders
Thy Valour had dismounted.
Amin. Oh Gods! wert thou that Boy,
Whom oft I said, I thought was sent from Heaven,
And beg'd t' encounter when the Fight was ended?
Ura. The same, 'twas all you'd time to say; for after that,
Venturing too far, they took you Prisoner.
Amin. Oh, with what Shame I look upon your Bounty,
Which all my Life's too little to acknowledge;
What follow'd then, my dearest fair *Urania?*
Ura. I gladly wou'd have been a Prisoner too,
But I appear'd a poor dejected Boy,
That was not worth their Fetters.
—Then I resolv'd upon this last Adventure,
To make my Application to the Princess,
Knowing her noble Nature,
To try (since mighty Ransoms were refus'd)
What simple Love would do; and in my way
I lighted on a *Druid*, who in's Youth
Had liv'd in Courts, but now retir'd to Shades,
And is a little Monarch o'er his Flocks;
To him I told my Story, who encourag'd me in my resolv'd design,
And I so luckily have made an Interest
In *Cleomena's* Heart,
These Chains she'as given me Freedom to dismiss,
And you must only wear Love's Fetters now:
[*She takes off his Chains.*
—Come, haste, *Amintas*, from this horrid Place,
And be thy self again, appear in Arms.
The *Scythians* are encampt within thy View,
And e'er three Births of Day the Armies meet;
Th' Event of which, I at the *Druid's* Cell
Will wait; sending continual Vows to Heaven

For thy dear Safety: there when the Fight is done,
I wish to meet thee;
—But now your Country and your King expect you,
And I love Glory equal to *Amintas*.

Amin. But yet the generous Bounty of the Princess
Obliges here, no less than Duty there;
I know not how the Gods of War to move
To grant me Victor, or the vanquish'd prove;
My Heart to either is not well inclin'd,
Since—vanquish'd I am lost, conquering unkind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Grove.*

Enter Thersander, Lysander.

Ther. Urge it no more, *Lysander*, 'tis in vain,
My Liberty past all retrieve is lost;
But they're such glorious Fetters that confine me,
I wou'd not quit them to preserve that Life
Thou justly say'st I hazard by my Love.

Lys. The *Scythian* Gods defend it!

Ther. The Gods inspire it, 'tis their Work alone;
—I know she is my Enemy, hates *Thersander*,
Has sent for all the neighbouring Kings for aid,
That hither *Artabases* and *Ismenes*
Have brought their Powers t' assist against my Crown.
But what of this? She loves me as *Clemanthis*,
Which will surmount her Hatred to the *Scythians*.
Oh, my *Lysander!* didst thou know her Charms,
Thou'dst also know 'tis not a mortal Force
That can secure the Heart: She's all divine!
All Beauty, Wit, and Softness! and she loves!
Already I have found the grateful Secret;
She scorns the little Customs of her Sex,
And her belief of being so much above me,
Permits her to encourage my Design;
She gives a Boldness to my bashful Flame,
And entertains me with much Liberty.

Lys. Were all this true, you're equally unhappy;
She must be only his that conquers you,
That wins your Crown, and lays it at her Feet,
Ther. Love ne'er considers the Event of things,
The Path before me's fair, and I'll pursue it;
Fearing no other Forces than her Eyes,
Bright as the Planets under which they're born.
Lys. And will you let her know you are in love?
Ther. If all my Sighs, if Eyes still fix'd on hers
With Languishment and Passion, will inform her,
I'll let her know my Flame, or perish in th' Attempt.
Lys. Dare you declare it as you now appear?
And can you hope, that under the Degree
Of what indeed you are, she will permit it?
And your Discovery is your certain ruin.
Ther. Thy Counsel, dear *Lysander*, comes too late,
She's in the Grove, where now I must attend her,
And see where she approaches—

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. The Stranger, say you, grown of late so pensive!
—I must enquire the Cause—what if it shou'd be Love?
And that too not for me! hah, my *Semiris!*
That Thought has given me Pains I never felt;
—Gods! why comes he not? I grow impatient now;
—Say, didst thou bid him wait me in the Grove?
Sem. Madam, I spoke to him my self—
Cleo. And told him I wou'd speak with him?
Sem. As you commanded me, I said.
Cleo. It seems he values my Commands but little,
Who is so slow in his Obedience:
—Where found you him?
Sem. I'th' Antick Gallery, Madam.
Cleo. Gallery! what did he there? tell me exactly,
—I have no Picture there.
Sem. Madam, he was viewing that of *Olympia*, your fair Cousin,

But for the Excellency of the Work, not Beauty.

Cleo. Thou art deceiv'd; viewing her Picture, say you?
—Oh, thou hast touch'd a tender part, *Semiris;*
—But yonder's he that can allay my Rage [*Sees* Thersander.
And calm me in that Love by every Look.
—*Clemanthis*, you absent your self too much
From those to whom your Presence is agreeable;
I hear that you are grown retir'd of late,
And visit shady Groves, walk thus—and sigh,
Like melancholy Lovers. Has the Court
(Who for your Entertainment has put on
More Gaiety than in an Age before)
Nothing that can divert you? Cease your Ceremony;
[*He bows low.*
I am your Friend, and if ought harbour there
Within that sullen Breast, impart it here—
And I'll contribute any thing to ease you.
—Come—boldly tell thy Griefs;
I have an Interest in thy noble Life.
—Perhaps, since you're arriv'd at Court, you've seen
Some Beauty that has made a Conquest o'er your Heart;
—Whoe'er she be, you cannot fear Success.

Ther. The Honours you have heap'd upon your Slave,
Have been sufficient
To have encourag'd any bold Attempt;
And here are Beauties would transform a God,
Much more a Soldier, into an amorous Shape.
—But, I confess, with shame, I brought no Heart
Along with me to Court, and after that
What acceptable Sacrifice can I offer?
This makes me shun the Pleasures of your Court,
And seek Retirements silent as my Griefs.

Cleo. It seems you were a Lover e'er I saw you,
And Absence from your Mistress makes you languish.

Ther. Ah, Madam, do not ask me many Questions,
Lest I offend where I should merit Pity;

The Boldness may arrive unto her Knowledge,
And then you'l lose the humblest of your Creatures,
Whilst as I am, I may among the Croud
Of daily Worshippers, pay my Devotions.

Cleo. Give me your Hand, we'll walk a little.
[*They go and sit down on a Bank.*
—How do you like this Grove?

Ther. As I do every place you're pleas'd to bless.
Heaven were not Heaven, were Gods not present there;
And where you are, 'tis Heaven every where.

Cleo. Look, *Clemanthis*—on yonder tuft of Trees,
Near which there is a little murmuring Spring,
From whence a Rivulet does take its rise,
And branches forth in Channels through the Garden;
—'Twas near a place like that—where first I saw
Clemanthis. [*Sighing.*

Ther. Madam, be pleas'd to add, 'twas also there
Clemanthis left his Liberty at the Feet
Of Divine *Cleomena;*
And charg'd himself with those too glorious Chains,
Never to be dismist but with his Life.
[*She rising in anger, he kneels.*

Cleo. How, *Clemanthis!*

Ther. Ah! Madam, if I too presumptuous grow,
From your Commands, and all your Bounties to me,
You should forgive the Pride you do create,
And all its strange Effects;
Which if I have mistaken, let me die.
Only this Mercy grant me, to believe,
That if our Adorations please the Gods,
Mine cannot be offensive to my Princess,
Since they are equally Religious.

Cleo. Stranger—before I punish thy Presumption,
Inform me who it is that has offended?
Who giving me no other knowledge of him,
Than what his sword has done—dares raise his Eyes to me?

Ther. Madam, what you demand is just,
And I had rather die than disobey you;
But I am constrain'd by a Necessity
(Which when you know, you certainly will pardon)
For some time to conceal my Birth and Name.

Cleo. Till then you should have kept your Flame conceal'd,
'T had been less disobliging from a criminal one,
Whose Quality had justify'd his Boldness.

Ther. Ah! Madam, wou'd Heaven and you wou'd find no other Difficulty
Than want of Quality to merit you!

Cleo. I must confess, *Clemanthis*, with a Blush,
That nothing of the rest displeases me.

Ther. Ah, Madam, how you bless me!
And now with Confidence I dare assure you,
That which should render me more worthy of you,
Shall be in me found more to your Advantage,
Than in those Princes who have taken on 'em
The Glory of your Service.

Cleo. As I am very reasonable, and do act
With more Sincerity than Artifice,
I'll now desire no more.
But have a care you use my Bounty well;
For I am now grown kind enough to think
That all you say is true.

Ther. Madam, banish me your Presence, as the Man
Of all the World unworthy to adore you,
If I present not to you in *Clemanthis*
A Man enough considerable to hope.

Cleo. But oh! *Clemanthis*, I forgot my Fate,
My Destiny depends upon my People;
Urg'd by the Queen, they've made a Resolution
To give me to that Prince who does most powerfully
Advance the Ruin of the King of *Scythia*.

Ther. Madam, I am not ignorant of the Conditions
That are impos'd on those who pretend to you;

I will not only serve you in this War
With more Success than any,
But set the Crown of *Scythia* on your Head.
Cleo. That's bravely said.
Ther. Perhaps it seems extravagantly spoken,
In the Condition you behold me now;
But here I vow—I never will demand [*Kneels.*
The Divine *Cleomena* till I have crown'd her—
Yes, Madam, till I have crown'd her Queen of *Scythia.*
—Till then—give me but hope—enough, to live— [*Rises.*
Cleo. That's to your Passion due; and when I know
Who 'tis I favour—I will more allow.
Sem. Madam, the Queen is here.

Enter Queen, Honorius, Artabazes, Ismenes, *Guards*, *Attendants*, *&c.*

Queen. I am glad to see you all in Readiness;
To morrow I intend to be i'th' Camp,
—And *Cleomena* is your General;
Since 'tis her Cause we fight, it is but just
She share the Danger of it with the Glory.
Arta. We all approve it, Madam, and are proud
Fair *Cleomena* shall a Witness be
Of what we do to serve her,
And see the easy Conquest we shall make
Upon the Persons of her Enemies.
Hon. I know not, Sir, what you may do,
But we have found it not so easy.
Arta. Oh, there's no doubt, but we'll depopulate *Scythia*,
And lead its King, with the vain Prince his Son,
Loaden with Irons, to adorn your Triumphs.
Ther. Madam, I must confess your Force is great,
And the Assistance of these Men considerable;
Yet I advise your Majesty to prepare
For the Defeat of the great King of *Scythia*,
As to a Business much more difficult

Than they present it to you: for I know
The Forces of that Nation are not less.
[*Looks with scorn on them.*
—Consider too, that King was never conquer'd,
Though these believe to do't with so much ease.
I oft have seen *Thersander*, that young Prince,
Upon whose Sword Fortune her self depends,
—And I can tell—he's not so easily chain'd,
As, *Artabazes*, you imagine him.

Arta. What, do you think to fright us with the Praises
You give our Enemies?
—I have heard of that King, and of *Thersander* too;
But never heard of so much Terror in 'em,
Should make us apprehend an ill Success;
—And you, *Clemanthis*, do not know us well,
To think we'll tremble for the Prince of *Scythia*,
Though many such as you should take his part.

Ther. How, many such as I! [*Comes up to his Breast.*
Gods! with your selves no other Enemies
To join with that young Prince;
To conquer him and many such as I,
Requires a Number of such Kings as you.

Ism. It is too much, *Clemanthis;* were you well
Affected to the Service of the Queen,
You would not thus commend her Enemies.

Ther. Madam, I humbly beg your Pardon,
I have fail'd in the Respect I owe you,
By what I've said in favour of your Enemies,
Whom, whilst you think so easily o'ercome,
You will neglect that Power should make you Victor.

Qu. 'Tis Virtue, Sir, that makes you give what's due,
Though to the Advantage of those Men you hate—
—I must not have you take ought ill from him. [*To the* King.
But as you've all unanimously join'd
To assist us in this War, so all embrace,
[Ther. *salutes 'em coldly.*

Be one and ever Friends.
Brother, I leave the Conduct of this hopeful Army
[*To* Hon.
To your unquestion'd Care; and if you can,
Oblige this noble Stranger for ever in our Service.
Cleo. Uncle, I'll to the Camp with you;
And you, *Clemanthis*, must be near me still.
[Ther. *bows.* *All go out but* Ther. Hon. Lysan.
Hon. *Clemanthis*, you are troubled.
Ther. I was a little ruffled, but 'tis gone.
Hon. You shou'd not blame them, Sir, for envying you,
A Man so young, and such a Name in War.
Ther. That, Sir, is only your Esteem of it.
Hon. No, dear *Clemanthis*, that I may declare
To all the World and thee, how much I prize it,
Without consulting of your Quality,
I'll make you absolute Master of my Fortune.
Ther. Heav'ns! whence this Generosity? [*Aside.*
Hon. I have a Daughter, Sir, an only Child,
Whom all the World esteems a virtuous one,
And for whose Love Princes have su'd in vain,
I now with Joy will render you in Marriage.
Ther. I am undone! [*Aside.*
It is a Princess, Sir, I must admire,
But never durst behold her with Eyes of Love,
A Maid so much above me.
Hon. I am a Man, whose martial Disposition
Renders me too unartful in my Language; 40 Renders unartfull
I cannot study Fineness in my Words,
But with Sincerity declare my Heart,
And do propose this Marriage with *Olympia*,
For your Advantage and the publick Interest,
Besides my own Content.
Ther. Have you consider'd, Sir, I am below her?
Hon. No more of that; go visit my *Olympia*,
She is prepared to give you Entertainment. [*Ex.* Hon.

Ther. Marry *Olympia!*
No, cou'd he with *Olympia* give the World,
I could not love, nor marry her.
—Oh, my *Lysander!* what evasion now?
—Didst hear the noble Offer of the General?
Lys. I did, great Sir, and what will you return?
Ther. If I refuse, I must offend the Man
To whom of all the World I am most oblig'd,
And one who knowing me but by my Services,
Offers me what *Thersander* might accept.
[*Lys.*] It's fit you should consult the Princess, Sir,
What 'tis you ought to do.
Ther. I'll take thy Counsel—and wait upon *Olympia:*
—Yes, I will go visit her, though but to prove
No Torment can be like dissembled Love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Chamber.*

Enter Queen, Cleomena, Honorius.

Qu. Is't possible, my Brother, you can have
So great a Passion for the publick good,
As willingly to sacrifice your Child to its Repose,
And make her Arms the soft and easy Chains
To link this gallant Stranger to our Interest?
Hon. His Virtue I prefer above a Crown.
Cleo. You shou'd love Virtue as you ought to love it;
Not give it over-measure—But are you sure he will accept it?
Hon. I am not certain, being not come so far;
But I propos'd it, and no doubt he lik'd it.
Cleo. This cannot be his Malice; for he was ever noble,
[Hon. *talks to the* Queen.
But false or feign'd, I can endure no more on't:
—By Heaven, this Stranger's false! false as his Name!
—*Semiris* found him gazing on her Picture:
—'Tis so—he loves *Olympia!*
And when I ask the Name of her he lov'd,

I urg'd it with such softness in my Eyes,
That he in Pity of me swore 'twas I:
—Now can I find how much my Soul's possest
With Love, since 'tis with Jealousy opprest. [*Goes out.*

Qu. How do you like the Trial of *Orsames*,
Which I intend to make?

Hon. You'll oblige your People, and do a Mother's Duty.

Qu. You know 'twas not the Tyrant in my Nature,
That from his Infancy has kept him ignorant
Of what he was—but the Decrees of Heaven.

Hon. Madam, 'tis true; and if the Gods be just,
He must be King too, though his Reign be short:
You cannot alter those Decrees of Heaven.

Qu. The Gods are Witness how these eighteen Years
I have with much Regret conceal'd his Birth.

Hon. You know the last Defeat the *Scythians* gave us,
Th' impatient People broke the Castle-gates,
And against all your Powers were ready to have crown'd him;
And shou'd we now be conquer'd, nothing less
Will still the mutinous Army: try him, Madam,
He may be fit for great Impressions,
Had he but good Examples to dispose him.

Qu. I'll have it done to night.
Heaven, if it be thy Will, inspire my Son
With Virtue fit to wear his Father's Crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws off, discovers Thersander *seemingly courting* Olympia. *Enter* Cleomena; *sees them, starts, gazes on them, then goes out unseen. The Scene closes and changes to her Apartment.—She enters in a Rage—*

Cleo. Perfidious Man! am I abandon'd then? [*Rage.*
Abandon'd for *Olympia!* my Slave—
—And yet I lov'd him more than I did Heaven— [*Soft.*
And shall he quit me thus?

Without being punish'd for this Infidelity?
—No, let me be a shame to all my Sex then—
—Oh, *Clemanthis!* to whom I fondly gave my Liberty,
When first I saw thee sleeping in the Wood.
—But I grow soft, a Passion too unfit
For so much Anger as my Soul's possess'd with;
'Twas but even now he lov'd me with such Ardor,
And he who promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia*,
Dar'st thou become unjust, ungrateful Stranger!
Who having rais'd thy Eyes to *Cleomena*,
Would sacrifice her to another Mistress?
—This Heart, which ought not to've been given away,
But by the Services and Blood of Kings,
How hast thou lost it on a false Unknown,
Without being paid for it one single Sigh!—

Enter Thersander; *she draws a Dagger; offers to kill him, but cannot.*

Traitor—hast thou the impudence to appear before me,
Or dost thou come to meet thy just Reward?
[*Offers to stab him.*
—There's something in his Looks that does preserve him,
Or I'm not truly brave, and dare not kill him.
—Go, treacherous Unknown, whom I've preferr'd
Before so many Princes, who in vain
Sue for this credulous Heart which thou'st betray'd.

Ther. Ah! Madam, can you be thus cruel to me,
And not inform me how I have offended?

Cleo. Be gone, I say, if thou would'st save a Life,
Which those that dare do evil fear to lose.

Ther. Those Eyes thus order'd are far worse than Death.
End what you have so well begun,
And kill me;
Yet from another's Hand
The Blow would be less cruel.

Cleo. Oh, Impudence!
Still he wou'd cheat my Rage, as he has abus'd my Love;
But, Monster, though thou art below my Hand,
I'm yet a Princess, and I can command.
By Heaven, I'll try how much Rage can invent.
Semiris, call *Olympia* to me strait;
She shall in Triumph with me stand and smile,
To see thee by some Vassal bleed.
Ther. There needs no other witness of my Death.
But her I have offended;
To you alone I offer up my Life: for dying,
I've something to relate may justify your Rage,
Though not deserve your Pity.
Cleo. Hell!
Now I'm confirm'd, he fears that she should see
Him die, lest it should cost her but a Tear;
—Why should I want the Strength?—
—But Oh, I cannot. [*Offers to present the Dagger.*
But canst thou live, false Man, and see me frown?
Ther. No, Madam, I can die—thus—
[*Offers to fall on his Sword.*
Cleo. Stay—
Thou shalt not so much Glory gain:
No, live, and prove wretched enough to know
How very poorly thou hast lost my Heart. [*Ex. raving.*
[Ther. *gazes after her.*
Ther. Must I then live?—I will obey—farewel,
The fairest and unkindest of thy Sex;
If e'er it be thy chance to meet with one
That loves more than *Thersander*, if thou canst
Treat him worse than thou hast done me—
For oh! how miserable is the Wretch, whose Prayer
Repuls'd, like me, lives only to despair. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Curtain is let down—being drawn up, discovers Orsames *seated on a Throne asleep, drest in Royal Robes, the Crown and Scepter lying by on a Table.* [Geron *near the Throne.*] *On either side of the Stage, Courtiers ready drest, and multitude of Lights. Above is discovered the* Queen, Olympia, *and Women,* Pimante, Artabazes, Ismenes; *Soft Musick plays; whilst he wakes by degrees, and gazes round about him, and on himself with Wonder.*

Ors. —Gods! what am I?
—Or, is there any other God but I?
Ger. Yes, my great Lord;
But you're a King, a mighty Monarch, Sir.
Ors. I understand thee, 'tis some God thou mean'st.
Ger. On Earth it is: your Power too is as great;
Your Frowns destroy, and when you smile you bless;
At every Nod the whole Creation bows,
And lay their grateful Tributes at your Feet;
Their Lives are yours, and when you deign to take 'em,
There's not a Mortal dares defend himself:
But that you may the more resemble Heaven,
You should be merciful and bountiful.
Ors. I do believe I am the King thou speak'st of.
Ger. Behold this Crown—this sacred Thing is yours.
[*Kneels and gives him the Scepter and Crown; he puts*
Ors. It is a glorious Object— *it on, and walks about.*
And fit for none but me—
Olymp. Madam, methinks the King is the finest Man
That e'er I saw—shall he not still be King?
Qu. I hope he will deserve it.
Ors. So, now methinks I move like Heaven itself,
All circled round with Stars,
—Hah! what's this that kneels? [*The* Queen *kneels, he*
Ger. The Queen your Mother, Sir.— *snatches her up.*

Ors. By my great self it is another Woman,
Which I have burnt with a desire of seeing.
—Be gone, and leave us here alone together;
I've something to impart to this fair Thing,
Must not be understood by you.

Qu. Why, Sir, what is it you can impart to me,
Which those about you must not understand?

Ors. A new Philosophy inspir'd by Nature,
And much above whatever *Geron* taught.
—Come and augment my Knowledge.

Qu. Why me, Sir, more than any one about you?

Ors. Thou art all soft and sweet like springing Flowers,
And gentle as the undisturbed Air.

Qu. But I am your Mother.

Ors. No matter; thou'rt a Woman, art thou not?
And being so, the Mother cannot awe me.

Ger. Sir, 'tis the Person gave you Life and Being.

Ors. That gave me Life! oh, how I love thee for't!
Come—and I'll pay thee back such kind Returns—

Ger. Most Royal Sir, this Woman was
Not made by Heaven—for you.

Ors. Away with your Philosophy; but now you said—
I was a King, a mighty God on Earth,
And by that Power I may do any thing.

Ger. But Kings are just as well as powerful, Sir.

Ors. I am so to my self, do not oppose me.

Ger. Sir, this one is not meant, not form'd for you.

Ors. Am I a God, and can be disobey'd?
Remove that Contradiction from my sight,
And let him live no longer: ha, more Women! [*Exit* Geron.

Enter Olympia *and other Women.*

Oh Nature, how thou'st furnish'd me with Store!
And finer far than this— [*Gazes on* Olympia.
—But what is that whose Eyes give Laws to all,
And like the Sun, eclipse the lesser Lights?

Qu. Speak to him, *Olympia.*

Ors. Who tells me what she is?
Olym. Oh, how I tremble!—Sir, I am a Maid.
Ors. A Maid! and may you be approacht with Knees and Prayers? [*Kneels.*
Olym. I am your Slave, you must not kneel to me— [*Takes him up.*
Ors. How soon my Glory's vanisht!
Till now I did believe I was some God,
And had my Power and my Divinity
Within my Will; but by this awful Fear,
I find thou art the greater Deity:
—Pray tell me, fairest, are you not a Woman?
Olym. I am a Woman, and a Virgin, Sir.
Ors. I did believe that thou wert something more,
For I have seen a Woman, and ne'er knew
So much Disorder in my Soul before:
—For every Look of thine gives me a Pain,
And draws my Heart out of its wonted Seat.
Olym. Alas, Sir, have I hurt you?
Ors. Extremely hurt me, thou hast a secret Power,
And canst at distance wound,
Which none but Heaven and you cou'd ever do.
—But 'twas my Fault; had I not gaz'd on thee,
I had been still a King, and full of Health.
—Here—receive this Crown, 'tis now unfit for me,
Since thou hast greater Power—whilst it sits here— [*He takes off his Crown, and puts it on her.*
It looks like Stars fall'n from their proper Sphere:
—So, now they're fixt again.
Qu. Pimante, speak to him to take it back.
Pim. He kills me with his Looks.
—Sir, when you part with this, you'll be despis'd;
Your Glory, and your Thunder, all will vanish.
Ors. I yet have something that shall make thee fear,
I'm still a King, though I must bow to her;
Take him away to Death immediately—

Pim. Any where to be out of your Sight—
A King, quotha? [*Exit.*

Ors. Come, my fair Virgin, this shall be my Altar,
And I will place thee here, my Deity.

Qu. Great Sir, that Throne is only fit for you.

Ors. I say again, I'll have it fit for two:
Thou art a Woman, thank the Gods for that:
—Ascend, my lovely Virgin, and adorn it;
Ascend, and be immortal as my self.

Art. That Throne she was not born to.

Ors. Into the Sea with that bold Counsellor,
And let him there dispute with Winds and Waves. [Art. *ex.*

Being seated on a Throne, enter several in Masquerades, and dance.

—Cou'd I be sensible of any Pleasure,
But what I take in thee, this had surpriz'd me.

Olym. A Banquet, Sir, attends you.

Ors. Dispose me as you please, my lovely Virgin;
For I've resign'd my Being to your Will,
And have no more of what I call my own,
Than Sense of Joys and Pains, which you create.

[*They rise, and sit down at a Banquet. He gazes on her.*

Olym. Will you not please to eat?

Ors. It is too gross a Pleasure for a King.
Sure, if they eat, 'tis some celestial Food,
As I do by gazing on thy Eyes—
Ah, lovely Maid—

Olym. Why do you sigh, Sir?

Ors. For something which I want; yet having thee,
What more can Heaven bestow to gratify
My Soul and Sense withal?

Olym. Sir, taste this Wine;
Perhaps 'twill alter that deceiv'd Opinion,
And let you know the Error of your Passion;
'Twill cause at least some Alteration in you.

Ors. Why shouldst thou ask so poor a Proof of me?
But yet, I will obey,—give me the Wine.
[*They put something into the Bowl.*
Olym. How do you like it, Sir?
Ors. Why—well; but I am still the same.
Come, give it me again—'tis very pleasant—
Will you not taste it too?—
Methinks my Soul is grown more gay and vigorous;
What I have drank, has deify'd thee more,
Heightens the Pleasure which I take to gaze on thee,
And sends a thousand strange uneasy Joys,
That play about my Heart, and more transport me—
Drink, my fair Virgin, and perhaps thy Eyes
May find some Charms in me to make thee thus.
Olym. Alas, they've found already but too many. [*Aside.*
Ors. I thought I must have gaz'd on thee for ever;
—But oh! my Eyes grow heavy in the Play,
As if some strange Divinity about me
Told me my Safety lay in their Declension.
—It is not Sleep!—sure, Kings do never sleep;
That were a low submission to a Power
A Monarch shou'd despise—but yet 'tis so:
Ye Gods, am I but mortal then?
Or do you ever sleep? I find ye do!
But I must—and lose this lovely Object:
Grant, oh ye Gods, that I may find it in a Dream,
Let her Idea hover about my Soul,
And keep it still in this harmonious Order—
—And gently blow the Flame 't has kindled there.
[*Falls asleep.*

Enter Geron, Pimante, *and* Arates.

Pim. Are you sure he's asleep?
Ger. How do you like him, Madam?
Qu. I fear he is a Tyrant in his Nature.
Ger. But since he can be tam'd by Love and Beauty,
You should not doubt but he'll be fit to reign.

Qu. Remove him now into his own Apartment,
And still continue to impose upon him,
Till you receive new Orders. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. [*A Grove near the Camp.*]

Enter Cleo. *with a Truncheon in her Hand, a Sword and a Quiver of Arrows by her side, with* Semiris.

Sem. Madam, you are sad,
As if you doubted your Success to day.
Cleo. There are some Moments wherein I do repent me
The too rash Banishment of poor *Clemanthis.*
How did he take the Letter which I sent?
Sem. As Persons innocent and full of Health
Receive unlookt-for Sentences of Death;
He sigh'd, and said he wou'd obey your Will:
And, Madam, had you seen his silent Grief,
You wou'd have thought him innocent.
Cleo. Innocent! banish that foolish Pity from your Heart,
That wou'd persuade thee he is innocent.
Did I not see him courting of *Olympia?*
And can my Eyes deceive me?
Sem. Olympia, Madam! Gods, what do I hear!
Till now I did not know his Fault of Banishment.
Cleo. And was't not cause enough?
Sem. Ah, Madam, what Injustice have you done?
Before *Clemanthis* came into your Cabinet,
He entertain'd me for a pretty while
With the Intentions of your generous Uncle;
He told me how he offer'd him *Olympia*,
And that he durst not seem to disesteem it,
Being your Uncle, and a Man to whom
He ow'd so much; but most to hide his Passion:
And then was coming to consult with you,
How he should manage this Affair with him.
Cleo. And is this Truth thou tell'st me, dear *Semiris?*

Sem. Madam, I do not use t'abuse your Credit.
Cleo. Fly then, *Semiris*, and reverse his Doom.
Sem. Would I knew whither, Madam.
Cleo. Why, is he no longer then in the Camp?
Sem. Ah, Madam, is he longer in the World?
For 'tis impossible to be imagin'd
He parted hence with any Thought of Life.
Cleo. Send ev'ry way to find him—hark, I'm call'd—
[*Trumpets sound.*
And he that finds him first, is made for ever.
Oh Jealousy, thou Passion most ingrate!
Thy Ills procure more Mischief than thy Hate.
'Tis thou art Tyrant, when Love bears the blame,
'Tis pity thou'rt consistent with Love's Flame.
I'll not my Weakness nor Resentment show;
A Heart like mine, should sooner break than bow.
—Come, my *Semiris*, we too long have stay'd;
That Call, till now, was never disobey'd.
[*Trumpets sound. Ex.*

SCENE III. Scythian *Tents.*

Enter Amintas, *drest fine, with* Urania.

Ura. Within this Shade till the black Day be past,
I will attend thy Fortune, or thy Fate.
Amin. The King has taken Horse, the Fight's begun,
And I must leave thee to the Gods and Prayer.
Ura. Why was I made a Woman? or being so,
Why had I not a masculine Courage given me?
That side by side I might have shar'd thy Glory,
Or have expir'd together?
Amin. Thou wilt undo me with this Tenderness.
Come send me kindly from thee,
With Joys about my Heart that may preserve it;
Here rest till my Return; farewel, my Fair.
Ura. And if I never see thee more, farewel—
[Amin. *exit.*

Here I will lay me down, and never rise,
Till thou return'st with Laurel, or with Cypress. [*Sits down.*
Now I cou'd curse the Fortune of my Prince,
Who quits a Father for an Enemy,
To satisfy a Flame will ruin him. [*A noise of Fighting.*
—The Fight increases; Oh ye Gods of Battel,
In midst of all your Rage preserve my Love.

Enter Artabazes *over the Stage, and goes out.*

Art. My Nephew kill'd! and I dismounted too! oh curst Fate!

Ura. This Noise has comfort in't, it sounds like Victory.
[*A hollowing within amongst the noise of Fighting.*

Enter Amintas.

—Oh Gods! *Amintas!* what has Fortune done?

Amin. The undaunted *Scythians* never lost the Field;
Yet now at first 'twas doubtful
To which side Fortune would incline her self
Ismenes kill'd where'er he turn'd his Sword,
And quite defeated our *Agrippian* Forces;
Yet was not satisfy'd, knowing the King
To be the Price of *Cleomena's* Heart,
But sought him out on all sides,
Whom 'twas not hard to find;
For he was hurrying now from Rank to Rank,
Distributing a Death to all Opposers.
But young *Ismenes* having pierc'd the Squadrons,
And knowing our great King by several Marks,
Boldly cry'd out,—Defend the Life I claim.
The King made no Reply, but at that Word
Prepar'd himself to fight.

Ura. Thou kill'st me, till thou bring'st him off again.

Amin. Disorder'd thus—the *Dacian* took Advantage,
And charg'd with so much Vigour—we gave Ground;
When on that side the single Combat was,
There appear'd a Body of two thousand Horse,

Led by a Man, whose Looks brought Victory,
And made the conquering Foe retire again:
But when he did perceive the King engag'd,
With unresisted Fury he made up,
And rushing in between them,
Gave the young Prince a blow upon his Head,
That struck him from his Horse.
After this Victory *Thersander's* Name
Did fly from Mouth to Mouth,
Inspiring every *Scythian* with new Valour:
He kill'd *Philemon*, and forc'd *Artabazes*
To seek his Safety by his Horse's Flight;
—But here's the King—retire into this Wood. [Ura. *Ex.*

Enter King, Thersander, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

King. Let me once more embrace my dear *Thersander.*
Amin. The Prince is wounded, Sir.
King. He is—but they look lovely on him.
Ther. They're too slight Marks to give you of my Duty;
Your Majesty has greater need of Care.
King. Thou art my best Physician, and thy sight
Heals all the Wounds I have: come in with me,
And let me lay thee to my panting Bosom,
Thou great Preserver of my Crown and Life.
Ther. I'll wait upon you, Sir,
[*Exeunt all but* Ther. *and* Amin.
Now let me take thee to my Arms, my Friend;
For thou art half my self, my dear *Amintas:*
I have strange News to tell thee since we parted,
And need thy Counsel in an Affair of Love—
—Thou know'st my business to the *Dacian* Court
Was to have set thee free; but oh, my Friend!
In lieu of that I've made my self a Captive.
Amin. Your Story, Sir, I know, but heard withal,
The Princess did repay your grateful Flame.
Ther. I thought she did, for so a while she seem'd;

And when I thought my self the most secure,
Being fortify'd with all her new-made Promises,
My blooming Hopes were blasted e'er full-blown,
And I receiv'd her Orders for my Banishment,
Which I as soon obey'd: but by the way,
I did conceive a thousand Revolutions,
Sometimes to serve my Princess—then my Father;
Sometimes 'twas Nature got the upper hand,
And then again 'twas Love: in this Dispute
I met the Levies of the *Isadons*,
Who were the last of all our Cavalry,
To whom I made me known, and came so luckily,
As gain'd the yet-disputing Victory.

Amin. 'Twas in an happy Moment.

Ther. Thus I comply'd with what I ow'd my Duty.
But these of Love are still unsatisfy'd:
Dare I, who could offend to that degree,
As to deserve a Banishment from her,
Approach her uninvited?

Amin. 'Twas dangerous, Sir.

Ther. Then 'twere the fitter for my Enterprize:
—But her Displeasure—oh, my *Cleomena!*
If, for the Punishment of my Disobedience,
You'd only take away that Life you threaten,
How willingly I wou'd resign it up,
Rather than undergo this Separation!

Amin. You'll certainly expose your Life by going:
What other Reason could she have to banish you,
But from her Knowledge that you were *Thersander?*
And, Sir, you see her Passion for *Clemanthis*
Cou'd not o'ercome her Hatred for her Enemy.

Ther. No, when I call to mind her cruel Words;
If chusing me before so many Kings,
I find 'twas to the Stranger, not the *Scythian*,
She killingly addrest 'em; therefore I'll venture on in my Design:

—Give order that our Horses be made ready,
Whilst I excuse our Absence to the King; our stay will not be long:
Mean time it may be thought
We're gone to view the Camp;
Interest and Love but rarely do agree,
Yet I must reconcile 'em both to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The* Dacian *Tents.*

Enter Queen, Cleo. Hon. Arta. Ism. *Women*, *Attendants.*

Cleo. 'Twas strangely lost, and yet I dare affirm,
The Victory had been ours but for *Thersander*,
Who like the impetuous Sea oppos'd by Land,
Made Breaches, and o'erflow'd all that lay near it.

Ism. I had reveng'd you on the King of *Scythia*,
Had his Arrival not prevented me.

Cleo. He is brave, without dispute.

Ism. And 'tis as certain that he did surprize me,
Without permitting time for my Defence,
He had not else so soon dismounted me.
But, Madam, I design (if you approve it)
To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.

Art. That Justice I may hope as well as you;
He kill'd my Nephew, young *Philemon*,
For which I'll be reveng'd.

Qu. I cannot but commend that noble Ardor
That carries you to those Designs of Glory;
What thinks my Brother of it?

Hon. I like it, if the Victor will accept it.

Cleo. And so do I;
And that we may do equal Justice to you all,
We'll write *Thersander's* Name,
And he who draws that Name shall fight the Combat.

Hon. But are you sure he will accept the Offer?

Ism. I dare engage he will.

Cleo. I am of your Opinion;
The only brave are never proud of Conquest,
I'll write his Name my self.

Enter Page.

Hon. What Shouts are these? [*A Shout without.*
Page. Madam, *Clemanthis* is arriv'd.
Qu. The News is welcome.

Enter Ther. *kneels, kisses the* Queen's *Hand; the same to* Cleomena—*salutes all.*

Ther. Madam, the great Necessity which made me leave you,
When I believ'd my self unprofitable,
Could not detain me when I was assur'd
My Sword could do you Service.
Qu. This Visit recompenses all our Loss,
You've made it in a time you may redeem
The Opinion your Absence almost forfeited.
Hon. Sir, I cou'd chide you too, but that your Sight
Changes my Anger into kinder Welcomes.
Ther. I ought to suffer, Sir, in your Opinion,
Till my Excuses may redeem my Credit.
Cleo. How great at once, and innocent he seems,
And how his Eyes his past Offence redeems!
Whilst all my Cruelties they seem t' upbraid,
They pardon too the Faults themselves have made.
Qu. I'm satisfy'd, and you are fitly come
To share a Danger we are now disputing.
Ther. 'Tis not the Danger, Madam, can divert me
From enterprizing ought that is to serve you.
Art. Madam, consider who we are,
And ought not to be rank'd with one below us.
Ther. Your Honour, *Artabazes*, is too nice;
Would we could find in this Dispute, whate'er it be,
That were the greatest Difficulty:
—Madam, name your Commands.

Qu. We are drawing of a Lot
To fight *Thersander* in a single Combat.
Ther. Hah—*Thersander*, Madam, is a Conqueror.
Ism. Since you're so nice, we will excuse you, Sir.
Ther. What an unlucky accident was this!
One Moment's longer stay had made me happy, [*Aside.*
And render'd up these Rivals to my Power.
Hon. Come, Sir, the Lots are ready.
[*They draw Lots. It falls to* Ther.
Ther. My Fears are all compleated— [*Aside.*
The Lot is mine.
Cleo. Clemanthis, I'm so sensible of the Danger [*Aside to*
Whereto you must expose your self for me, *him.*
I cannot think with Pleasure on the Victory
You possibly may gain.
Ther. Encourag'd thus, I cannot fail of Conquest;
[*Bows to her, and speaks low.*
But, Madam, if *Thersander* be as nice [*Turns to the* Queen.
As these two Princes are, it will be hard
To get him to accept a Challenge from me.
Cleo. Clemanthis' Deeds has rais'd his Fame too high
To be esteem'd unworthy of that Justice;
Nor can we find the *Scythian* Prince a Foe
More equal to his Youth and Valour too.
Ther. If Fortune bless me with Success to Day,
I'll owe it to your Cause and not my Sword.
Qu. May'st thou be ever Victor. [*They lead him out.*

Manent Arta. Ism.

Art. My Art shall fail me then.
Ism. You are displeas'd, Sir.
Art. Is that a Wonder?
Who can be tame, and see an unknown Youth,
Who brings no Forces but his single Arm,
Ravish the Hope and Spoil of Victory from us.
And rival us in Love as well as Glory,

Whilst both our Claims to *Cleomena's* Heart
Must be neglected since we want Success?
Ism. We could pretend to her no other way.
Art. Have you, or I, less Virtue than *Clemanthis?*
Ism. Yes, if we envy at his Merits.
Art. Pursue your virtuous Road, and in the end
See whether you or I reach first the Goal.
I'll take Revenge. [Art. *exit.*
Ism. I Honour will pursue,
A Path which never led me to Repentance.
—*Clemanthis*, if thy Life I basely sought,
Like him, I'd save the Hazard of my own;
But as thou'rt brave, so thou shalt bravely fall
Before *Thersander* rob me of thy Life,
Or thou the Fortune hast to vanquish him—
And if in this Encounter I expire,
I do but fall a Victim to an hopeless Fire. [*Exit.*

SCENE [V.] *Changes to the Wood.*

Discovers Ther. *and* Amin. *among the Trees, changing Clothes; after which they come forth.*

Ther. So, now thou dost appear so like *Clemanthis*,
That not a *Dacian* but will be mistaken in thee.
Amin. My Lord, I know not how I may appear,
But I am ignorant how I am to act.
Ther. Remain within the Covert of this Wood,
Until the Sign be given for the Combat,
And then appear upon the Place appointed,
Where I will meet and fight with thee;
But so I'll order all the Blows I give,
They shall not wound nor hurt thee,
For still remember I must be the Victor.
Amin. I will endeavour to perform it so, [*Noise.*
That none shall know the Fallacy.
Ther. Be gone, I hear a Noise; farewel, dear *Amintas*,
Remember that you act *Clemanthis* well. [*Ex.* Ther.

Enter some Fellows in Clokes.

1 *Fel.* That's he that goes into the Wood, I know him by his Plume; are ye all ready?

2 *Fel.* Yes, for a greater Murder than the killing of one single Man; and here's a Place as fit as we could wish; shall we set upon him altogether?

1 *Fel.* Ay, ay, Neatness in this Affair is not required: kill him, and *Artabazes* desires no more.

[*The Fellows go behind the Trees, they fight,* Amintas *falls.*

Enter Ismenes.

Ism. Into this Wood he went, as if he knew my Business,
Here we unseen may end the Difference— [*Noise within.*
—Hark—what Noise of fighting's that?
Perhaps my Aid's requir'd. [*Exit.*

Ism. *goes in, Scene draws open, discovers* Amintas *lying as dead all bloody,* Pimante *peeping;* Ism. *re-enters.*

Ism. It is *Clemanthis*, and this barbarous Deed
Is done by *Artabazes.* [*Exit.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Had ever Cavalier such damn'd Luck? I have heard it disputed, that this same Danger was to be courted by the Brave and Bold; but I, who took the best Care I could whilst the Fight lasted to secure my self by this Retreat, find my self even here surrounded with it; and poor *Clemanthis*, who, I'll warrant, came too with my Design, has met here what he endeavour'd to shun: Yonder's *Ismenes* too—well, we are all but Men.

Ism. Here's yet some Breath remaining; oh, *Pimante*, lend thy Assistance.
—*Clemanthis*, if thou yet hast so much Sense,
Inform us how thou cam'st thus wounded?

Amin. Know, Sir, *Thersander*—Prince of *Scythia*—
Thersander—Prince of *Scythia.* [*Faints.*

Pim. Alas, he's dead, Sir, trouble him no further.

Ism. The Prince of *Scythia* do this!

Pim. Ay, ay, this mighty Prince fearing to encounter a single Man, has set a dozen to kill him; Mercy upon us, 'twas a bloody Fight: but, Sir, what shall we do with the Body?

Ism. If I could command thee any thing it should be Silence,
Till I have met *Thersander* in his Room. [Ism. *exit.*

Pim. You should command me, though I was never good at Secrets.

Enter Cleomena, Semiris.

Cleo. Let the Coach wait at the Entrance of the Wood:
I find I am a perfect Woman now,
And have my Fears, and fits of Cowardice.

Sem. Madam, will you not see the Combat then?

Cleo. I dare not, something here assures me
Clemanthis will be conquer'd.

Pim. Ha! the Princess here? on my Conscience there was never Mischief but a Woman was at one end o'nt.

Sem. How now, *Pimante*, why do you look so scurvily?

Pim. Ah, Madam, such a Sight so dismal and bloody!

Cleo. What says he?

Pim. *Clemanthis*, Madam—

Cleo. *Clemanthis!* Oh, what of him?
Why, my prophetick Heart, dost thou betray me?

Sem. For Heaven's sake, Madam, reassume your Courage.

Cleo. Yes—I will hear—the fatal Story—out.

Pim. Truth is, Madam, to retire from the Noise and Fury of the Battle, I came into this Wood; and when I thought all Danger past, I heard even here the Noise of Swords and Fighting; which endeavouring to avoid, I fell almost into the Danger of them.

Sem. Leave out the History of your own Fears, and come to the Business.

Pim. But ah, Madam, unseen I saw: who did I see—

Ah, who should I see but *Clemanthis*, Madam,
Fixt with his Back against yon Cypress-tree,
Defending himself against a dozen Murderers.
I was, alas, too weak to take the weaker side,
And therefore came not forth to his Assistance.
Prince *Ismenes* would have taken his Part, but came too late too;
But e'er he died we begg'd to know his Murderers,
And he could answer nothing but—*Thersander*.

Cleo. Remove me to the Body of my Love—
[*They lead her to* Amin. *who lies wounded; she gazes on him a while, his Face being all bloody.*
—I will not now deplore as Women use,
But call up all my Vengeance to my Aid.
Expect not so much Imbecillity—
From her whose Love nor Courage was made known
Sufficiently to thee. Oh, my *Clemanthis!*
I wou'd not now survive thee,
Were it not weak and cowardly to die,
And leave thee unreveng'd.
—Be calm, my Eyes, and let my Soul supply ye;
A silent broken Heart must be his Sacrifice:
Ev'ry indifferent Sorrow claims our Tears,
Mine do require Blood, and 'tis with that
These must be washt away— [*Rises, wipes her Eyes.*
Whatever I design to execute,
Pimante, and *Semiris*, I conjure ye,
Go not about to hinder, but be silent,
Or I will send my Dagger to this Heart.
Remove this Body further into the Wood,
And strip it of these glittering Ornaments,
And let me personate this dear dead Prince.
Obey, and dress me strait without reply.
There is not far from hence a *Druid's* Cell,
A Man for Piety and Knowledge famous:
Thither convey the breathless sacred Corps,

Laid gently in my Chariot,
There to be kept conceal'd till further Orders.
Sem. Ah, Madam, what is't you intend to do?
Cleo. What shou'd I do but die—ah! do not weep,
But haste to do as I command ye:
Haste, haste, the Time and my Revenge require it.
Sem. For Heaven's sake, Madam, for your royal self,
Do not pursue this cruel fatal Enterprize;
Pity the Queen, your Servants, and all Mankind.
Cleo. Away, thou feeble thing, that never knew'st the real Joys of Love,
Or ever heard of any Grief like mine;
If thou wou'dst give me Proofs of thy Esteem,
Forget all Words, all Language, but Revenge.
Let me not see so much of Woman in thee
To shed one Tear, but dress thy Eyes with fierceness,
And send me forth to meet my Love, as gay,
As if intended for my nuptial Day.
That Soul that sighs in pity of my Fate,
Shall meet returns of my extremest Hate:
Pity with my Revenge must find no room;
I'll bury all but Rage within thy Tomb. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Flat Wood.*

Enter Cleomena *drest in* Clemanthis's *Clothes*, Semiris *bearing the Cap and Feather*, Pimante *the Sword.*

Cleo. Come, my *Semiris*, you must assist a little,
And you, *Pimante*, buckle on my Sword.
Pim. I never parted with a Sword so unwillingly in my Life.
Cleo. So—How dost thou like me now?
Might I not pass, thus habited, for *Clemanthis?*
Pim. Yes, Madam, till you come to the fighting part.
Cleo. Now go, and do as I have ordered you.

Sem. Ah, Madam, though I must not wait on you to fight,
I will in Death, 'tis my first Act, and last of Disobedience.
[*Weeps.*

Cleo. Do not disturb me with thy Grief, *Semiris:*
Go leave me to my self, and Thoughts of Vengeance:
And thou, base Traitor-Prince, shalt buy thy Life
At such a Rate shall ruin thee for ever;
And if I fall—as I believe I shall—
The very Shame to know I am a Woman,
Shall make thee curse thy Fortune and thy Arms,
If thou hast any Sense of Manhood left,
After the barbarous Murder thou hast done:
But if my better Fortune guide my Arm,
This Arm (whom Love direct) to meet thy Heart,
Then I shall die with real Satisfaction.
The time draws on when I should try my Fate;
Assist me, mighty Love, in my Design,
That I may prove no Passion equals mine.

Sem. Madam, consider whom you must encounter.

Cleo. Consider thou who's dead, the brave *Clemanthis!*
[*Weeps.*

Oh, 'tis a Shame to weep, being thus attir'd;
Let me once more survey my self—
And yet I need not borrow Resolution:
Clemanthis, thou art murder'd, that's the Word,
'Tis that creates me Man, and valiant too,
And all incensed Love can prompt me to.
Hark—hark—the joyful Summons to my Death.
[*Trumpets sound.*

Go, leave me to approach it solemnly—
Come, my dear Sword, from thee I must expect
That Service which my Arm may fail to affect;
And if thou ever did'st thy Master love,
Be sure each Stroke thou mak'st may mortal prove.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. [*Between the two Camps.*] 4° Scene the Second

After a Noise of Trumpets at some distance and fighting, the Scene draws, and discovers Cleomena *and* Thersander *fighting:* Lysander. *On one side stands the* King *of* Scythia *with his Party: on the other, the* Queen *of* Dacia, Hon. Artabazes, *and her Party:* Vallentio.

Ther. What mak'st thou to fight as if indeed thou wert *Clemanthis?*
But since thou art not him thou represent'st,
Whoe'er thou be'st, 'twas indiscreetly done,
To draw me from an order might have sav'd thee;
—Who is't that dares assume *Clemanthis'* shape? [*They fight.*
Cleo. Unworthy *Scythian*, whose reported Valour
Unjustly was admir'd, cou'dst thou believe the covert of the Wood [Cleo. *falls, he stoops to look on her.*
Cou'd hide thy Treason—Treason which thou durst own too? [*A cry of Joy on the* Scythian's *side.*
Ther. Ah! *Cleomena*, is it you?
What have I done that could so far transport you?
Clemanthis' Boldness has incur'd your Hate,
But he has been severely punisht for't;
And here in lieu of that unhappy Stranger,
Receive *Thersander* with his equal Passions,
But not his equal Crimes.
Cleo. Oh, Villain, since thou'st punish'd *Clemanthis*,
Punish the unhappy *Cleomena* too,
And take her Life who came to have taken thine.
Qu. 'Tis not *Clemanthis*, but my *Cleomena*—
With whom *Thersander* fights—ah, cruel Child;
[*They carry her off.*
Ther. Oh, whither, whither do you bear my Goddess?
Return, and here resign your sacred Load,
That whilst 't has Life it may behold the Sacrifice
That I will make of this wild wretched Man
That has so much offended—Disobey'd!

—My Arms, my Arms, *Lysander*, mount me strait,
And let me force the disobedient Troops;
Those Coward-Slaves that could behold her bleed,
And not revenge her on the Murderer:
Quickly my Arms, kill, burn, and scatter all;
Whilst 'midst the Ruins of the World I fall.

[*The* Scythian *Guards carry him off by force.*

Enter Ismenes *with his Sword. They all descend.*

Ism. Still thus defeated and outstript by Fate,
Resolv'd betimes, but sallied out too late;
Fortune and Love are equally unkind:
—Who can resist those mighty Powers combin'd?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Orsames, Geron.

Ger. May I not know what 'tis afflicts you so?
You were not wont to hide your Soul from me.

Ors. Nor wou'd I now, knew I but how to tell thee;
Oh, *Geron*, thou hast hitherto so frighted me
With thoughts of Death, by Stories which thou tell'st
Of future Punishment i'th' other World,
That now I find thou'st brought me to endure
Those Ills from Heaven thou say'st our Sins procure.
There's not a little God of all the Number
That does not exercise his Arts on me,
And practise Power, which by my suffering
He grows more mighty in—I'll not endure it.

Ger. Why not, as well as I?

Ors. Thou may'st do what thou wilt; but there's a Difference
(As vast as 'twixt the Sun and lesser Lights)
Between thy Soul and mine;
Thou canst contented sit whole Days together,
And entertain thy Lute, that dull Companion,
Till duller Sleep does silence it and thee:

But I, whose active Soul despise that drousy God,
Can ever dare him in his height of Power:
Then when he ties thee to thy lazy Couch,
Where thou'rt so far from Sense, thou'st lost thy Soul;
Even then, my *Geron*, my divertive Fancy
Possesses me, beyond thy waking Thought—
But, *Geron*, all was but an airy Dream;
I wak'd, and found my self a thing like thee.
Ger. What was your Dream?
Ors. Why, I will try to tell it thee—
—Methought I saw the Firmament divide,
And all the Clouds, like Curtains, draw aside;
The Sun in all his Glories, ne'er put on
So bright a Ray, nor Heaven with more Lustre shon!
The Face of Heaven too bright for mortal Eye
Appear'd, and none durst gaze upon't but I;
In *Jove's* illustrious Throne I only sat,
Whilst all the lesser Gods did round me wait;
My Habit, such as cannot be exprest;
Iris in all her various Colours drest,
The Morning-Sun, nor Sun-declining Sky,
Was half so beautiful, so gay, as I.
The brightest Stars in all Heaven's Canopy
Were chosen out to make a Crown for me;
With which methought they glorify'd my Brow,
And in my Hand they plac'd the Thunder too;
The World was mine, and thousands such as thou,
Still as I moved, low to the Earth did bow;
Like thronging Curls upon the wanton Sea,
They strove, and were as numerous as they:
Thither I soon descended in a Cloud;
But in the midst of the adoring Croud,
Almighty Woman at my Feet did bow,
Adorn'd with Beauties more than Heaven can show:
But one among the rest (for there were store)
Whilst all did me, I did that one adore;

She did unking me, and her wondrous Eyes
Did all my Power and Thunder too despise;
Her Smiles could calm me, and her Looks were Law;
And when she frown'd, she kept my Soul in awe.
Oh, *Geron*, while I strive to tell the rest,
I feel so strange a Passion in my Breast,
That though I only do relate a Dream,
My Torments here would make it real seem.
Ger. 'Tis lucky that he takes it for a Dream. [*Aside.*]
—Pray do not form Ideas in your Fancy,
And suffer them to discompose your Thoughts.
Ors. In spite of your Philosophy, they make
A strange Impression on me.
Ger. That's perfect Madness, Sir.
Ors. *Geron*, I will no longer be impos'd upon,
But follow all the Dictates of my Reason.
—Come tell me, for thou hast not done so yet,
How Nature made us; by what strange Devices.
Tell me where 'twas you lighted on me first;
And how I came into thy dull Possession?
Thou say'st we are not born immortal,
And I remember thou wert still as now,
When I could hardly call upon thy Name,
But as thou wouldst instruct my lisping Tongue;
And when I ask'd thee who instructed thee,
Thoud'st sigh, and say a Man out-worn by Age,
And now laid in the Earth—but tell me, *Geron*,
When time has wasted thee, for thou'rt decaying,
Where shall I find some new-made Work of Nature,
To teach those Precepts to, I've learnt of thee?
—Why art thou silent now?
Ger. You ought not, Sir, to pry into the hidden Secrets of the Gods.
Ors. Come, tell not me of Secrets, nor of Gods—
What is't thou studiest for, more new Devices?
Out with 'em—this Sulleness betrays thee;

And I have been too long impos'd upon.
I find my self enlightened on a sudden,
And ev'ry thing I see instructs my Reason;
'T has been enslav'd by thee—come, out without it.

Ger. I dare not, Sir.

Ors. Who is't thou fear'st?

Ger. The Anger of the Gods,
Who will not have their high Decrees reveal'd,
Till they themselves unfold 'em in their Oracles.

Ors. What are those Oracles?

Ger. Heavenly Voices, Sir, that expound what's writ
In the Eternal Book of Destiny.

Ors. I'll know what's writ in that eternal Book,
Or let thee know what it contains of thee.

Ger. What will you do?

Ors. Throw thee into the Sea; by *Jupiter*, I will.
[*Offers to take him up.*

Ger. Stay, *Orsames*—
—'Tis true, I have Commands from *Cleomena*,
But yet the Time is hardly ripe for the Design. [*Aside.*

Ors. Begin your Story—or, by Heaven—

Ger. I shall—When you consider who I am,
With how much Care and Toil I've brought you up;
How I have made my aged Arms your Cradle,
And in my Bosom lull'd you to your rest;
How when you wept, my Tears kept time with yours,
And how your Smiles would dry again those Showers;
You will believe 'tis my Concern for you,
And not your Threats, makes me declare a Truth.

Ors. Forward, my dearest *Geron*,
Whilst I as silent as a healthy Sleep,
As growth of Flowers, or motion of the Air,
Attend each long'd-for Syllable thou breath'st.

Ger. Be pleas'd to walk into the Garden, Sir,
And there I'll tell you Wonders to ensue;
But first, great Sir, your Pardon for the past. [*Kneels.*

Ors. I give it thee—Gods, this is fine indeed!
Thy Language and thy Mien are altered.
Oh, how my Soul's inlarg'd already! go, lead the way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* Scythian *Tents.*

Enter Thersander, Lysander.

Ther. Leave me, I will be calm, [*Exit* Lysander.
For this same change of *Cleomena's* Habit
Has but increas'd my Love—and all my Softness—
'Twas in that Habit that I left *Amintas.*
Gods! has he betray'd me then?
No, I must not have so mean a Thought of him;
'Tis certain that she knows I am *Thersander*—
But if the bold *Clemanthis* be *Thersander*,
Son to the Enemy of *Cleomena;*
Yet still 'tis that *Clemanthis* that ador'd her,
And whom she once made happy with her Love.
But I have wounded her, and here remain
[*Draws his Sword.*
The Marks of my Dishonour in her Blood.
Oh cruel Instrument of my shameful Crime!
Must the first Service thou hast render'd me
Prove to my Soul so fatal? That Sword I left *Amintas*,
Wou'd have deny'd Obedience to this Hand,
This sacrilegious Hand drew it against her.

Enter King.

King. How now, *Thersander*, what, still melancholy?
Upon the first Appearance of your Sadness,
I thought 't had been for fighting with a Woman;
But now I fear that could not be the Cause,
Unless 'twere fortify'd by stronger Passions—
'Tis not impossible, but when you saw
The Eyes of *Cleomena* in the Combat
They might disarm your Rage, and teach you Love.

If this be all, I'll offer Peace in such a time
As they're not able to make War against us,
And with it Propositions of a Marriage.
Ther. Happy Mistake! Great Sir,
I'll not deny the Eyes of *Cleomena*
Have given me Wounds which nothing else can cure;
And in that Moment when I would have kill'd her,
They staid my guilty Hand, and overcame
The shameful Conqueror—
I'll say no more, nor give Laws to your Bounty;
But if your Majesty approve my Flame,
I shall receive her as the greatest Blessing
Heaven can bestow upon me.
King. I'm glad to find my Son of my Opinion;
For I have already propos'd it to 'em,
Which I believe they will with Joy embrace.
Ther. All but the lovely Princess, whose Aversion
Is still so great against our Family,
That I despair she ever will be drawn to't.
King. They'll hardly rally up their routed Forces
To make fresh War upon us; they're at our Mercy now,
And as an Honour will embrace the Alliance.
Ther. Pray Heaven they may.
King. If they refuse I will recall my Mercy,
And make them dearly buy their Scorn;
Come, we expect our Herald from their Tents. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. [Cleomena's *Apartments.*]

Enter Queen, Cleomena *in a Night-Gown*, Semiris.
A Table with Pen and Ink.

Cleo. Madam, I confess my self unworthy of your Tenderness.
Qu. Ah, *Cleomena!* you value my Repose at too cheap a Rate,
When you expose a Life so dear to me
To so much Danger, as to fight *Thersander.*

Cleo. I am not the first Person of my Sex
Has drawn a Sword upon an Enemy;
Do you not say he is my Father's Murderer?
And does he not deprive me of that Crown,
You say the Gods have destin'd me to wear?

Qu. 'Tis true, he's Son to him that kill'd thy Father;
But bating that, he has committed nothing
But what wou'd rather cause esteem than hate.

Cleo. Pardon me, Madam, if I am forc'd to say,
My Sentiments cannot correspond with yours.

Qu. What think you of a Husband in this Prince?

Cleo. How, Madam, marry *Thersander!*

Qu. The King has generously offered it;
My Council do approve it, and the Army
Cannot contain their Joy for the blest News.

Cleo. Gods! let the Council and the Army perish,
E'er I lose one single Moment of my Satisfaction;
Is this the Hate which with my Milk you made me suck
For all that Race? is this th' Effect of my fierce Education?

Qu. All things must be preferr'd to th' Publick Good,
When join'd with my Commands.

Cleo. What you command, I dare not disobey:
But, Madam, I beseech you do not claim
That cruel Duty here.

Qu. You'll find it fit to change that peevish Humour,
And I will leave you to consider of it. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Gods! marry me, marry me to *Thersander!*
No, not whilst this—remains in my Possession; [*Pulls out a*
—I must confess it is a generous Offer; *Dagger.*
How came it in their Souls?

Sem. Madam, perhaps Love has inspir'd it.

Cleo. Hah, Love—that Miracle may be;
When I reflect upon the Prince's words,
When he had vanquish'd me—I do not doubt it;
Then he confess'd he had a Passion for me;
I wonder at the sudden Birth of it—

Sem. Madam, your Eyes make Captives at first sight.

Cleo. Oh my dear Eyes, how shall I love ye now,
For wounding more than my dull Sword could do?
'Twas Anger and Revenge that gave ye Charms,
Only to help the weakness of my Arms;
And when my Woman's Courage feeble grew,
My Heart did kindly send its Aids to you.
And thou, *Thersander*, surely canst not blame
My Cruelty, who do allow thy Flame:
Love on, love on; and if thou dost despise
All other ways, I'll kill thee with my Eyes.

She sits down, and writes. Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, there is without an Officer
Who bad me tell your Highness that he waits.

Cleo. Admit him—and, Page, give you this Letter to the Queen.

Sem. Madam, it is *Vallentio* whom you sent for.

Enter Vallentio.

Cleo. *Vallentio*, I believe thee brave and honest.

Val. Madam, the last I dare affirm.

Cleo. Tell me, *Vallentio*, didst thou ever love?

Val. Madam, your Interest, my Arms, and a brave Enemy.

Cleo. But didst thou never feel a softer Passion?

Val. Madam, I own, though with a Blush I do so,
I've felt the Power of two fair Eyes;
And I have Wounds that yet would bleed afresh,
Should but the cruel Murderess appear.

Cleo. Then thou art fit to hear a Secret from me;
—But first, *Vallentio*, tell me who I am.

Val. My Princess, Madam, and my General;
And one, who from your Power of Beauty holds
No less Dominion o'er th' adoring World,
Than from the Greatness you were born to.

Cleo. And you're contented I should be your Queen?
Val. Madam, I am—*Pimante* has been prating. [*Aside.*
Cleo. The Army too are of your mind.
Val. I cannot answer for the Army, Madam.
Cleo. But—what think you of *Orsames?*
Val. Madam, I think he merits to be King
In any other World but where you reign.
Cleo. And what if I would have him King of this?
Val. Why then he shall be King, if you would have it so.
Cleo. Yes, I would have it, by my self I would;
This is the time to let the Monarch know
The Glories he was born to;
Nor can I die in Peace till he be crown'd. [*Aside.*
I'll have this Nation happy in a Prince,
A Prince they long in silence have bemoan'd,
Which every slight occasion breaks out loud,
And soon will raise them up to a Rebellion,
The common People's God on Holy-days.
—And this, *Vallentio*, I have often observ'd;
And 'tis an Act too humble for my Soul,
To court my self into security.
Sem. Madam, the Gods do disapprove his Reign,
Which they not only say shall be but short,
But Bloody and Tyrannick.
Cleo. I will expound that Oracle,
Which Priests unridling make more intricate:
They said that he should reign, and so he did,
Which lasted not above a pair of Hours.
But I my self will be his Oracle now,
And speak his kinder Fate,
And I will have no other Priest but thee, [*To* Vallentio.
Who shall unfold the Mystery in plain terms.
Val. Madam, the City and the Army are, by this Defeat,
Enough inclin'd to hear that Reason.
Cleo. *Geron* already has Instructions what to do,
And you need none, wanting no Resolution.

Val. If I miscarry, Madam, I'll be condemn'd,
Never to look my Foe i'th' Face again.
Cleo. Haste, and be prosperous— [*Exit.* Val.
Semiris, are those Garments ready I spoke for?
Sem. Madam, they're here—but now what will you do?
Cleo. Now, I will die—and now thou know'st my Will.
Sem. Ah, Madam, 'tis too much you let me know,
Denying me t' attend you where you go,
With such a Guide I cannot err.
Cleo. Alone I'll go, the Journey is not far
In passing; though I miss the aids of Day,
Yet my *Clemanthis* lights me on my way.
Why dost thou weep? indeed thou art unkind.
Sem. I weep because you'd leave me here behind;
Doubting my Love, I beg you wou'd permit
That I might give you the last proof of it.
I in your last adventure was too slow,
And will not be deny'd my Duty now.
Cleo. Thou show'st a Soul so generous and free,
That I'm contented thou shou'dst follow me;
Come, dry thy Eyes, such helps we do not need;
To ease our Griefs, we must not weep but bleed. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI. *A Street.*]

Enter Vallentio *passing over the Stage, is met by a Rabble of Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Well, Colonel, have you delivered our Grievances to the Queen?
Val. Yes, I have.
1 *Cit.* Well, and what Success? shall we have a King?
Val. And why a King? why should you be thus earnest for a King? what good will a King do you? he's but a single Man, cannot redeem the lost Victory, cannot raise up your dead Members, no, nor levy new ones.
1 *Cit.* That's all one, Colonel, we will have a King:

for look ye, Colonel, we have thought of a King, and therefore we will have one. Hah, Neighbours! a substantial Reason.

All. Ay, ay, a King, a King.

Val. I like your Resolution, but not your Reason; and must have a better than that.

1 *Cit.* 'Sha, Sir, we can give you many, though that's sufficient; as look you, Sir, 'tis first a new thing to have a King—a thing—a thing—we have not been acquainted with in our Age: besides, we have lost the Victory, and we are very angry with some body, and must vent it somewhere. You know, Colonel, we have busy Heads, working Brains, which must be executed; therefore, what say you, are we to have leave to shut up Shop, and go to work with long Staff and Bilbo, or are we to be very mutinous, and do't in spite of you?

Val. You shall not need; go, shut up your Shops, gather your Fellow-mutineers together, and meet me at the Citadel; but be sure you're well arm'd, lest the Queen's Guards prevent you.

1 *Cit.* I warrant you for honest true Hearts enough at any mischief, though not to go against the *Scythians;* for, Colonel, we love Civil Wars, Colonel, Civil Wars.

Val. Make haste, and then I'll shew you my Orders for the King's Deliverance.

Cit. Oh, incomparable Colonel! we will raise thy Statue in Brass in the Market-place, and worship it when we have done—but harkye, Colonel, are we to give no Quarter?

Val. None to those that oppose you.

All. No, no, none, none.

Cit. Oh, how this will please ye all, my Mates—

[*Citizens goff out.*

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh, Colonel, the Princess, Colonel.

Val. Well, Sir.

Pim. She's fled away, and none knows whither.

Val. I left her in her Tent just now.

Pim. Ay, ay, Colonel, that's all one, she's gone just as she shou'd have been married too—there's the Devil on't! Oh, the Days we shou'd have seen! the dancing, loving Days!

Val. Gone alone?

Pim. No, no, that dissembling thing *Semiris* is with her; she only left a Letter for the Queen, which she has sent to the Prince of *Scythia*. Oh, adieu, adieu, to Love and Musick. [*Goes out crying.*

Val. This is strange—if she be gone, 'tis time the King were free—I'll haste to meet the Rabble, that it may not look like an act of my own. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. [Thersander's *Tent.*] 4th Scene the Lover

He enters with a Letter in his Hand open—with Attendants.

Ther. Be gone, I'll read the Letter o'er again,
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]
And here impress thy Cruelty, and see what that will do
To set me free.

Ther. reads the Letter—

Finding it impossible to obey your unkind Commands, I am fled, and do resolve never to marry that Barbarian, *whose Crimes are only known to me; no, nor any other that cannot bring me his Head; whereto I sollicite* Artabazes, *and* Ismenes, *if they will obey.*

Cleomena.

If I consult my Reason and my Courage,
They say I should not love this cruel Maid.
But oh, my Reason, you're weak to counsel;
I'll think of nothing else but dying for her,
Since 'tis my Life she asks, and here demands it.
But 'tis in vain to arm my happy Rivals,
For I my self can more devoutly serve you.
'Tis I will pierce this unaccepted Heart,
Whose Flames are found so criminal—

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Sir, there's without a Youth that desires admittance.

Ther. From whom comes he?

Lys. He would not tell me that, but has a Letter,
Which he'll deliver only to your Highness.

Ther. Bring him in, it may be from *Amintas*.

Enter Cleomena *drest like a Country-Shepherd, comes bowing to him, gives him a Note.*

Ther. reads to himself—
Guard thee well, Thersander; *for thou shalt die by the Hand that brings thee this.*

[*She stabs him; he falls into* Lysander's *Arms.*

Cleo. Here's to thee, dear *Clemanthis*—

Lys. Help, Treason, help—

Ther. Ah, lovely Youth, who taught thee so much cruelty?
And why that Language with that angry Blow?

Cleo. Behold this Face, and then inform thy self.

[*Discovers her self.*

Ther. 'Tis *Cleomena!* oh ye Gods, I thank ye!
It is her Hand that wounds me,
And I'll receive my Death with perfect Joy,
If I may be permitted but to kiss
That blessed Hand that sent it.

Enter King [*and*] *Guards.*

King. *Thersander* murder'd! oh, inhumane Deed!
Drag the Traitor to a Dungeon, till we have
Invented unheard of Tortures to destroy him by—

[*The Guards seize* Cleo. *and* Sem. *who was just entring.*

My Wounds are deep as thine, my dear *Thersander;*
Oh, fatal Day, wherein one fatal Stroke.
Has laid the Hopes of *Scythia* in his Tomb!

[*The Guards go to carry* Cleo. *and* Sem. Ther. *calls 'em back.*

Ther. Oh, stay, and do not bear so rudely off
Treasures you cannot value.
—Sir,—do not treat her as my Murderer,
But as my Sovereign Deity—
Instead of Fetters, give her Crowns and Scepters;
And let her be conducted into *Dacia*,
With all the Triumphs of a Conqueror.
For me, no other Glory I desire,
Than at her Feet thus willingly to expire.
[*Goes to throw himself at her Feet, they prevent it and go off.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Council-Table: The King *of* Scythia *seated on a Throne, Officers, Attendants, Guards.*

King. Bring the fair Prisoner forth, and let's examine
What Reasons could inspire her with this Cruelty;
—How beautiful she is! [*Gazes on her.*

Enter Cleomena *in Fetters*, Lysander, *with Guards.*

Cleo. Thy Silence seems to license me to speak,
And tell thee, King, that now our Faults are equal;
My Father thou hast kill'd, and I thy Son;
This will suffice to tell thee who I am.
—Now take my Life, since I have taken his,
And thou shalt see I neither will implore
Thy needless Clemency by any Word or Sign:
But if my Birth or Sex can merit ought,
Suffer me not to languish any longer
Under these shameful Irons. [*With scorn.*

King. Cruel as Fair, 'tis with too much injustice
Thou say'st our Crimes are equal:
For thou hast kill'd a Prince that did adore thee;
And I depriv'd thy Father of his Life,
When he assaulted mine in open Field,

And so, as cannot leave a stain on thee,
Or give thee Cause to say I've done thee wrong,
But if I had, wherefore (oh, cruel Maid)
Didst thou not spare that Heart that dy'd for thee,
And bend thy Rage against thy Father's Foe?
But thou well know'st, in killing of *Thersander*,
The Father's Life would quickly follow after.

Cleo. I will not seek excuses for my actions,
But I protest to thee before the Gods,
It was not to revenge me my self on thee
I kill'd thy Son;
But what he suffered was for his own Sin,
For he has banish'd from me all on Earth
That could compleat my Happiness— [*Weeps.*
—And now dispose my Destiny as you please,
Only remember that I am a Woman.

King. What thou hast said will find but little credit:
—But yet if *Thersander* lives,
And if it please the Gods to spare that Life,
I shall have Generosity enough
To set thee free in favour of thy Sex,
And my *Thersander's* Love.

Cleo. Not dead? Why should the Gods protect him?

King. Her Soul's possest with some despair.
Madam, I doubt you need not fear his Life,
He will obey, and die as you desire— [*Weeps.*
But not with Satisfaction, till he see you
Conducted into *Dacia*.
I should not of my self have been so generous,
T' have given you freedom with the Life of him
Who did deserve a kinder Destiny;
But 'tis his Will—and possible his last.
Therefore you're free, and may depart this Camp
Whene'er you please; only this favour grant,
(If an unhappy King may hope for any)
You'll suffer him to take his last farewel.

Cleo. Immortal Gods! how can it be? a Man
Whose Wickedness arm'd me against his Life,
Shou'd shew such Virtue in the rest of's Actions.
—Sir, I will see the Prince,
Not as the Price of what you offer'd me,
But that he may confess he did deserve
A Death less glorious than I have given him:
And I shall take it well if he will own
That which may justify my Offence to you.

King. Madam, I thank you—
—Dismiss her Fetters, and if she please,
Let her have Garments suitable to her Sex,
Only the Guards attend her at a distance. [*Go out severally.*

SCENE II. [*The Grove.*] 4° Scene on Second

Enter Amintas, *drest like a Shepherd*, Urania *like a Shepherdess*, *the Druid*, Lyces, *and other dancing Swains*, &c.

Druid. Sir, I'm afraid you have made too bold a venture;
And though your Wounds were more numerous than dangerous,
I am not willing you should trust 'em to the Air.

Amin. Father, your Skill has wrought a perfect Cure,
For which, the Life you sav'd you shall command.

Ura. Me too h' has freed of all my jealous Fears,
By this eternal Knot 'twixt thee and me
Which he has tied, and Fate can ne'er undo.
—Father—to you I owe *Amintas'* Liberty—
To you his Life; and now for all my Joys,
Which if my future Service can repay,
Command with Freedom her you have preserv'd.

Amin. Come, dear *Urania*, let's hasten to the Camp;
For I impatient grow to see my Prince;
Heaven knows what my Mishap may have procur'd him.

Ura. How loth I am to leave these pretty Shades,
The Gods and Nature have design'd for Love: *
Oh, my *Amintas*, wou'd I were what I seem,

And thou some humble Villager hard by,
That knew no other pleasure than to love,
To feed thy little Herd, to tune a Pipe,
To which the Nymphs should listen all the Day;
We'd taste the Waters of these Crystal Springs,
With more delight than all delicious Wines;
And being weary, on a Bed of Moss,
Having no other Canopy but Trees,
We'd lay us down, and tell a thousand Stories.

Amin. For ever so I'd be content to dwell,
I wou'd put off all frightful Marks of War,
And wou'd appear as soft and calm to thee,
As are thy Eyes when silently they wound.
An Army I wou'd quit to lead thy Flock,
And more esteem a Chaplet wreath'd by thee,
Than the victorious Laurel.
—But come, Love makes us idle.

Druid. My Prayers ever go along with you,
And your fair Bride, *Urania.*—I cou'd wish
My Youth and Vigour were as heretofore,
When only Courts and Camps cou'd make me happy;
And then I wou'd not bid farewel so soon
To so much Virtue as I've found in you.

Amin. I humbly thank you, Father, for a Goodness
That shames my poor Returns.
Come, pretty *Lyces*, and thou, honest *Damon*,
With all the rest of our kind Train;
Let's hasten to the Camp, during this Truce,
Your little rustick Sports will find a welcome.

Ura. There are no Women in the Camp, my Lord.

Amin. No matter, thou canst not hate a Soldier,
Since I am one; and you must be obedient,
And learn to bear my Bow and Arrows now,
It is the Duty of a *Scythian's* Wife.

Ura. She that can claim *Amintas* by such Ties,
May find a Safety wheresoe'er she flies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Prison.*

Enter Orsames *joyful, and* Geron.

Ors. Am I indeed a King?
And is there such a thing as fair *Olympia?*
Hadst thou not been the first had told me this,
By Heaven, thou'dst dy'd for thus concealing it;
Not all the Obligations of my Youth
Should have preserv'd thee.

Ger. Till now I wanted Opportunity;
For had you known your Quality before,
You wou'd have grown impatient of the Crown,
And by that Haste have overthrown your Interest.

Ors. And canst thou now provide against my Ignorance?

Ger. Sir, we have gain'd the Army on our side.

Ors. What's that?

Ger. Those Numbers that I told you should adore you.

Ors. When shall I see them, *Geron?*

Ger. E'er long, Sir: should your Deliverance
Be wrought by any other Means than theirs,
It were to snatch a Glory from their Hands,
Which they design their only Recompence.

Ors. Oh, how I am transported with the Joy!
But, *Geron*, art thou sure we do not dream?

Ger. Then Life it self's a Dream—
—Hark, I hear a noise— [*Noise.*]

Within.] Kill the Dog—down with him!

Ors. Oh, how I'm ravisht with this unknown Noise!

Within.] Break down the Prison-Walls and Gates, and force your Passage—

Enter Vallentio, *follow'd by* Gorel *and a Rabble of Citizens and Officers, tearing in the Keeper all bloody.*

Val. No killing to day, my Fellow-Soldiers, if you can help it; we will not stain our Triumphs in Blood—
[*They all stand and gaze.* Ors. *gazes on them.*
Ye Gods, instruct me where to bow my Knee—

But this alone must be the Deity—

[*Kneels*, Ors. *lets him kneel, and gazes on him.*

1 *Cit.* Is that the King, Neighbour, in such mean Clothes?

Gorel. Yes, Goodman Fool, why should the Colonel kneel else?

2 *Cit.* Oh, pray, Neighbour, let me see a little, I never saw a King in all the days of my Life. Lord, Lord! is that he the Colonel kneels to?

Gorel. What Questions this ignorant Fellow asks!

3 *Cit.* Good lack-a-day, 'tis as a Man may say—'tis just such another Body as one of us, only he looks a little more terrably.

Ger. Sir, why do you let him kneel?

Ors. Rise, and let me look upon thee.

Val. Great Sir, we come to offer you a Crown,
That long has waited for this great Support;
It ought to have been presented in a more glorious order,
But Time and your Affairs permit not that.
A thousand Dangers wait upon Delay;
But though the World be yours, it is not safe
Depending on a fickle Multitude,
Whom Interest, and not Reason renders just.

Ors. Thou art a wondrous Man.

1 *Cit.* Good *Gorel*, stand back, and let me see a little; my Wife loves Newalties abominationly, and I must tell her something about the King.

Gorel. What a Pox have we to do with your Wife? stand back.

Val. Now deign, great Sir, to arm your Hand with this— [*Gives* Ors. *a Sword, he gazes on it.*
Nay, view it well, for though it be but homely,
It carries that about it can make the Wearer proud;
—An Edge—pray feel it, Sir,—'t has dealt
Many a mortal Wound—
See how it dares the Sun for Brightness, Sir!
Or if there be a Stain, it is an Ornament,

Dy'd in the Blood of those that were your Enemies:
It never made a Blow or Thrust in vain.
—How do you like it, Sir?
Ors. So well, I know not whether this or thee
Be most agreeable to me;
You need not teach me how I am to use it,
That I will leave for those that dare offend me.
Look, *Geron*, is it not a glorious Object?
There's nothing but my bright *Olympia's* Eyes
That can out-glitter this.
1 *Cit.* Hah, *Simon*, did he not talk bravely?
Val. Come, Sir, 'tis time you left this Dungeon for a Throne;
For now's the time to make the World your own.
All shouting—Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Tent.*

Enter Cleomena *and* Semiris, *drest as Women again.*
Sem. Dear Madam, I cou'd wish you'd sleep awhile.
Cleo. That Peace I have not been acquainted with
Since my *Clemanthis'* Death;
Yet now methinks my Heart's more calm and still,
And I perhaps may thus expire in silence—
—Prithee, *Semiris*, take thy Lute and sing to't,
Whilst I will try to sleep. [*Lies down on a Couch*, Sem. *plays and sings.*

SONG, made by *J. Wright* Esq:

Fair Nymph, remember all your Scorn
Will be by Time repaid;
Those Glories which that Face adorn,
And flourish as the rising Morn,
Must one day set and fade.
Then all your cold Disdain for me
Will but increase Deformity,
When still the kind will lovely be.
Compassion is of lasting Praise;
For that's the Beauty ne'er decays.

Fair Nymph, avoid those Storms of Fate
Are to the Cruel due;
The Powers above, though ne'er so late,
Can be, when they revenge your Hate,
As pitiless as you.
Know, charming Maid, the Powers divine
Did never such soft Eyes design
To wound a Heart so true as mine:
That God who my dear Flame infus'd,
Will never see it thus abus'd.

Return, my dear *Clemanthis*, oh, return,
[Cleo. *rises as in a Dream.*
And see 'tis not into thy lovely Bosom
That I have sent my Vengeance.
Sem. What mean you, Madam?
Cleo. But thou, poor Ghost—
Instead of hasting me to my Revenge,
Endeavour'st to touch me with Compassion.
Sem. Madam, who is't you follow thus and speak to?
Cleo. Thersander, why do'st rob me of that Face?
Is't to disarm me of my Indignation?
Sem. Oh, Madam, what do you do?
Cleo. Ha! dost thou see nothing?
Sem. Not any thing.
Cleo. Yonder's the *Scythian* with *Clemanthis*' Face,
Or else *Clemanthis* with *Thersander's* Wound.
Sem. Compose your Thoughts, dear Madam, 'twas a Dream,
An idle Dream, born from a troubled Fancy.
—How was it, Madam?
Cleo. Methought I saw *Clemanthis*,
As when he was most charming to my Soul,
But pale and languishing, having a Wound
Like that I gave his Murderer
To which with one of's Hands he seem'd to point;

The other stretching out with passionate Actions,
And gazing on me,—thus methought he spoke:
—See how you recompense my faithful Sufferings,
—See the performance of your Promises;
Look on this Wound which you have given my Heart,
That Heart that still ador'd you:
And yet you're not content with all these Cruelties,
Though even in your Anger and my Death,
I still continue faithful and submissive.
—Thus spoke the lovely Phantom.

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Madam, there waits without a Servant to the Prince.

Cleo. He may come in.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Madam, my dying Prince begs you may know
How willingly he does obey your Will,
And dying still implores you wou'd believe
He's guilty of no fault but having lov'd you,
For which presumption he deserves to die;
—But 'tis not by your Dagger, but your Eyes:
That was too weak to exercise your Will,
Your Cruelty had power alone to kill;
And now from you one visit he implores,
And after that he'll trouble you no more. [*Weeps.*

Cleo. That I will grant to satisfy the King.

Lys. When he is dead—
He'll send the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to you,
Who shall upbraid you with your Cruelty,
And let you see, in wounding of *Thersander*,
You've found the readiest way to kill *Clemanthis*.

Cleo. What means he by these Words?

Lys. He humbly begs you'l pardon the rough treatment
You've had among the *Scythians*,

Whose Crown, he says, *Clemanthis* promis'd you,
And he intreats you would accept it from him.
Cleo. To send the Spirit of *Clemanthis* to me—
How this agrees with my sad Dream!
How did thy Master know—
Clemanthis promis'd me the Crown of *Scythia?*—
[*Advances towards* Lys. *and she starts.*
—Sure I have seen that Face before—
—Art not *Lysander*, Page to *Clemanthis?*
Lys. Madam, I am, and ever serv'd that Master.
Cleo. How couldst thou then come near his Enemy?
Lys. Madam, it was by his Command I came.
Cleo. How could *Clemanthis* love his Murderer?
It is no wonder then that generous Spirit
Came while I slept, and pleaded for the Prince.
Lys. What means the Princess?

Enter Pimante.

Pim. Oh, Madam, I have news to tell you that will
Make you forswear ever fighting again.
Cleo. What mean you?
Pim. As I was passing through a Street of Tents,
I saw a wounded Man stretcht on the ground;
And going, as others did, to learn his Fate,
I heard him say to those that strove to help him,
Alas, my Friends, your Succours are in vain;
For now I see the Gods will be reveng'd
For brave *Clemanthis'* Murder.
How! cry'd I out, are you then one of those
Thersander sent to kill that Cavalier?
Thersander, cry'd he, had no hand in it;
But *Artabazes* set us on to kill him.
Here he began to faulter in his Speech;
And sure he spoke the truth, for 'twas his last.
Cleo. This looks like Truth. *Thersander's* every Action
Declar'd too much of Virtue and of Honour,

To be the Author of so black a Deed.
—Tell him, I'll visit him, and beg his pardon.
[*To* Lys. *who bows and goes out.*
—Generous *Thersander*, if this News be true,
My Eyes shall spare some drops for injuring you. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *Changes to* Thersander's *Tent.*]

He in a Night-gown sitting on a Couch; by him the King, *Officers, Attendants to them. Enter* Cleomena, Semiris, Pimante, Lysander; *the* King *rises to meet* Cleo. *and seats her in a Chair by him.*

Cleo. Thersander, I am come to beg thy pardon,
If thou art innocent, as I must believe thee,
And here before the King to make confession
Of what I did refuse the Queen my Mother.
—Know then, I lov'd, and with a perfect Passion,
The most unfortunate of Men, *Clemanthis.*
His Birth I never knew, but do believe
It was illustrious, as were all his Actions;
But I have lost him by a fatal accident,
That very day he should have fought with you. [*Weeps.*
Ther. Gods! where will this end? [*Aside.*
Cleo. But e'er the fatal moment of his Death,
Ismenes beg'd to know who did the Murder:
But he could answer nothing but *Thersander*,
And we believ'd it you.
Then Love and my Revenge made me a Soldier;
—You know the rest—
And doubtless you've accus'd me with Ingratitude.
Ther. No, I shall ne'er complain of *Cleomena*,
[*He kneels before her.*
If she still love *Clemanthis.*
Cleo. There needs no more to make me know that Voice.
Oh stay, this Joy too suddenly surprizes— [*Ready to swound.*
—Gently distil the Bliss into my Soul,

Lest this Excess have the effects of Grief:
—Oh, my *Clemanthis!* do I hold thee fast?
And do I find thee in the Prince of *Scythia?*

King. I lose my Reason by this strange encounter!

Ther. Was't then a secret to my *Cleomena*,
That her *Clemanthis* was the Prince of *Scythia?*
I still believ'd that was his only Crime.

Cleo. By all my Joys I knew it not—but sure
This is Enchantment; for it is as certain
These Eyes beheld thee dead.

Pim. Ay, and so did I, I'll be sworn.

Ther. That must be poor *Amintas* in my Dress,
Whose Story, when you know, you will bemoan.

Cleo. But oh my Life! the cruel Wound I gave thee,
Let me be well assur'd it is not mortal,
Or I am lost again.

King. The Surgeon gives me hopes, and 'twere convenient
You should forbid him not to speak too much—

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Arm, arm, great Sir, I think the Enemy
Is rallying afresh, for the Plain is cover'd
With numerous Troops, which swiftly make this way.

King. They dare not break the Truce.

Sold. I know not, Sir, but something of a King I heard them talk of—

Cleo. It is *Vallentio* that has kept his word—
Receive 'em, Sir, as Friends, not Enemies;
It is my Brother, who ne'er knew till now
Ought of a peopled World.

King. I long to see that Monarch, whose Friendship I Must court for you, fair Princess:
If you'll accept *Thersander* whom I offer'd,
I do not doubt an happy Peace on both sides.

Cleo. Sir, 'tis an honour which we ought to sue for.

Ther. And 'tis to me a Blessing—
I wanted Confidence to ask of Heaven.

Enter Ors. Val. Hon. Art. Ism. [Geron.] *Soldiers*, &c. Ors. *drest gay with a Truncheon in his Hand, advances first, is met by the* King, *who gaze on each other.*

Ors. If thou be'st he that art *Orsames'* Enemy,
I do demand a Sister at thy Hands.

King. Art thou *Orsames?*

Ors. So I am call'd by all that yet have view'd me:
—Look on me well—
Dost see no marks of Grandure in my Face?
Nothing that speaks me King?

King. I do believe thou art that King, and here
[*Gives him* Cleo.
I do resign that Sister thou demandest,

Ors. It is a Woman too! another Woman!
I wou'd embrace thee if I durst approach thee.

Cleo. You need not fear, you may embrace your Sister—
[Cleo. *embraces him.*

Ors. This is the kindest Women I e'er saw.

Cleo. Brother, behold this King no more your Enemy,
Since I must pay him Duty as a Father.

Enter Queen, Olympia, *Women.*

Ors. Hah, *Olympia!* sure 'tis an airy Vision—

Ger. Approach her, Sir, and try.

Qu. Permit a wretched Mother here to kneel.

King. Rise, Madam, and receive me as your Friend;
This pair of Lovers has united all our Interests.
[*Points to* Cleo. [*and* Thers.]

Qu. Heavens! what's this I see, *Clemanthis*
And the Prince of *Scythia?*

Ther. Yes, Madam, and a Man that humbly begs
The happy Title of your Son—*Honorius*,
Of you I ask the greatest Pardon— [*Talks to* Olympia.

Ors. I am a King, and do adore thee too,
And thou shalt rule a World with me, my Fair;
A Sword I'll give thee, with a painted Bow,

Whence thou shalt shoot a thousand gilded Arrows.

Olym. What to do, Sir?

Ors. To save the expence of Cruelty;
For they will kill as sure, but rightly aim'd;
This noble Fellow told me so. [*To* Val.

Olym. Sir, I'll do any thing that you will have me:
But now the Queen your Mother, Sir, expects you.

Ors. Instruct my Eyes, *Olympia*, for 'tis lately
I've learnt of some such thing.

Olym. This, Sir, you ought to kneel to her.

Ors. Must I then kneel to ought but Heaven and thee?
[*Kneels.*

Qu. My dear *Orsames*, let my Tears make way.
Before I can assure thee of my Joy.

Ors. Gods! how obliging is this kind Concern!
Not all my Passion for my fair *Olympia*
Cou'd ever yet betray me to a Tear. [*Weeps.*

Qu. Thou'st greater need of Anger than of Tears,
Having before thy Eyes thy worst of Enemies,
One that has long depriv'd thee of a Crown,
Through what she thought her Duty to the Gods;
But now repents her superstitious Error,
And humbly begs thy Pardon.

Ors. I will, if you'll implore *Olympia* but to love me.

Qu. I will, my *Orsames;* and 'tis the only Present
I can make to expiate my Fault.

Ors. And I'll receive her as the only thing
Can make me both a happy Subject and a King.
Oh, *Geron*, still if this should prove a Dream!

Ger. Sir, Dreams of Kings are much less pleasant.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Sir, there are without some Shepherdesses,
Who say they wou'd present you [*To* Ther.
Something that will not be unwelcome to your Highness.

Ther. Let them come in—

They seat themselves. Enter Amin. Ura. *maskt, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, followed with Pipes, or Wind-Musick. They dance; after which* Amin. *kneels to the Prince*, Ura. *to the Princess.*

—My dear *Amintas*, do I find thee live?
Fortune requites my Sufferings
With too large a share of Happiness.

Amin. Sir, I do live to die again for you.

Ther. This, my Divine, is he who had [*To* Cleo. 4° was
The Glory to be bewail'd by you; for him you wept;
For him had almost dy'd.

Amin. That Balm it was, that like the Weapon-salve
Heals at a distance—

Cleo. But why, *Amintas*, did you name *Thersander*,
When you were askt who wounded you?

Amin. Madam, if loss of Blood had given me leave,
I wou'd have told you how I came so habited, 4° him 1683
And who I was, though not how I was wounded.

King. Still I am in a mist, and cannot see the happy path I tread.

Ther. Anon we will explain the Mystery, Sir.

Hon. Now, great *Orsames*, 'tis but just and fit
That you receive the Rites of Coronation,
Which are not to be paid you in a Camp;
The Court will add more to that joyful Day.

King. And there we'll join our Souls as well as Swords,
Our Interests as our Families.

Ors. I am content that thou should'st give me Laws:
Come, my *Vallentio*, it shall ne'er be said
I recompense thy Services
With any thing less grateful than a Woman:
—Here, I will chuse for thee—
And when I know what 'tis I more can do,
If there be ought beyond this Gift, 'tis thine. [*Gives him* Sem.

Ther. Scythia and *Dacia* now united are:
The God of Love o'ercomes the God of War.

After a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, the Epilogue is spoken by Mrs. Barry, *as a Nymph; at his Royal Highness's second Exile into* Flanders.

EPILOGUE.

AFTER our showing Play of mighty Pains,
We here present you humble Nymphs and Swains.
Our rustick Sports sometimes may Princes please,
And Courts do oft divert in Cottages,
And prize the Joys with some young rural Maid,
On Beds of Grass beneath a lovely Shade,
'Bove all the Pride of City-Jilts, whose Arts
Are more to gain your Purses than your Hearts;
Whose chiefest Beauty lies in being fine;
And Coyness is not Virtue, but Design.
We use no Colours to adorn the Face,
No artful Looks, nor no affected Grace,
The neighbouring Stream serves for a Looking-glass.
Ambition is not known within our Groves;
Here's no Dispute for Empire, but for Loves;
The humble Swain his Birth-right here enjoys,
And fears no Danger from the publick Voice;
No Wrong nor Insolence from busy Powers,
No Rivals here for Crowns, but those of Flowers,
His Country and his Flocks enjoy with ease,
Ranges his native Fields and Groves in Peace;
Nor forc'd by Arbitrary Votes to fly
To foreign Shores for his Security.
Our humble Tributes uncompell'd we pay,
And cheerful Homage to the Lord of May;
No Emulation breaks his soft Repose,
Nor do his Wreaths or Virtues gain him Foes:
No publick Mischiefs can disturb his Reign,
And Malice would be busy here in vain.

Fathers and Sons just Love and Duty pay;
This knows to be indulgent, that t'obey.
Here's no Sedition hatcht, no other Plots,
But to entrap the Wolf that steals our Flocks.
Who then wou'd be a King, gay Crowns to wear,
Restless his Nights, thoughtful his Days with Care;
Whose Greatness, or whose Goodness can't secure
From Outrages which Knaves and Fools procure?
Greatness, be gone, we banish you from hence,
The noblest State is lowly Innocence.
Here honest Wit in Mirth and Triumph reigns,
Musick and Love shall ever bless our Swains,
And keep the Golden Age within our Woods and Plains.

THE CITY HEIRESS; OR, SIR TIMOTHY TREAT-ALL.

ARGUMENT.

The scene is London. Sir Timothy Treat-all, an old seditious knight, that keeps open house for Commonwealthsmen and true Blue Protestants, has disinherited his nephew, Tom Wilding, a town gallant and a Tory. Wilding is pursuing an intrigue with Lady Galliard, a wealthy widow, and also with Charlot, heiress to the rich Sir Nicholas Get-all, recently deceased. Lady Galliard is further hotly wooed by Sir Charles Meriwill, a young Tory, but she favours Wilding. Sir Charles is encouraged in his suit by his roystering uncle, Sir Anthony. Wilding introduces his mistress Diana to Sir Timothy as the heiress Charlot; and at an entertainment given by Sir Timothy, Charlot herself appears, disguised as a Northern lass, to watch the progress of Tom's intrigue with the widow, who eventually yields to him. Sir Charles, none the less, backed by Sir Anthony, still persists, and after various passionate scenes forces her to consent to become his bride. Meanwhile Sir Timothy has arranged a marriage with Diana, whom he firmly believes to be Charlot. During the progress of the entertainment he is visited by a strange nobleman and his retinue, who offer him the crown of Poland and great honours. That night, however, his house is rifled by thieves and his money and papers stolen. He himself is pinioned hand and foot, the foreign lord bound fast in his own room, and all his followers secured. Sir Timothy having married Diana discovers that she is none other than his nephew's mistress, and, moreover, the Polish ambassador was Tom in masquerade, the attendants and burglars his friends, who by obtaining his treasonable correspondence are able effectually to silence the old knight. Wilding is united to Charlot, whilst Lady Galliard weds Charles Meriwill.

SOURCE.

The City Heiress is most manifestly borrowed from two main sources. Sir Anthony Meriwill and Charles are Durazzo and Caldoro from Massinger's *The Guardian* (licensed 31 October, 1633, 8vo, 1655). Mrs. Behn has transferred to her play even small details and touches. The burglary, that most wonderful of all burglaries, is taken and improved from Middleton's *A Mad World, My Masters* (4to, 1608), Act ii, where Sir Bounteous Progress is robbed by Dick Folly-Wit, his grandson, in precisely the same way as Sir Timothy is choused by Tom. On 4 February, 1715, Charles Johnson produced at Drury Lane his *The Country Lasses; or, The Custom of the Manor*, a rifacimento of Fletcher's *The Custom of the Country* and *The City Heiress*. It is a well-written, lively enough comedy, but very weak and anæmic withal when compared to Mrs. Behn. B. G. Stephenson, in his vivacious libretto to Cellier's tuneful opera, *Dorothy*, produced at the Gaiety Theatre, 25 September, 1886, has made great use of Johnson's play, especially Act i, where the gallants meet the two ladies disguised as country girls; the duel scenes of Act v; and the pseudo-burglary of Act iii. He even gives his

comic sheriff's officer the name of Lurcher, who in Johnson is the rackety nephew that tricks his hospitable old uncle, Sir John English. The *Biographia Dramatica* states that Mrs. Behn 'introduced into this play *(The City Heiress)* a great part of the *Inner Temple Masque* by Middleton.' This charge is absolutely unfounded, and it would not be uninteresting to know how so complete an error arose. The two have nothing in common. It must be allowed that Mrs. Behn has displayed such wit and humour as amply to justify her plagiarisms. Sir Timothy Treat-all himself is, of course, Shaftesbury almost without disguise. There are a thousand telling hits at the President of the Council and his vices. He was also bitterly satirized in many other plays. In Nevil Payne's *The Siege of Constantinople* (1675) he appears as The Chancellor; 1680 in Otway's Shakespearean cento cum bastard classicism *Caius Marius* some very plain traits can be recognized in the grim Marius senior; in Southerne's *The Loyal Brother* (1682) Ismael, a villainous favourite; in *Venice Preserved* (1682) the lecherous Antonio; in the same year Banks caricatured him as a quite unhistorical Cardinal Wolsey, *Virtue Betray'd; or, Anna Bullen;* in Crowne's mordant *City Politics* (1683) the Podestà of a most un-Italian Naples; the following year Arius the heresiarch in Lee's *Constantine the Great;* in the operatic *Albion and Albanius* (1685), Dryden does not spare even physical infirmities and disease with the crudest yet cruellest exhibition, and five years later he attacked his old enemy once more as Benducar in that great tragedy *Don Sebastian.*

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The City Heiress; or, Sir Timothy Treat-all was produced at the Duke's House, Dorset Garden, in 1682. Downes specially mentions it as having been 'well acted', and it was indeed an 'all star' cast. It had a tremendous ovation but in spite of its great merit did not become a stock play, probably owing to the intensely political nature of much of its satirical wit, a feature necessarily ephemeral. It seems, however, to have been presented from time to time, and there was a notable revival on 10 July, 1707, at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Husband and Pack. Sir Timothy was played by Cross; Tom Wilding, Mills; Sir Anthony, Bullock; Foppington, Pack; Lady Galliard, Mrs. Bradshaw; Charlot, Mrs. Bicknall; Clacket, Mrs. Powell. It met with a very favourable reception.

To the Right Honourable *Henry* Earl of *Arundel*, and Lord *Mowbray*.

MY LORD,

'Tis long that I have with great impatience waited some opportunity to declare my infinite Respect to your Lordship, coming, I may say, into the World with a Veneration for your Illustrious Family, and being brought up with continual Praises of the Renowned Actions of your glorious Ancestors, both in War and Peace, so famous over the Christian World for their Vertue, Piety, and Learning, their elevated Birth, and greatness of Courage, and of whom all our English History are full of the Wonders of their Lives: A Family of so Ancient Nobility, and from whom so many Heroes have proceeded to bless and serve their King and Country, that all Ages and all Nations mention 'em even with Adoration: My self have been in this our Age an Eye and Ear-witness, with what Transports of Joy, with what unusual Respect and Ceremony, above what we pay to Mankind, the very Name of the Great *Howards* of *Norfolk* and *Arundel*, have been celebrated on Foreign Shores! And when any one of your Illustrious Family have pass'd the Streets, the People throng'd to praise and bless him as soon as his Name has been made known to the glad Croud. This I have seen with a Joy that became a true English heart, (who truly venerate its brave Country-men) and joyn'd my dutiful Respects and Praises with the most devout; but never had the happiness yet of any opportunity to express particularly that Admiration I have and ever had for your Lordship and your Great Family. Still, I say, I did admire you, still I wish'd and pray'd for you; 'twas all I cou'd or durst: But, as my Esteem for your Lordship daily increased with my Judgment, so nothing cou'd bring it to a more absolute height and perfection, than to observe in these troublesome times, this Age of Lying, Peaching, and Swearing with what noble Prudence, what steadiness of Mind, what Loyalty and Conduct you have evaded the Snare, that 'twas to be fear'd was laid for all the Good, the Brave, and Loyal, for all that truly lov'd our best of Kings and this distracted Country. A thousand times I have wept for fear that Impudence and Malice wou'd extend so far as to stain your Noble and ever-Loyal Family with its unavoidable Imputatious; and as often for joy, to see how undauntedly both the Illustrious Duke your Father, and your Self, stem'd the raging Torrent that threatned, with yours, the ruin of the King and Kingdom; all which had not power to shake your Constancy or Loyalty:

for which, may Heaven and Earth reward and bless you; the noble Examples to thousands of failing hearts, who from so great a President of Loyalty, became confirm'd. May Heaven and Earth bless you for your pious and resolute bravery of Mind, and Heroick honesty, when you cry'd, *Not Guilty*; that you durst, like your great self, speak Conscientious Truths in a Juncto so vitious, when Truth and Innocence was criminal: and I doubt not but the Soul of that great Sufferer bows down from Heaven in gratitude for that noble service done it. All these and a thousand marks you give of daily growing Greatness; every day produces to those like me, curious to learn the story of your Life and Actions, something that even adds a Lustre to your great Name, which one wou'd think cou'd be made no more splendid: some new Goodness, some new act of Loyalty or Courage, comes out to cheer the World and those that admire you. Nor wou'd I be the last of those that dayly congratulate and celebrate your rising Glory; nor durst I any other way approach you with it, but this humble one, which carries some Excuse along with it.

Proud of the opportunity then, I most humbly beg your Lordships' patronage of a Comedy, which has nothing to defend it, but the Honour it begs, and nothing to deserve that Honour, but its being in every part true Tory! Loyal all-over! except one Knave, which I hope no body will take to himself; or if he do, I must e'en say with *Hamlet*,

—Then let the strucken Deer go weep—

It has the luck to be well received in the Town; which (not for my Vanity) pleases me, but that thereby I find Honesty begins to come in fashion again, when Loyalty is approv'd, and Whigism becomes a Jest where'er 'tis met with. And, no doubt on't, so long as the Royal Cause has such Patrons as your Lordship, such vigorous and noble Supporters, his Majesty will be great, secure and quiet, the Nation flourishing and happy, and seditious Fools and Knaves that have so long disturb'd the Peace and Tranquility of the World, will become the business and sport of Comedy, and at last the scorn of that Rabble that fondly and blindly worshipt 'em; and whom nothing can so well convince as plain Demonstration, which is ever more powerful and prevailent than Precept, or even Preaching it self. If this have edifi'd effectual, 'tis all I wish; and that your Lordship will be pleas'd to accept the humble Offering, is all I beg, and the greatest Glory I care shou'd be done,

MY LORD,
Your Lordship's most Humble
and most Obedient Servant,
A. BEHN.

THE CITY HEIRESS;
or, Sir *Timothy Treat-all.*

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Otway*, Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*.

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In striving to reclaim a vitious Age!
Poets may write the Mischief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach,
As you regard at Church what Parsons preach.
But where such Follies, and such Vices reign,
What honest Pen has Patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye most devoutly snore;
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar:
Ye go to Church to glout, and ogle there,
And come to meet more leud convenient here.
With equal Zeal ye honour either Place,
And run so very evenly your Race,
Y' improve in Wit just as you do in Grace.
It must be so, some Dæmon has possest T. Oates
Our Land, and we have never since been blest.
Y' have seen it all, or heard of its Renown,
In Reverend Shape it stalk'd about the Town,
Six Yeomen tall attending on its Frown.
Sometimes with humble Note and zealous Lore,
'Twou'd play the Apostolick Function o'er:
But, Heaven have mercy on us when it swore.
Whene'er it swore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of its much at random Halters flew
Round some unwary Neck, by Magick thrown,
Though still the cunning Devil sav'd its own:

For when the Inchantment could no longer last,
The subtle Pug most dextrously uncas'd,
Left awful Form for one more seeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defy us;
From silken Doctor home-spun Ananias:
Left the leud Court, and did in City fix,
Where still, by its old Arts, it plays new Tricks,
And fills the Heads of Fools with Politicks.
This Dæmon lately drew in many a Guest,
To part with zealous Guinea for—no Feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible Fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their Livings,
Wou'd lay sweet Money out in Sham-Thanksgivings?
Sham-Plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er;
But who e'er paid for a Sham-Treat before?
Had you not better sent your Offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrators Hall?
I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye;
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, an old seditious Knight, that keeps open House for Commonwealthsmen and true blue Protestants, Uncle to *T. Wilding*,	Mr. *Nokes.*
Tom *Wilding*, a Tory, his discarded Nephew,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sir *Anthony Meriwill*, an old Tory Knight of *Devonshire*,	Mr. *Lee.*
Sir *Charles Meriwill*, his Nephew, a Tory also, in love with L. *Galliard*, and Friend to *Wilding*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Dresswell, a young Gentleman, Friend to *Wilding*,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Foppington, a Hanger-on on *Wilding*,	Mr. *Jevon.*
Jervice, Man to Sir *Timothy*.	
Laboir, Man to Tom *Wilding*.	
Boy, Page to Lady *Galliard*.	
Boy, Page to *Diana*.	

[Guests,] Footmen, Musick, &c.

WOMEN.

Lady *Galliard*, a rich City-Widow, in love with *Wilding*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Charlot, The City-Heiress, in love with *Wilding*,	Mrs. *Butler.*
Diana, Mistress to *Wilding*, and kept by him,	Mrs. *Corror.*
Mrs. *Clacket*, a City Baud and Puritan,	Mrs. *Norice.*
Mrs. *Closet*, Woman to Lady *Galliard*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Mrs. *Sensure*, Sir *Timothy*'s Housekeeper.	
Betty, Maid to *Diana*.	
Maid at *Charlot*'s lodging.	

SCENE, *Within the Walls of* London.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, *follow'd by* Tom Wilding *bare, Sir* Charles Meriwill, Foppington, *and Footman with a Cloke.*

Sir *Tim.* Trouble me no more: for I am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'ye see, and so forth.

Wild. I beseech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir *Tim.* No.

Wild. Dear Uncle—

Sir *Tim.* No.

Wild. You will be mortify'd—

Sir *Tim.* No.

Wild. At least hear me out, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* No, I have heard you out too often, Sir, till you have talkt me out of many a fair Thousand; have had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constables Clutches about Town, Sir; have brought you out of all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and pocky Doctors Hands, that ever pretended to cure incurable Diseases; and have crost ye out of the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-men, Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoemakers, and Sempstresses; with all the rest of the unconscionable City-tribe of the long Bill, that had but Faith enough to trust, and thought me Fool enough to pay.

Sir *Char.* But, Sir, consider, he's your own Flesh and Blood.

Sir *Tim.* That's more than I'll swear.

Sir *Char.* Your only Heir.

Sir *Tim.* That's more than you or any of his wise Associates can tell, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Why his wise Associates? Have you any

Exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young *Dresswell*, Sir, Men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir *Tim.* Why, good Sir *Charles Meriwill*, let me tell you, since you'll have it out, That you and young *Dresswell* are able to debauch, destroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

Sir *Char.* How, Sir!

Sir *Tim.* Nay, never huff, Sir; for I have six thousand Pound a Year, and value no Man: Neither do I speak so much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, such Tarmagant Tories as these, [*To* Fop.] who are the very Vermin of a young Heir, and for one tickling give him a thousand bites.

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir *Tim.* Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never stare, Sir; I fear you not; No Man's hectoring signifies this—in the City, but the Constables: no body dares be saucy here, except it be in the King's name.

Sir *Char.* Sir, I confess he was to blame.

Sir *Tim.* Sir *Charles*, thanks to Heaven, you may be leud, you have a plentiful Estate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil: your Uncle, Sir *Anthony Meriwill*, intends to give you all his Estate too. But for such Sparks as this, and my Fop in Fashion here, why, with what Face, Conscience, or Religion, can they be leud and vitious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and so forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir *Char.* If he hath youthful Vices, he has Virtues too.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, he had, but I know not, you have bewitch'd him amongst ye. [*weeping.*] Before he fell to Toryism, he was a sober, civil Youth, and had some Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers Night and Morning with a laudable Voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; 'twou'd have done one's Heart good to have heard him—wore decent Clothes, was drunk but on Sundays and Holidays; and then I had Hopes of him. [*Still weeping.*

Wild. Ay, Heaven forgive me.

Sir *Char.* But, Sir, he's now become a new Man, is casting off all his Women, is drunk not above five or six times a week, swears not above once in a quarter of an Hour, nor has not gam'd this two Days—

Sir *Tim.* 'Twas because the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir *Char.*—Begins to take up at Coffee-houses, talks gravely in the City, speaks scandalously of the Government, and rails most abominably against the Pope and the *French* King.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, this shall not wheedle me out of one *English* Guinea; and so I told him yesterday.

Wild. You did so, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Yes; by a good Token you were witty upon me, and swore I lov'd and honoured the King no where but on his Coin.

Sir *Char.* Is it possible, Sir.

Wild. God forgive me, Sir; I confess I was a little overtaken.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, so it shou'd seem: for he mistook his own Chamber, and went to bed to my Maid's.

Sir *Char.* How! to bed to your Maid's! Sure, Sir, 'tis scandal on him.

Sir *Tim.* No, no, he makes his brags on't, Sir. Oh, that crying Sin of Boasting! Well fare, I say, the Days of old *Oliver;* he by a wholesom Act made it death to boast; so that then a Man might whore his Heart out, and no body the wiser.

Sir *Char.* Right, Sir, and then the Men pass'd for sober religious Persons, and the Women for as demure Saints—

Sir *Tim.* Ay, then there was no scandal; but now they do not only boast what they do, but what they do not.

Wild. I'll take care that fault shall be mended, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, so will I, if Poverty has any Feats of Mortification; and so farewel to you, Sir. [*Going.*

Wild. Stay, Sir, are you resolv'd to be so cruel then, and ruin all my Fortunes now depending?

Sir *Tim.* Most religiously—

Wild. You are?

Sir *Tim.* I am.

Wild. Death, I'll rob.

Sir *Tim.* Do and be hang'd.

Wild. Nay, I'll turn Papist.

Sir *Tim.* Do and be damn'd.

Sir *Char.* Bless me, Sir, what a Scandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls!*

Sir *Tim.* Hum! I had rather indeed he turn'd *Turk* or *Jew*, for his own sake; but as for scandalizing me, I defy it: My Integrity has been known ever since Forty one; I bought three Thousand a year in Bishops Lands, as 'tis well known, and lost it at the King's return; for which I'm honour'd by the City. But for his farther Satisfaction, Consolation, and Destruction, know, That I Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my self young enough to marry, d'ye see, and will wipe your Nose with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and so forth. [*Going away.*

Wild. Death! marry!

Sir *Char.* Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't spoil all.

Wild. Damn him, I've lost all Patience, and can dissemble no longer, though I lose all—Very good, Sir; harkye, I hope she's young and handsome; or if she be not, amongst the numerous lusty-stomacht Whigs that daily nose your publick Dinners, some may be found, that either for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your Treats. You keep open House to all the Party, not for Mirth, Generosity or good Nature, but for Roguery. You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance, gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts, Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-headed Fools, and Malecontents: You guttle and fawn on all, and all in hopes of debauching the King's Liege-people into Commonwealthsmen; and rather

than lose a Convert, you'll pimp for him. These are your nightly Debauches—Nay, rather than you shall want it, I'll cuckold you my self in pure Revenge.

Sir *Tim.* How! Cuckold his own natural Uncle!

Sir *Char.* Oh, he cannot be so profane.

Wild. Profane! why he deny'd but now the having any share in me; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my Wits, you say, and your old rich good-natur'd Cuckold is as sure a Revenue to a handsome young Cadet, as a thousand Pound a Year. Your tolerable Face and Shape is an Estate in the City, and a better Bank than your Six *per Cent.* at any time.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Sir, since Nature has furnisht you so well, you need but up and ride, show and be rich; and so your Servant, witty Mr. *Wilding.*

[*Goes out. He looks after him.*

Sir *Char.* Whilst I am labouring another's good, I quite neglect my own. This cursed, proud, disdainful Lady *Galliard*, is ever in my Head; she's now at Church, I'm sure, not for Devotion, but to shew her Charms, and throw her Darts amongst the gazing Croud; and grows more vain by Conquest. I'm near the Church, and must step in, though it cost me a new Wound. [Wild. *stands pausing.*

Wild. I am resolv'd—Well, dear *Charles*, let's sup together to night, and contrive some way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I must leave thee now, for I have an Assignation here at Church.

Sir *Char.* Hah! at Church!

Wild. Ay, *Charles*, with the dearest She-Saint, and I hope Sinner.

Sir *Char.* What, at Church? Pox, I shall be discover'd now in my Amours. That's an odd place for Love-Intrigues.

Wild. Oh, I am to pass for a sober, discreet Person to the Relations; but for my Mistress, she's made of no such sanctify'd Materials; she is a Widow, *Charles*, young, rich, and beautiful.

Sir *Char.* Hah! if this shou'd prove my Widow, now. [*Aside.*

Wild. And though at her own dispose, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her against the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing so much as her Daughter's marrying a villanous Tory. So the young one is forc'd to dissemble Religion, the best Mask to hide a kind Mistress in.

Sir *Char.* This must be my Lady *Galliard.* [*Aside.*

Wild. There is at present some ill understanding between us; some damn'd Honourable Fop lays siege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elsewhere, return her cold Disdain, but now and then she crosses my Heart too violently to resist her. In one of these hot Fits I now am, and must find some occasion to speak to her.

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, it must be she—I am studying now, amongst all our She-Acquaintance, who this shou'd be.

Wild. Oh, this is of Quality to be conceal'd; but the dearest loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lillies, smooth as Rushes, and plump as Grapes after a Shower, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of Disdain, and yet bewitching sweet; but when she loves soft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour, Oh, damn the Nonsense! wou'd be all my own.

Sir *Char.* 'Tis she, by Heaven! [*Aside.*] Methinks this Widow shou'd prove a good Income to you, as things now stand between you and your Uncle.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, but I am otherways dispos'd of. There is the most charming pretty thing in nature fallen in love with this Person of mine, a rich City-Heiress, *Charles*, and I have her in possession.

Sir *Char.* How can you love two at once? I've been as wild and as extravagant, as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arrived to that degree of Leudness,

to deal my Heart about: my Hours I might, but Love shou'd be intire.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, two such bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lye:—But Love divides us, and I must into Church. Adieu till Night. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Char.* And I must follow, to resolve my Heart in what it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloke. [*Takes his Cloke from his Man, and puts it on.*] Hah, Church is done! See, they are coming forth!

Enter People cross the Stage, as from Church; amongst 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, *follow'd by Sir* Timothy Treat-all.

Hah, my Uncle! He must not see me here.

[*Throws his Cloke over his Face.*

Sir *Tim.* What my old Friend and Acquaintance, Sir *Anthony Meriwill!*

Sir *Anth.* Sir *Timothy Treat-all!*

Sir *Tim.* Why, how long have you been in Town, Sir?

Sir *Anth.* About three days, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Three days, and never came to dine with me! 'tis unpardonable! What, you keep close to the Church, I see: You are for the Surplice still, old Orthodox you; the Times cannot mend you, I see.

Sir *Anth.* No, nor shall they mar me, Sir.

Sir *Char.* They are discoursing; I'll pass by. [*Aside.*

[*Ex. Sir* Charles.

Sir *Anth.* As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, needs must when the Devil drives. I go to save my Bacon, as they say, once a Month, and that too after the Porridge is serv'd up.

Sir *Anth.* Those that made it, Sir, are wiser than we. For my part, I love good wholesom Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to the King and Superiors, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this Morning made a notable Sermon. By *George*, our Country-Vicars

are mere Scholars to your Gentlemen Town-Parsons! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Divisions upon't! 'twould make a Man sin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the rest of the deadly number.

Sir *Tim.* Good lack! an he were so good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd best carry your Nephew, Sir *Charles Meriwill*, to Church; he wants a little documentizing that way.

Sir *Anth.* Hum! you keep your old wont still; a Man can begin no Discourse to you, be it of *Prester John*, but you still conclude with my Nephew.

Sir *Tim.* Good Lord! Sir *Anthony*, you need not be so purty; what I say, is the Discourse of the whole City, how lavishly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir *Anth.* The City! The City's a grumbling, lying, dissatisfy'd City, and no wise or honest Man regards what it says. Do you, or any of the City, stand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor? He spends what I allow him, Sir, his own; and you're a Fool, or Knave, chuse ye whether, to concern your self.

Sir *Tim.* Good lack! I speak but what wiser Men discourse.

Sir *Anth.* Wiser Men! wiser Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up, a hopeful Youth, to keep a Merchant's Book, or send him to chop Logick in an University, and have him returned an arrant learned Ass, to simper, and look demure, and start at Oaths and Wenches, whilst I fell his Woods, and grant Leases: And lastly, to make good what I have cozen'd him of, force him to marry Mrs. *Crump*, the ill-favour'd Daughter of some Right Worshipful.—A Pox of all of such Guardians!

Sir *Tim.* Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir *Anth.* What Sin, what Expences? He wears good Clothes, why, Trades-men get the more by him; he keeps

his Coach, 'tis for his Ease; a Mistress, 'tis for his Pleasure; he games, 'tis for his Diversion: And where's the harm of this? is there ought else you can accuse him with?

Sir *Tim.* Yes,—a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too. [*Aside.* Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir *Anth.* If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked!

Sir *Tim.* But I mean honourably—

Sir *Anth.* Honourably! why do you know any Infirmity in him, why he shou'd not marry? [*Angrily.*

Sir *Tim.* Not I, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* Not you, Sir? why then you're an Ass, Sir—But is this Lady young and handsom?

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and rich too, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* No matter for Money, so she love the Boy.

Sir *Tim.* Love him! No, Sir, she neither does, nor shall love him.

Sir *Anth.* How, Sir, nor shall love him! By *George*, but she shall, and lie with him too, if I please, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* How, Sir! lie with a rich City-Widow, and a Lady, and to be married to a fine Reverend old Gentleman within a day or two?

Sir *Anth.* His Name, Sir, his Name; I'll dispatch him presently. [*Offers to draw.*

Sir *Tim.* How, Sir, dispatch him!—Your Servant, Sir. [*Offers to go.*

Sir *Anth.* Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. [*Draws.*

Sir *Tim.* How, draw, Sir!

Sir *Anth.* Ay, draw, Sir; not my Nephew have the Widow!

Sir *Tim.* With all my Soul, Sir; I love and honour your Nephew. I his Rival! alas, Sir, I'm not so fond of Cuckoldom. Pray, Sir, let me see you and Sir *Charles* at my House, I may serve him in this business; and so I take my leave, Sir—Draw quoth-a! Pox upon him for an old Tory-rory. [*Aside. Exit.*

Enter as from Church, L. Galliard, Closet, *and Footman:* Wilding *passes carelessly by her*, *Sir* Charles Meriwill *following*, *wrapt up in his Cloke.*

Sir *Anth.* Who's here? *Charles* muffled in a Cloke peering after a Woman? My own Boy to a Hair! She's handsom too. I'll step aside; for I must see the meaning on't. [*Goes aside.*

L. *Gal.* Bless me! how unconcern'd he pass'd!

Clos. He bow'd low, Madam.

L. *Gal.* But 'twas in such a fashion, as exprest Indifferency, much worse than Hate from *Wilding.*

Clos. Your Ladyship has us'd him ill of late; yet if your Ladyship please, I'll call him back.

L. *Gal.* I'll die first—Hah, he's going! Yet now I think on't I have a Toy of his, which to express my scorn, I'll give him back now—this Ring.

Clos. Shall I carry it, Madam?

L. *Gal.* You'll not express Disdain enough in the Delivery; and you may call him back. [Clos. *goes to* Wild.

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, she's fond of him. [*Aside.*

Wild. Oh, Mrs. *Closet!* is it you?—Madam, your Servant: By this Disdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has mistaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladyship speak with me?

L. *Gal.* Yes.—But what? the God of Love instruct me. [*Aside.*

Wild. Command me quickly, Madam; for I have business.

L. *Gal.* Nay, then I cannot be discreet in Love. [*Aside.*

—Your business once was Love, nor had no idle hours
To throw away on any other thought;
You lov'd, as if you had no other Faculties,
As if you'd meant to gain eternal Bliss,
By that Devotion only: And see how now you're chang'd.

Wild. Not I, by Heaven; 'tis you are only chang'd.

I thought you'd lov'd me too, curse on the dull mistake!

But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy
That mutual Love affords,
You turn'd me off from Honour,
That Nothing, fram'd by some old sullen Maid,
That wanted Charms to kindle Flames when young.

Sir *Anth.* By *George*, he's i'th' right. [*Aside.*

Sir *Char.* Death! can she hear this Language? [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* How dare you name this to me any more?
Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Youth,
My Quality, and Fame?

Wild. No, by Heaven, all these increase my Flame.

L. *Gal.* Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where
You got the boldness to approach me with it.

Wild. Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

L. *Gal.* From mine! Heavens, what Contempt is this?

Wild. When first I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)
They were for Honour all;
But wiser you, thanks to your Mother's care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of Scandal, and my leud Opinion,
Forbad me wish that way; 'twas kindly urg'd;
You cou'd not then forbid my Passion too,
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes
Receive the cruel Sentence of my Death.

Sir *Anth.* Gad, a fine Fellow this!

L. *Gal.* To save my Life, I wou'd not marry thee.

Wild. That's kindly said.
But to save mine, thou't do a kinder thing;
—I know thou wo't.

L. *Gal.* What, yield my Honour up!
And after find it sacrific'd anew,
And made the scorn of a triumphing Wife!

Sir *Anth.* Gad, she's i'th' right too! a noble Girl I'll warrant her.

L. *Gal.* But you disdain to satisfy these fears;

And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,
Demand the Town, without the least Conditions.

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, she yields apace. [*Aside.*

Sir. *Anth.* Pox on't, wou'd I had ne'er seen her; now I have Legions of small *Cupids* at Hot-cockles in my Heart.

Wild. Now I am pausing on that word Conditions.
Thou say'st thou wou't not have me marry thee;
That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes
And put 'em out to hate thee;
Or like our Stage-smitten Youth, who fall in Love with a Woman for acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage, deprive her of the only Charm she had,
Then leave her to ill Luck.

Sir *Ant.* Gad, he's i'th' right again too! a rare Fellow!

Wild. For, Widow, know, hadst thou more Beauty, yet not all of 'em were half so great a Charm as they not being mine.

Sir *Anth.* Hum! how will he make that out now?

Wild. The stealths of Love, the midnight kind Admittance,
The gloomy Bed, the soft breath'd murmuring Passion;
Ah, who can guess at Joys thus snatch'd by parcels?
The difficulty makes us always wishing,
Whilst on thy part, Fear makes still some resistance;
And every Blessing seems a kind of Rape.

Sir *Anth.* H'as don't!—A Divine Fellow that; just of my Religion. I am studying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother.

[*L.* Gal. *walks away.* Wild. *follows.*

L. *Gal.* Tempt me no more! what dull unwary Flame
Possest me all this while! Confusion on thee, [*In Rage.*
And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.
Diseases ruin that bewitching Form,
That with the soft feign'd Vows debaucht my Heart.

Sir *Char.* Heavens! can I yet endure! [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* By all that's good, I'll marry instantly;

Marry, and save my last Stake, Honour, yet,
Or thou wilt rook me out of all at last.

Wild. Marry! thou canst not do a better thing;
There are a thousand Matrimonial Fops,
Fine Fools of Fortune,
Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.

L. *Gal.* That will be manag'd by a Man of Wit.

Wild. Right.

L. *Gal.* I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

Wild. A Friend of mine! then he must be my Cuckold.

Sir *Char.* Very fine! can I endure yet more? [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* Perhaps it is your Uncle.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle! [*Sir* Charles *makes up to 'em.*

Sir *Anth.* Hah, my *Charles!* why, well said, *Charles*, he bore up briskly to her.

Sir *Char.* Ah, Madam, may I presume to tell you—

Sir *Anth.* Ah, Pox, that was stark naught! he begins like a Fore-man o'th' Shop, to his Master's Daughter.

Wild. How, *Charles Meriwill* acquainted with my Widow!

Sir *Char.* Why do you wear that scorn upon your Face?
I've nought but honest meaning in my Passion,
Whilst him you favour so profanes your Beauties,
In scorn of Marriage and Religious Rites,
Attempts the ruin of your sacred Honour.

L. *Gal.* Hah, *Wilding* boast my Love! [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* The Devil take him, my Nephew's quite spoil'd! Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

L. *Gal.* Pray leave me, Sir.—

Wild. Damn it, since he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame.
You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

Sir *Char.* How, this from thee! nay, then I must take more.
And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,
T' approach that Lady with your saucy Passion.

Sir *Anth.* Gad, well done, *Charles!* here must be sport anon.

Wild. I will not answer every idle Question.

Sir *Char.* Death, you dare not.

Wild. How, dare not!

Sir *Char.* No, dare not; for if you did—

Wild. What durst you, if I did?

Sir *Char.* Death, cut your Throat, Sir.

[*Taking hold on him roughly.*

Sir *Anth.* Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curse him that parts ye. [*Taking 'em asunder, they draw.*

L. *Gal.* Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir *Char.* There rest my Sword to all Eternity.

[*Lays his Sword at her Feet.*

L. *Gal.* Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,
If you were e'er acquainted with that Virtue,
To see my Face no more,
Who durst dispute your Interest in me thus,
As for a common Mistress, in your Drink.

[*She goes out, and all but* Wild. *Sir* Anth. *and Sir* Char. *who stands sadly looking after her.*

Sir *Anth.* A Heavenly Girl!—Well, now she's gone, by *George*, I am for disputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

Sir *Char.* I wo'not fight.

Wild. Another time will decide it, Sir. [Wild. *goes out.*

Sir *Anth.* After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected such a Farce?—Come, *Charles*, take up thy sword, *Charles;* and d'ye hear forget me this Woman.—

Sir *Char.* Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing so excellent!

Sir *Anth.* You lye, Sirrah, you lye, there's a thousand
As fair, as young, and kinder by this day.
We'll into th' Country, *Charles*, where every Grove
Affords us rustick Beauties,
That know no Pride nor Painting,
And that will take it and be thankful, *Charles;*

Fine wholesom Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,
Fit for the gathering, *Charles.*

Sir *Char.* Oh, Sir, I cannot relish the coarse Fare.
But what's all this, Sir, to my present Passion?

Sir *Anth.* Passion, Sir! you shall have no Passion, Sir.

Sir *Char.* No Passion, Sir! shall I have Life and Breath?

Sir *Anth.* It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and pleasure.

—Why how now! saucy Boys be their own Carvers?

Sir *Char.* Sir, I am all Obedience. [*Bowing and sighing.*

Sir *Anth.* Obedience! Was ever such a Blockhead! why then, if I command it, you will not love this Woman?

Sir *Char.* No, Sir.

Sir *Anth*, No, Sir! But I say, Yes, Sir, love her me; and love her me like a Man too, or I'll renounce ye, Sir.

Sir *Char.* I've try'd all ways to win upon her Heart,
Presented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and wept.

Sir *Anth.* Why, there's it now; I thought so: kneel'd and wept! a Pox upon thee—I took thee for a prettier Fellow—
You shou'd have huft and bluster'd at her door,
Been very impudent and saucy, Sir,
Leud, ruffling, mad; courted at all hours and seasons;
Let her not rest, nor eat, nor sleep, nor visit.
Believe me, *Charles*, Women love Importunity.
Watch her close, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till she confess the Devil in her,—Love.

Sir *Char.* I cannot, Sir,
Her Eyes strike such an awe into my Soul—

Sir *Anth.* Strike such a Fiddle-stick.—Sirrah, I say, do't; what, you can towse a Wench as handsomely—You can be leud enough upon occasion. I know not the Lady, nor her Fortune; but I'm resolv'd thou shalt have her, with practising a little Courtship of my Mode.—Come—
Come, my Boy *Charles*, since thou must needs be doing,
I'll shew thee how to go a Widow-wooing.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

Enter Charlot, Foppington, *and* Clacket.

Charl. Enough, I've heard enough of *Wilding's* Vices, to know I am undone. [*Weeps.*
—*Galliard* his Mistress too? I never saw her, but I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune:
That Rival may be dangerous.

Fop. Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady *Galliard*, even in the height of his Love to you; nay, even whilst his Uncle courts her for a Wife, he designs himself for a Gallant.

Charl. Wondrous Inconstancy and Impudence!

Mrs. *Clack.* Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr. *Foppington's* Information; therefore if you respect your Reputation, retreat in time.

Charl. Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away with your Friend, Mr. *Wilding.*

Mrs. *Clack.* Ah, that ever I shou'd live to see [*Weeps*] the sole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, ran away with one of the leudest Heathens about Town!

Charl. How, your Friend, Mr. *Wilding*, a Heathen; and with you too, Mrs. *Clacket!* that Friend, Mr. *Wilding*, who thought none so worthy as Mrs. *Clacket*, to trust with so great a Secret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam. 'Slife, if you must marry a Man to buy him Breeches, marry an honest Man, a Religious Man, a Man that bears a Conscience, and will do a Woman some Reason—
Why, here's Mr. *Foppington*, Madam; here's a Shape, here's a Face, a Back as strait as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

Charl. How! buy him Breeches! Has *Wilding* then no Fortune?

Fop. Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well; so, so, as the Dice run; and now and then he lights upon a Squire,

or so, and between fair and foul Play, he makes a shift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

Charl. How! does his Uncle allow him no present Maintenance?

Fop. No, nor future Hopes neither: Therefore, Madam, I hope you will see the Difference between him and a Man of Parts, that adores you. [*Smiling and bowing.*

Charl. If I find all this true you tell me, I shall know how to value my self and those that love me.

—This may be yet a Rascal.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Mistress, Mr. *Wilding's* below. [*Exit.*

Fop. Below! Oh, Heaven, Madam, do not expose me to his Fury, for being too zealous in your Service.

[*In great Disorder.*

Charl. I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

Fop. Death! to be seen here, would expose my Life. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Here, here, step out upon the Stair-case, and slip into my Chamber. [*Going out, returns in fright.*

Fop. Owns, he's here; lock the Door fast; let him not enter.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, Heavens, I have not the Key! hold it, hold it fast, sweet, sweet Mr. *Foppington.* Oh, should there be Murder done, what a Scandal wou'd that be to the House of a true Protestant! [*Knocks.*

Charl. Heavens! what will he say or think, to see me shut in with a Man?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, I'll say you're sick, asleep, or out of Humour.

Charl. I'd give the World to see him. [*Knocks.*

Wild. [*Without.*] *Charlot, Charlot!* am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the Door.

[*Knocks again;* Fop. *still holding it.*

Fop. Oh, I'm a dead Man, dear *Clacket!* [*Knocking still.*

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, hold, Sir, Mrs. *Charlot* is very sick.

Wild. How, sick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. *Clack.* She begs you'll come again an Hour hence.

Wild. Delay'd! by Heaven, I will have entrance.

Fop. Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may starve me.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, he will not break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; Mrs. *Charlot* is just—just—shifting her self, Sir; you will not be so uncivil as to press in, I hope, at such a Time.

Charl. I have a fine time on't, between ye, to have him think I am stripping my self before Mr. *Foppington*—Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

[Wild. *breaks open the Door and rushes in:* Fop. *stands close up at the entrance till he is past him, then venturing to slip out, finds* Wild. *has made fast the Door: so he is forc'd to return again and stand close up behind* Wild. *with signs of Fear.*

Wild. How now, *Charlot*, what means this new Unkindness? what, not a Word?

Charl. There is so little Musick in my Voice, you do not care to hear it: you have been better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

Wild. Yes, faith, and so I have, *Charlot:* damn'd Business, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

Charl. Or that other Enemy to Love, damn'd Wenching.

Wild. Wenching! how ill hast thou tim'd thy Jealousy! What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty Sum, wou'd venture out his Stock to day in little Parcels, and lose his Credit by it?

Charl. You wou'd, perfidious as you are, though all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit. [*Angry.*

Wild. So, hark ye, Mrs. *Clacket*, you have been prating I find in my Absence, giving me a handsom Character to *Charlot*—You hate any good thing shou'd go by your own Nose. [*Aside to* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* By my Nose, Mr. *Wilding!* I defy you: I'd have you to know, I scorn any good thing shou'd go by my Nose in an uncivil way.

Wild. I believe so.

Mrs. *Clack.* Have I been the Confident to all your Secrets this three years, in Sickness and in Health, for richer, for poorer; conceal'd the Nature of your wicked Diseases, under the honest Name of Surfeits; call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor, to keep up your Reputation; civilly receiv'd your t'other end of the Town young Relations at all Hours—

Wild. High!

Mrs. *Clack.* Been up with you, and down with you early and late, by Night and by Day; let you in at all Hours, drunk and sober, single and double; and civilly withdrawn, and modestly shut the Door after me?

Wild. What! The Storm's up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

Mrs. *Clack.* And I am thus rewarded for my Pains!

[*Weeps.*

Wild. So Tempests are allay'd by Showers of Rain.

Mrs. *Clack.* That I shou'd be charg'd with speaking ill of you, so honest, so civil a Gentleman—

Charl. No, I have better Witness of your Falshood.

Fop. Hah, 'Sdeath, she'll name me!

Wild. What mean you, my *Charlot?*
Do you not think I love you?

Charl. Go ask my Lady *Galliard*, she keeps the best Account of all your Sighs and Vows,
And robs me of my dearest softer Hours. [*Kindly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* You cannot hold from being kind to him.

[*Aside.*

Wild. Galliard! How came she by that Secret of my Life? [*Aside.*] Why, ay, 'tis true, I am there sometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

Charl. Ay, that Uncle too—
You swore to me you were your Uncle's Heir;

But you perhaps may chance to get him one,
If the Lady prove not cruel.

Wild. Death and the Devil, what Rascal has been prating to her! [*Aside.*

Charl. Whilst I am reserv'd for a dead Lift, if Fortune prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory:
Yet I cou'd love you though you were a Slave,
[*In a soft Tone to him.*
And I were Queen of all the Universe.

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, there you spoil'd all again—you forgot your self.

Charl. And all the World when he looks kindly on me.
But I'll take Courage and be very angry. [*Aside.*
Nor do your Perjuries rest here; you're equally as false to *Galliard*, as to me; false for a little Mistress of the Town, whom you've set up in spite to Quality. [*Angry.*

Mrs. *Clack.* So, that was home and handsom.

Wild. What damn'd Informer does she keep in pension?

Charl. And can you think my Fortune and my Youth Merits no better Treatment? [*Angry.*
How cou'd you have the Heart to use me so? [*Soft to him.*
I fall insensibly to Love and Fondness. [*Aside.*

Wild. Ah, my dear *Charlot!* you who know my Heart, can you believe me false?

Charl. In every Syllable, in every Look;
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit.
You said you lov'd me, where was then your Truth?
You swore you were to be your Uncle's Heir;
Where was your Confidence of me the while.
To think my Generosity so scanted,
To love you for your Fortune?
—How every Look betrays my yielding Heart! [*Aside.*
No, since Men are grown so cunning in their
Trade of Love, the necessary Vice I'll practise too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncle's Heir,

I'll marry ye to morrow.
Of all thy Cheats, that was the most unkind,
Because you thought to conquer by that Lye.
To night I'll be resolv'd.

Wild. Hum! to night!

Charl. To night, or I will think you love me for my Fortune;
Which if you find elsewhere to more advantage,
I may unpitied die—and I shou'd die
If you should prove untrue. [*Tenderly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* There you've dasht all again.

Wild. I'm resolv'd to keep my Credit with her—
Here's my Hand;
This Night, *Charlot*, I'll let you see the Writings.
—But how? a Pox on him that knows for *Thomas.* [*Aside.*

Charl. Hah! that Hand without the Ring!
Nay, never study for a handsom Lye.

Wild. Ring? Oh, ay, I left it in my Dressing-room this Morning.

Charl. See how thou hast inur'd thy Tongue to falshood!
Did you not send it to a certain Creature
They call *Diana*,
From off that Hand that plighted Faith to me?

Wild. By Heaven, 'tis Witchcraft all;
Unless this Villain *Foppington* betray me.
Those sort of Rascals would do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine—I'll kill the Fool—hah, here!
[*Turns quick, and sees him behind him.*

Fop. Here, Lord! Lord!
Where were thy Eyes, dear *Wilding?*

Wild. Where they have spy'd a Rascal.
Where was this Property conceal'd?

Fop. Conceal'd! What dost thou mean, dear *Tom?*
Why, I stood as plain as the Nose on thy Face, mun.

Wild. But 'tis the ungrateful Quality of all your sort to make such base returns.

How got this Rogue Admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his treacherous Lyes?

Fop. Admittance! why thou art stark mad: Did not I come in with you, that is, follow'd you?

Wild. Whither?

Fop. Why, into the House, up stairs, stood behind you when you swore you wou'd come in, and follow'd you in!

Wild. All this, and I not see!

Fop. Oh, Love's blind; but this Lady saw me, Mrs. *Clacket* saw me—Admittance quotha!

Wild. Why did you not speak?

Fop. Speak! I was so amaz'd at what I heard, the villanous Scandals laid on you by some pick-thank Rogue or other, I had no Power.

Wild. Ay, thou know'st how I am wrong'd.

Fop. Oh, most damnably, Sir!

Wild. Abuse me to my Mistress too!

Fop. Oh, Villains! Dogs!

Charl. Do you think they have wrong'd him, Sir? for I'll believe you.

Fop. Do I think, Madam? Ay, I think him a Son of a Whore that said it; and I'll cut his Throat.

Mrs. *Clack.* Well, this Impudence is a heavenly Virtue.

Wild. You see now, Madam, how Innocence may suffer.

Charl. In spite of all thy villanous dissembling,
I must believe, and love thee for my quiet.

Wild. That's kind; and if before to morrow I do not shew you I deserve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me—Farewel—I know where both my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Estate.

My Craft will be in catching; which if past,
Her Love secures me the kind Wench at last. [*Aside.*

[*Goes out with* Fop.

Mrs. *Clack.* What if he should not chance to keep his Word now?

Charl. How, if he shou'd not! by all that's good, if he shou'd not, I am resolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty Shift with three thousand Pound a year; yet I wou'd fain be resolv'd how Affairs stand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the World to see that Widow too, that Lady *Galliard*.

Mrs. *Clack.* If you're bent upon't, I'll tell you what we'll do, Madam; There's every Day mighty Feasting here at his Uncle's hard by, and you shall disguise your self as well as you can, and so go for a Niece of mine I have coming out of *Scotland;* there you will not fail of seeing my Lady *Galliard*, though, I doubt, not Mr. *Wilding*, who is of late discarded.

Charl. Enough; I am resolv'd upon this Design; let's in and practise the northern Dialect. [*Ex. both.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Enter Wilding *and* Foppington.

Wild. But then *Diana* took the Ring at last?

Fop. Greedily, but rail'd, and swore, and ranted at your late Unkindness, and wou'd not be appeas'd.

Enter Dresswell.

Wild. Dresswell, I was just going to see for thee.

Dres. I'm glad, dear *Tom*, I'm here to serve thee.

Wild. And now I've found thee, thou must along with me.

Dres. Whither? but I'll not ask, but obey.

Wild. To a kind Sinner, *Frank.*

Dres. Pox on 'em all; prithee turn out those petty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear *Wilding*, of which thou never knew'st the Pleasure yet, or not above a day.

Wild. Not knew the Pleasure! Death, the very Essence, the first Draughts of Love. Ah, how pleasant 'tis to drink when a Man's a dry!

The rest is all but dully sipping on.

Dres. And yet this *Diana*, for thither thou art going, thou hast been constant to this three or four Years.

Wild. A constant Keeper thou mean'st; which is indeed enough to get the Scandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not, those sort of Baggages have a kind of Fascination so inticing—and faith, after the Fatigues of formal Visits to a Man's dull Relations, or what's as bad, to Women of Quality; after the busy Afflictions of the Day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, *Frank*, a Man's best Retirement is with a soft kind Wench. But to say Truth, I have a farther Design in my Visit now. Thou know'st how I stand past hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindness of my Uncle.

Dres. True.

Wild. My leud Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcilable Quarrel, so that I having many and hopeful Intrigues now depending, especially those of my charming Widow, and my City-Heiress, which can by no means be carried on without that damn'd necessary call'd ready Mony; I have stretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Clothes must be had, they must, my Friend.

Dres. Why do'st thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady *Galliard?* or this young Heiress you speak of?

Wild. But Marriage, *Frank*, is such a Bugbear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered together, and sleep with his Fathers, and then I shall have six thousand Pound a Year, and the wide World before me; and who the Devil cou'd relish these Blessings with the clog of a Wife behind him?—But till then, Money must be had, I say.

Fop. Ay, but how, Sir?

Wild. Why, from the old Fountain, *Jack*, my Uncle; he has himself decreed it: He tells me I must live upon my Wits, and will, *Frank*.

Fop. Gad, I'm impatient to know how.

Wild. I believe thee, for thou art out at Elbows; and when I thrive, you show it i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and at Coffee-houses. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than *Lilly* with all his Schemes and Stars.

Fop. I own I thrive by your influence, Sir.

Dres. Well, but to your Project, Friend, to which I'll set a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

Wild. You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all.

[*Going out, they meet* Diana, *who enters with her Maid* Betty, *and* Boy, *looks angrily.*

—*Diana*, I was just going to thy Lodgings!

Dia. Oh, las, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heiress.

Wild. That's no cause of quarrel between you and I, *Diana:* you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the Death of my Uncle; for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husband's Mistress; and Women of your sort, *Diana*, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

Dia. Do, try to appease the easy Fool with these fine Expectations—No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement; but instead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vanish'd, my Servants dwindled into one necessary Woman and a Boy, which to save Charges, is too small for any Service; my twenty Guineas a Week, into forty Shillings; a hopeful Reformation!

Wild. Patience, *Diana*, things will mend in time.

Dia. When, I wonder? Summer's come, yet I am still in my embroider'd Manteau, when I'm drest, lin'd with Velvet; 'twould give one a Fever but to look at me: yet still I am flamm'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose Fortune I am to lavish.—But I see you have neither Conscience nor Religion in you; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me! [*Weeps.*

Wild. By Heaven, I love thee!

Dia. Love me! what if you do? how far will that go at the Exchange for Point? Will the Mercer take it for current Coin?—But 'tis no matter, I must love a Wit with a Pox, when I might have had so many Fools of Fortune: but the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer. [*Weeping.*

Wild. You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have sworn.

Dia. So I will. I never go abroad, but I gain new Conquests. Happy's the Man that can approach nearest the Side-box where I sit at a Play, to look at me; but if I deign to smile on him, Lord, how the overjoy'd Creature returns it with a Bow low as the very Benches; Then rising, shakes his Ears, looks round with Pride, to see who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. *Dy.*

Wild. No more, come, let's be Friends, *Diana;* for you and I must manage an Uncle of mine.

Dia. Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

Wild. Here, here's the best softner of a Woman's Heart; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces: Go, lay it out, till you shame Quality into plain Silk and Fringe.

Dia. Lord, you have the strangest power of persuasion! Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a Pennyworth.

Wild. So thou canst of anything about thee.

Dia. Well, your Project, my dear *Tommy?*

Wild. Thus then—Thou, dear *Frank*, shalt to my Uncle, tell him, that Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one only Daughter his whole Executrix, Mrs. *Charlot*, I have by my civil and modest Behaviour, so won upon her Heart, that two Nights since she left her Father's Country-house at *Lusum* in *Kent*, in spite of all her strict Guards, and run away with me.

Dres. How, wilt thou tell him of it, then?

Wild. Hear me—That I have hitherto secur'd her at a

Friend's House here in the City; but diligent search being now made, dare trust her there no longer: and make it my humble Request by you, my Friend, (who are only privy to this Secret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his House, whose very Authority will defend her from being sought for there.

Dres. Ay, Sir, but what will come of this, I say?

Wild. Why, a Settlement; you know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his decease: but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has after the Writings were made, sign'd, and seal'd, refus'd to give 'em in trust. Now when he sees I have made my self Master of so vast a Fortune, he will immediately surrender; that reconciles all again.

Dres. Very likely; but wo't thou trust him with the Woman, *Thomas*.

Wild. No, here's *Diana*, who, as I shall bedizen, shall pass for as substantial an Alderman's Heiress as ever fell into wicked Hands. He never knew the right *Charlot*, nor indeed has any body ever seen her but an old Aunt and Nurse, she was so kept up—And there, *Diana*, thou shalt have a good opportunity to lye, dissemble, and jilt in abundance, to keep thy hand in ure. Prithee, dear *Dresswell*, haste with the News to him.

Dres. Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it. [*Goes out.*

Wild. Go, get ye home, and trick and betauder your self up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-fashion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Gypsy, nor no *Spanish* Paint d'ye hear.

Dia. I'll warrant you for my part.

Wild. Then before the old Gentleman, you must behave your self very soberly, simple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glass at Table, nor rant, nor swear: one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an arrant Drab.

Dia. Doubt not my Art of Dissimulation.

Wild. Go, haste and dress— [*Ex.* Dian. Bet. *and* Boy.

Enter Lady Gall. *and* Closet, *above in the Balcony;* Wild. *going out, sees them, stops, and reads a Paper.*

Wild. Hah, who's yonder? the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have I not power to stir; she has a damn'd hank upon my Heart, and nothing but right down lying with her will dissolve the Charm. She has forbid me seeing her, and therefore I am sure will the sooner take notice of me. [*Reads.*

Clos. What will you put on to night, Madam? you know you are to sup at Sir *Timothy Treat-all's.*

L. *Gal.* Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balcony, this City-Garden, where we walk to take the fresh Air of the Sea-coal Smoak. Did the Footman go back, as I ordered him, to see how *Wilding* and Sir *Charles* parted?

Clos. He did, Madam, and nothing cou'd provoke Sir *Charles* to fight after your Ladyship's strict Commands. Well, I'll swear he's the sweetest natur'd Gentleman— has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladyship has to him.

L. *Gal.* Some small Exception to his whining Humour; but I think my chiefest dislike is, because my Relations wish it a Match between us.

It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter sure.

Wild. So, she sees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up: for though I have a greater mind than she, it shall be all her own; the Match she told me of this Morning with my Uncle, sticks plaguily upon my Stomach; I must break the Neck on't, or break the Widow's Heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the Door now, she frowningly retires; if I pass on, 'tis likely she may call me. [*Advances.*

L. *Gal.* I think he's passing on,
Without so much as looking towards the Window.

Clos. He's glad of the excuse of being forbidden.

L. *Gal.* But, *Closet*, know'st thou not he has abus'd my Fame,
And does he think to pass thus unupbraided?
Is there no Art to make him look this way?
No Trick—Prithee feign to laugh. [Clos. *laughs.*

Wild. So, I shall not answer to that Call.

L. *Gal.* He's going! Ah, *Closet*, my Fan!—
[*Lets fall her Fan just as he passes by; he takes it up, and looks up.*
Cry mercy, Sir, I am sorry I must trouble you to bring it.

Wild. Faith, so am I; and you may spare my Pains, and send your Woman for't, I'm in haste.

L. *Gal.* Then the quickest way will be to bring it.
[*Goes out of the Balcony with* Closet.

Wild. I knew I should be drawn in one way or other.

SCENE III. *Changes to a Chamber.*

Enter L. Galliard, Wilding, Closet. *To them* Wilding, *delivers the Fan, and is retiring.*

L. *Gal.* Stay, I hear you're wondrous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let loose on me.

Wild. Who, I, Widow? I think of no such trifles.

L. *Gal.* Such Railers never think when they're abusive; but something you have said, a Lye so infamous!

Wild. A Lye, and infamous of you! impossible! What was it that I call'd you, Wise or Honest?

L. *Gal.* How can you accuse me with the want of either?

Wild. Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honesty, or intended ever to be thought so, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not so much as serve you for a Cloke, he is so visibly and undeniably impotent?

L. *Gal.* Your Uncle you mean.

Wild. I do, who has not known the Joy of Fornication this thirty Year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his Head to marry, forsooth. Oh, the Felicity of the Wedding-Night!

L. *Gal.* Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, shall not have power to hinder.

Wild. Not if you can help it; for I perceive you are resolved to be a leud incorrigible Sinner, and marry'st this seditious doting Fool my Uncle, only to hang him out for the sign of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwise we should mistake, and think thee honest.

L. *Gal.* So much for my want of Honesty; my Wit is the part of the Text you are to handle next.

Wild. Let the World judge of that by this one Action: This Marriage undisputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleasure. Marry an old Fool, because he's rich! when so many handsome proper younger Brothers wou'd be glad of you.

L. *Gal.* Of which hopeful number your self are one.

Wild. Who, I! Bear witness, *Closet;* take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and such a Scandal on my Reputation might ruin me; therefore have a care what you say.

L. *Gal.* Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, I hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if I be not reveng'd, hang me.

Wild. Yes, you are reveng'd; I had the fame of vanquishing where'er I laid my Seige, till I knew thee, hard-hearted thee; had the honest Reputation of lying with the Magistrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the necessary Affairs of the Nation, seditiously petitioning: and then I was esteemed; but now they look on me as a monstrous thing, that makes honourable Love to you. Oh, hideous, a Husband Lover! N.B.

so that now I may protest, and swear, and lye my Heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindness; but when I beg for either, my Lady *Galliard's* thrown in my Dish: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, who wou'd think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding?* Thus the City She-wits are let loose upon me, and all for you, sweet Widow: but I am resolv'd I will redeem my Reputation again, if never seeing you, nor writing to you more, will do it. And so farewel, faithless and scandalous honest Woman.

L. *Gal.* Stay, Tyrant.

Wild. I am engag'd.

L. *Gal.* You are not.

Wild. I am, and am resolv'd to lose no more time on a peevish Woman, who values her Honour above her Lover. [*He goes out.*

L. *Gal.* Go, this is the noblest way of losing thee.

Clos. Must I not call him back?

L. *Gal.* No, if any honest Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Fetch me some Jewels; the Company to night at Sir *Timothy's* may divert me.

[*She sits down before her Glass.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, one, Sir *Anthony Meriwill*, wou'd speak with your Ladyship.

L. *Gal.* Admit him; sure 'tis Sir *Charles* his Uncle; if he come to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in a critical Minute. Wou'd he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in Revenge.

Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill *and Sir* Charles.

Sir. *Anth.* So, I have tutor'd the young Rogue, I hope he'll learn in time. Good Day to your Ladyship; *Charles* [*putting him forward*] my Nephew here, Madam—Sirrah—notwithstanding your Ladyship's Commands—Look how he stands now, being a mad young Rascal!—Gad, he wou'd wait on your Ladyship—A Devil on him, see if

he'll budge now—For he's a brisk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Pox on him, he'll spoil all yet.

L. *Gal.* Please you sit, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudeness.

L. *Gal.* Still whining?— [*Dressing her self carelesly.*

Sir *Anth.* D'ye hear that, Sirrah? oh, damn it, beg Pardon! the Rogue's quite out of's part.

Sir *Char.* Madam, I fear my Visit is unseasonable.

Sir *Anth.* Unseasonable! damn'd Rogue, unseasonable to a Widow?—Quite out.

L. *Gal.* There are indeed some Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Visit, before they've put on their best Faces, but I am none of those that wou'd be fair in spite of Nature, Sir—Put on this Jewel here. [*To* Clos.

Sir *Char.* That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

Sir *Anth.* Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. [*Aside, vext.*

L. *Gal.* You are still so full of University Complements—

Sir *Anth.* D'ye hear that, Sirrah?—Ay, so he is, indeed, Madam—To her like a Man, ye Knave. [*Aside to him.*

Sir *Char.* Ah, Madam, I am come—

Sir *Anth.* To shew your self a Coxcomb.

L. *Gal.* To tire me with Discourses of your Passion—Fie, how this Curl fits! [*Looking in the Glass.*

Sir *Char.* No, you shall hear no more of that ungrateful Subject.

Sir *Anth.* Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by *George*, he lyes; he does come to speak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love—Not come to speak of Love, with a Pox! Owns, Sir, behave your self like a Man; be impudent, be saucy, forward, bold, touzing, and leud, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her: why, what a Pox! [*Aside to him, he minds it not.*

Sir *Char.* Finding my Hopes quite lost in your unequal Favours to young *Wilding*, I'm quitting of the Town.

L. *Gal.* You will do well to do so—lay by that Necklace, I'll wear Pearl to day. [*To* Clos.

Sir *Anth.* Confounded Blockhead!—by *George*, he lyes again, Madam. A Dog, I'll disinherit him. [*Aside.*] [He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilst your Ladyship is in it, to my Knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the House; nay, in the very Bed, by *George;* I've heard him a thousand times swear it. Swear it now, Sirrah: look, look, how he stands now! Why, dear *Charles*, good Boy, swear a little, ruffle her, and swear, damn it, she shall have none but thee. [*Aside to him.*]] Why, you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddest Fellows in all *Devonshire*.

L. *Gal.* Wou'd I cou'd see't, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* See't! look ye there, ye Rogue—Why, 'tis all his Fault, Madam. He's seldom sober; then he has a dozen Wenches in pay, that he may with the more Authority break their Windows. There's never a Maid within forty Miles of *Meriwill*-Hall to work a Miracle on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll say that for him.

Sir *Char.* How I have lov'd you, my Despairs shall witness: for I will die to purchase your Content. [*She rises.*

Sir *Anth.* Die, a damn'd Rogue! Ay, ay, I'll disinherit him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd first, Madam.

Sir *Char.* And sure you'll pity me when I'm dead.

Sir *Anth.* A curse on him; pity, with a Pox. I'll give him ne'er a Souse.

L. *Gal.* Give me that Essence-bottle. [*To* Clos.

Sir *Char.* But for a Recompence of all my Sufferings—

L. *Gal.* Sprinkle my Handkerchief with Tuberose. [*To* Clos.

Sir *Char.* I beg a Favour you'd afford a Stranger.

L. *Cal.* Sooner, perhaps. What Jewel's that? [*To* Clos.

Clos. One Sir *Charles Meriwill*—

L. *Gal.* Sent, and you receiv'd without my Order! No wonder that he looks so scurvily.
Give him the Trifle back to mend his Humour.

Sir *Anth.* I thank you, Madam, for that Reprimand. Look in that Glass, Sir, and admire that sneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: a pox on him, he's past Grace, lost, gone: not a Souse, not a Groat; good b'ye to you, Sir. Madam, I beg your Pardon; the next time I come a wooing, it shall be for my self, Madam, and I have something that will justify it too; but as for this Fellow, if your Ladyship have e'er a small Page at leisure, I desire he may have Order to kick him down Stairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he shou'd have behav'd himself handsomely! Not an Acre, not a Shilling—buy Sir Softhead. [*Going out meets* Wild. *and returns.*] Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow? so, so, he'll swinge him, I hope; I'll stay to have the pleasure of seeing it done.

Enter Wilding, *brushes by Sir* Charles.

Wild. I was sure 'twas *Meriwill's* Coach at Door. [*Aside.*

Sir *Char.* Hah, *Wilding!*

Sir *Anth.* Ay, now, Sir, here's one will waken ye, Sir. [*To Sir* Char.

Wild. How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I see.

Sir *Char.* You're very free, Sir.

Wild. I am always so in the Widow's Lodgings, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* A rare Fellow!

Sir *Char.* You will not do't elsewhere?

Wild. Not with so much Authority.

Sir *Anth.* An admirable Fellow! I must be acquainted with him.

Sir *Char.* Is this the Respect you pay Women of her Quality?

Wild. The Widow knows I stand not much upon Ceremonies.

Sir *Anth.* Gad, he shall be my Heir. [*Aside still.*

L. *Gal.* Pardon him, Sir, this is his *Cambridge* Breeding.

Sir *Anth.* Ay, so 'tis, so 'tis, that two Years there quite spoil'd him.

L. *Gal.* Sir, if you've any further Business with me, speak it; if not, I'm going forth.

Sir *Char.* Madam, in short—

Sir *Anth.* In short to a Widow, in short! quite lost.

Sir *Char.* I find you treat me ill for my Respect;
And when I court you next,
I will forget how very much I love you.

Sir *Anth.* Sir, I shall be proud of your farther Acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you. [*To* Wild.

Wild. I'll study to deserve it, Sir.

Sir *Anth.* Madam, your Servant. A damn'd sneaking Dog, to be civil and modest with a Pox!

[*Ex. Sir* Char. *and Sir* Anth.

L. *Gal.* See if my Coach be ready. [*Ex.* Clos.

Wild. Whether are you janting now?

L. *Gal.* Where you dare not wait on me, to your Uncle's to Supper.

Wild. That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;
There they all meet and bargain without Scandal:
Fops of all sorts and sizes you may chuse,
Whig-land offers not such another Market.

Enter Closet.

Clos. Madam, here's Sir *Timothy Treat-all* come to wait on your Ladyship to Supper.

Wild. My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: not-Disinheriting me had not been so great a Disappointment; and if he sees me here, I ruin all the Plots I've laid for him. Ha, he's here.

Enter Sir Tim.

Sir *Tim.* How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

Wild. Madam, I find you can be cruel too,
Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

Sir *Tim.* How now, Sir, what's your Business here?

Wild. I came to beg a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

Sir *Tim.* How a Favour of my Lady *Galliard!* The Rogue said indeed he would cuckold me. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heiress?

Wild. That was my Business now, Sir: Having in my possession the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, I would have made use of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard's* House to have secur'd her, till I got things in order for our Marriage; but my Lady, to put me off, cries I have an Uncle.

L. *Gal.* A well contrived Lye. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, I have heard of your good Fortune; and however a Reprobate thou hast been, I'll not shew my self so undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little House-room: I heard indeed she was gone a week ago, And, Sir, my House is at your Service.

Wild. I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A pox upon him and his Association. [*Goes out.*

Sir *Tim.* Come, Madam, my Coach waits below. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, *and* Jervice.

Sir *Tim.* Here, take my Sword, *Jervice*. What have you inquir'd, as I directed you, concerning the rich Heiress, Sir *Nicholas Get-all's* Daughter?

Jer. Alas, Sir, inquir'd! why, 'tis all the City-News that she's run away with one of the maddest Tories about Town.

Sir *Tim.* Good Lord! Ay, ay, 'tis so; the plaguy Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven shou'd drop such Blessings in the Mouths of the wicked! Well, *Jervice*, what Company have we in the House, *Jervice?*

Jer. Why, truly, Sir, a fine deal, considering there's no Parliament.

Sir *Tim.* What Lords have we, *Jervice?*

Jer. Lords, Sir, truly none.

Sir *Tim.* None! what, ne'er a Lord! some mishap will befall me, some dire mischance! Ne'er a Lord! ominous, ominous! our Party dwindles daily. What, nor Earl, nor Marquess, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord! Hum, my Wine will lie most villanously upon my Hands to Night. *Jervice*, what, have we store of Knights and Gentlemen?

Jer. I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir; but there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.

Sir *Tim.* Make us thankful for that; our Meat will not lie upon our Hands then, *Jervice:* I'll say that for our little *Londoners*, they are as tall Fellows at a well-charg'd Board as any in *Christendom.*

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Nonconformist-Parsons.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, then we shall have a clear Board; for your true Protestant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a Man's Table Credit.

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Country Justices and Grand-Jury-Men.

Sir *Tim.* Well enough, well enough, *Jervice.*

Enter Mrs. Sensure.

Sen. An't like your Worship, Mr. *Wilding* is come in with a Lady richly drest in Jewels, mask'd, in his Hand, and will not be deny'd speaking with your Worship.

Sir *Tim.* Hah, rich in Jewels! this must be she. My Sword again, *Jervice.*—Bring 'em up, *Sensure.*—Prithee how do I look to Night, *Jervice?* [*Setting himself.*

Jer. Oh, most methodically, Sir.

Enter Wild, *with* Diana, *and* Betty.

Wild. Sir, I have brought into your kind protection the richest Jewel all *London* can afford, fair Mrs. *Charlot Gett-all.*

Sir *Tim.* Bless us, she's ravishing fair! Lady, I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father. I think he has been dead—

Dia. If he catechize me much on that point, I shall spoil all. [*Aside.*

Alas, Sir, name him not; for if you do, [*weeping.*] I'm sure I cannot answer you one Question.

Wild. For Heaven sake, Sir, name not her Father to her; the bare remembrance of him kills her. [*Aside to him.*

Sir *Tim.* Alas, poor Soul! Lady, I beg your Pardon. How soft-hearted she is! I am in love; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what, run frisking through my Veins. [*Aside.*

Bet. Ay, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelve-month just, and has left his Daughter here, my Mistress, three thousand Pound a Year. [*Weeping.*

Sir *Tim.* Three thousand Pound a Year! Yes, yes, I am in love. [*Aside.*

Bet. Besides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir *Tim.* I'll marry her out of hand, [*Aside.*] Alas, I cou'd even weep too; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now; for 'tis not necessary you shou'd be seen here, d'ye see. [*Pushing him out.*

Wild. You see, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind you wou'd be so. Those Writings, Sir, by which you were so good to make me Heir to all your Estate, you said you wou'd put into my possession, whene'er I made it appear to you I could live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

Sir *Tim.* And I will keep my word; 'tis time enough. [*Putting him out.*

Wild. I have, 'tis true, been wicked; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish my self in the religious City, and enter into the Association. There want but these same Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

Sir *Tim.* Thou shalt have both, all in good time, Man: Go, go thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character, go.

Wild. Ay, Sir, but the Writings, because I told her, Sir, I was your Heir; nay, forc'd to swear too, before she wou'd believe me.

Sir *Tim.* Alas, alas! how shreudly thou wert put to't!

Wild. I told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me; for nothing woos a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladyship.

Sir *Tim.* I'm glad of that; that I can settle on her presently. [*Aside.*

Wild. You may please to hint something to her of my godly Life and Conversation; that I frequent Conventicles, and am drunk no where but at your true Protestant Consults and Clubs, and the like.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, if these will please her, I have her for certain. [*Aside.*] Go, go, fear not my good word.

Wild. But the Writings, Sir—

Sir *Tim.* Am I a Jew, a Turk? Thou shalt have any thing, now I find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide so well for thy Uncle. [*Aside.*

[*Puts him out, and addresses himself to the Lady.*

Wild. Wou'd they were hang'd that trust you, that have but the art of Legerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where I know those Writings are kept. Death, what a disappointment's here! I wou'd ha' sworn this Sham had past upon him. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, shall I not have the Writings now?

Sir *Tim.* What, not gone yet! for shame, away; canst thou distrust thy own natural Uncle? Fie, away, *Tom*, away.

Wild. A Plague upon your damn'd Dissimulation, that never failing Badge of all your Party, there's always

mischief at the bottom on't; I know ye all; and Fortune be the Word. When next I see you, Uncle, it shall cost you dearer. [*Exit.*

Enter Jervice.

Jer. An't please your Worship, Supper's almost over, and you are askt for.

Sir *Tim.* They know I never sup; I shall come time enough to bid 'em welcome. [*Exit* Jer.

Dia. I keep you, Sir, from Supper, and better Company.

Sir *Tim.* Lady, Were I a Glutton, I cou'd be satisfy'd With feeding on those two bright starry Eyes.

Dia. You are a Courtier, Sir; we City-Maids do seldom hear such Language; in which you shew your kindness to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits.

Sir *Tim.* Lord, Lord, how innocent she is! [*Aside.*] My Nephew, Madam? yes, yes, I cannot chuse but be wondrous kind upon his score.

Dia. Nay, he has often told me, you were the best of Uncles, and he deserves your goodness, so hopeful a young Gentleman.

Sir *Tim.* Wou'd I cou'd see't. [*Aside.*

Dia. So modest.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, ask my Maids. [*Aside.*

Dia. So civil.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, to my Neighbours Wives. [*Aside.*] But so, Madam, I find by this high Commendation of my Nephew, your Ladyship has a very slender opinion of your devoted Servant the while: or else, Madam, with this not disagreeable Face and Shape of mine, six thousand Pound a year, and other Virtues and Commodities that shall be nameless, I see no reason why I shou'd not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious Person in the World, that shall be nameless. [*Bowing and smirking.*

Dia. Meaning me, I am sure; if I shou'd marry him now, and disappoint my dear Inconstant with an Heir of his own begetting, 'twou'd be a most wicked Revenge for past Kindnesses. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* I know your Ladyship is studying now who this victorious Person shou'd be, whom I dare not name: but let it suffice, she is, Madam, within a Mile of an Oak.

Dia. No, Sir, I was considering, if what you say be true,
How unadvisedly I have lov'd your Nephew,
Who swore to me he was to be your Heir.

Sir *Tim.* My Heir, Madam! am I so visibly old to be so desperate?
No, I'm in my years of desires and discretion,
And I have thoughts, durst I but utter 'em;
But modestly say, Mum—

Dia. I took him for the hopefullest Gentleman—

Sir *Tim.* Let him hope on, so will I; and yet, Madam, in consideration of your Love to him, and because he is my Nephew, young, handsome, witty, and so forth, I am content to be so much a Parent to him, as if Heaven please,—to see him fairly hang'd.

Dia. How, Sir! [*In amaze.*

Sir *Tim.* He has deserv'd it, Madam: First, for lampooning the Reverend City with its noble Government, with the Right Honourable Gown-men; libelling some for Feasting, and some for Fasting, some for Cuckolds, and some for Cuckold-makers; charging us with all the seven deadly Sins, the Sins of our Fore-fathers, adding seven score more to the number; the Sins of Forty-One reviv'd again in Eighty-One, with Additions and Amendments; for which, though the Writings were drawn, by which I made him my whole Executor, I will disinherit him. Secondly, Madam, he deserves hanging for seducing, and most feloniously bearing away a young City-Heiress.

Dia. Undone, undone! Oh, with what Face can I return again!

What Man of Wealth or Reputation, now
Will think me worth the owning! [*Feigns to weep.*

Sir *Tim.* Yes, yes, Madam, there are honest, discreet, religious, and true Protestant Knights in the City, that wou'd be proud to dignify and distinguish so worthy a Gentlewoman. [*Bowing and smiling.*

Bet. Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam. [*Aside.*

—Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too!

Sir *Tim.* As a Tory Poet.

Bet. Well, Madam, take Comfort; if the worst come to the worst, you have Estate enough for both.

Dia. Ay, *Betty*, were he but honest, *Betty.* [*Weeping.*

Sir *Tim.* Honest! I think he will not steal; but for his Body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

Dia. 'Tis evident, I am betray'd, abus'd;
H'as lookt and sigh'd, and talkt away my Heart;
H'as sworn, and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruin.
[*Weeping.*

Sir *Tim.* A small fault with him; he has flatter'd and sworn me out of many a fair Thousand: why, he has no more Conscience than a Politician, nor no more Truth than a Narrative (under the Rose).

Dia. Is there no Truth nor Honesty i'th' World?

Sir *Tim.* Troth, very little, and that lies all i'th' City amongst us sober Magistrates.

Dia. Were I a Man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

Sir *Tim.* Your Ladyship might do it better as you are were I worthy to advise you.

Dia. Name it.

Sir *Tim.* Why, by marrying your Ladyship's most assur'd Friend, and most humble Servant, *Timothy Treat-all* of *London*, Alderman. [*Bowing.*

Bet. Ay, this is something, Mistress; here's Reason.

Dia. But I have given my Faith and Troth to *Wilding*, *Betty.*

Sir *Tim.* Faith and Troth! We stand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heiress married and bedded, and yet with the Advice of the wiser Magistrates, has been unmarried and consummated anew with another, so it stands with our Interest: 'tis Law by *Magna Charta*. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our *Magna Charta* have hang'd him for a Rape.

Dia. What, though he had my Consent?

Sir *Tim.* That's nothing, he had not ours.

Dia. Then shou'd I marry you by stealth, the Danger wou'd be the same.

Sir *Tim.* No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please; alas, I come off handsmooth with *Ignoramus*.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there's such a calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glasses go briskly about.

Sir *Tim.* Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are past; I love no Healths.

Jer. They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; so they are all adjourning from the Dining-room hither, as more commodious for that Exercise. I think they're coming, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Hah, coming! Call *Sensure* to wait on the Lady to her Apartment.—[*Enter* Sensure.] And, Madam, I do most heartily recommend my most humble Address to your most judicious Consideration, hoping you will most vigorously, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Privileges of the Honourable City; and not suffer the Force or Persuasion of any Arbitrary Lover whatsoever, to subvert their antient and Fundamental Laws, by seducing and forcibly bearing away so rich and so illustrious a Lady: and, Madam, we will unaminously

stand by you with our Lives and Fortunes.—This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgess. [*Aside.*

[*Leads her to the Door; She goes out with* Betty *and* Sensure.

Enter Musick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill *dancing with a Lady in his Hand, Sir* Charles *with Lady* Galliard, *several other Women and Men.*

Sir *Anth.* [*singing.*]

Philander *was a jolly Swain,*
And lov'd by ev'ry Lass;
Whom when he met along the Plain,
He laid upon the Grass.

And here he kist, and there he play'd
With this and then the t'other,
Till every wanton smiling Maid
At last became a Mother.

And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Ruffle, and breathe, then to't again,
Thou'rt Master of the Field.

[Clapping Sir *Char.* on the back.

Sir *Char.* And if I keep it not, say I'm a Coward, Uncle.

Sir *Anth.* More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up. [*Enter Bottles and Glasses.*

Sir *Tim.* How! young *Meriwill* so close to the Widow—Madam— [*Addressing himself to her, Sir* Char. *puts him by.*

Sir *Char.* Sir *Timothy*, why, what a Pox dost thou bring that damn'd Puritanical, Schismatical, Fanatical, Small-beer-Face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glass to the Widow's Health.

Sir *Tim.* O lack, Sir *Charles*, no Healths for me, I pray.

Sir *Char.* Hark ye, leave that cozening, canting, sanctify'd Sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a sober loyal Magistrate, all those Healths you are behind, from his sacred Majesty,

whom God long preserve, with the rest of the Royal Family, even down to this wicked Widow, whom Heaven soon convert from her leud designs upon my Body.

[*Pulling Sir* Tim. *to kneel.*

Sir *Anth.* A rare Boy! he shall have all my Estate.

Sir *Tim.* How, the Widow a leud design upon his Body! Nay, then I am jealous. [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* I a leud design upon your Body; for what, I wonder?

Sir *Char.* Why, for villanous Matrimony.

L. *Gal.* Who, I?

Sir *Char.* Who, you! yes, you.

Why are those Eyes drest in inviting Love?
Those soft bewitching Smiles, those rising Breasts,
And all those Charms that make you so adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

Sir *Anth.* How's that, how's that! *Charles* at his Adorables and Charms! He must have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again else. Come, come, every man his Glass; Sir *Timothy*, you are six behind: Come, come, *Charles*, name 'em all.

[*Each take a Glass, and force Sir* Tim. *on his knees.*

Sir *Char.*—Not bate ye an Ace, Sir. Come, his Majesty's Health, and Confusion to his Enemies.

[*They go to force his Mouth open to drink.*

Sir *Tim.* Hold, Sir, hold, if I must drink, I must; but this is very arbitrary, methinks. [*Drinks.*

Sir *Anth.* And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of *Albany*. Musick, play a *Scotch* Jig. [*Music plays, they drink.*

Sir *Tim.* This is mere Tyranny.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there is alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

Sir *Tim.* How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice*—'Ods so, he's here!

Enter Wilding *in disguise*, Dresswell, *and Footmen and Pages.*

Wild. Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the renown'd *Mester de Hotel.*

Sir *Tim.* *Mater de Otell!* I have not the Honour to know any of that Name, I am call'd Sir *Timothy Treat-all.* [*Bowing.*

Wild. The same, Sir; I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

Sir *Tim.* Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for 'tis a Nation I hate, as indeed I do all Monarchies.

Sir *Tim.* Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. [*Bows.*

Wild. Unless Elective Monarchies, which so resemble a Commonwealth.

Sir *Tim.* Right, my Lord; where every Man may hope to take his turn—Your Lordship is most singularly welcome. [*Bows low.*

Wild. And though I am a Stranger to your Person, I am not to your Fame, amongst the sober Party of the *Amsterdamians*, all the French Hugonots throughout *Geneva*; even to *Hungary* and *Poland*, Fame's Trumpet sounds your Praise, making the Pope to fear, the rest admire you.

Sir *Anth.* I'm much oblig'd to the renowned Mobile.

Wild. So you will say, when you shall hear my Embassy. The *Polanders* by me salute you, Sir, and have in this next new Election prick'd ye down for their succeeding King.

Sir *Tim.* How, my Lord, prick'd me down for a King! Why, this is wonderful! Prick'd me, unworthy me down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

Wild. They know, he that can be so great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private Person, what must he be when Power is on his side?

Sir *Tim.* Ay, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the stop to all my rising Greatness.

Shall I be so ungrateful to disappoint this big expecting Nation? defeat the sober Party, and my Neighbours, for any Polish Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will consider on't: Mean time my House is yours.

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the Measure of the Crown: Ha, it fits you to a Hair.

[*Pulls out a Ribband, measures his Head.*

You were by Heav'n and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir *Anth.* Hah, at it again!

[*Sir* Charles *making sober Love.*

Come, we grow dull, *Charles;* where stands the Glass? What, balk my Lady *Galliard's* Health! [*They go to drink.*

Wild. Hah, *Galliard*—and so sweet on *Meriwill!* [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* If it be your business, Sir, to drink, I'll withdraw.

Sir *Char.* Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Hark ye, Lady *Galliard*, I am damnably afraid you cannot bear Liquor well, you are so forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Gentlemen, since I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you will not refuse a Health of my Denomination.

Sir *Anth.* We scorn to be so uncivil. [*All take the Glasses.*

Sir *Tim.* Why then here's a conceal'd Health that shall be nameless, to his Grace the King of *Poland.*

Sir *Char.* King of *Poland!* Lord, Lord, how your Thoughts ramble!

Sir *Tim.* Not so far as you imagine; I know what I say, Sir.

Sir *Char.* Away with it. [*Drink all.*

Wild. I see, Sir, you still keep up that English Hospitality that so renowned our Ancestors in History.

[*Looking on L.* Gal.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, my Lord, my noble Guests are my Wife and Children.

Wild. Are you not married, then? Death, she smiles on him. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* I had a Wife, but rest her Soul, she's dead; and I have no Plague left now but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with ill Customs, Tantivy Opinions, and Court-Notions.

Wild. Cannot your pious Examples convert him? By Heaven, she's fond of him! [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Alas, I have try'd all ways, fair and foul; nay, had settled t'other Day my whole Estate upon him, and just as I had sign'd the Writings, out comes me a damn'd Libel, call'd, *A Warning to all good Christians against the City-Magistrates;* and I doubt he had a Hand in *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, a Rogue. But some of our sober Party have claw'd him home, i' faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reason.

Wild. Most visibly in Love! Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws, and Religion plead for so near a Kinsman.

Sir *Tim.* Laws and Religion! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the Name of a Patriot, who does not for the publick Good, defy all Laws and Religion.

Wild. Death, I must interrupt 'em—Sir, pray what Lady's that. [Wild. *salutes her.*

Sir *Tim.* I beseech your Lordship know her, 'tis my Lady *Galliard;* the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all—Well, my Lord, how do you like my Method of doing the business of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and so forth?

Wild. High Feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

Sir *Tim.* Your Lordship has hit it right: a rare Man this!

Wild. But come, Sir, leave serious Affairs, and oblige these fair ones.

[*Addresses himself to* Galliard, *Sir* Charles *puts him by.*

Enter Charlot *disguised*, Clacket *and* Foppington.

Char. Heavens, *Clacket*, yonder's my False one, and that my lovely Rival. [*Pointing to* Wild. *and L.* Gal.

Enter Diana *and* Sensure *mask'd, and* Betty.

Dia. Dear Mrs. *Sensure*, this Favour has oblig'd me.

Sen. I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

Wild. By her Mien, this shou'd be handsome—[*Goes to* Diana.] Madam, I hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the Honour of your Hand.

Dia. Ha, *Wilding!* Love can discover thee through all Disguise.

Wild. Hah, *Diana!* wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the King's Highway, with Stand and Deliver, than thus encounter it on the Face of an old Mistress; and the Cheat were more excusable —But how— [*Talks aside with her.*

Sir *Char.* Nay, never frown nor chide: For thus do I intend to shew my Authority, till I have made thee only fit for me.

Wild. Is't so, my precious Uncle? Are you so great a Devil in Hypocrisy? Thus had I been serv'd, had I brought him the right Woman. [*Aside.*

Dia. But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have serv'd thee so; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birth-right—But see, we're observ'd.

[Charlot *listening behind him all this while.*

Char. By all that's good 'tis he! that Voice is his!

[*He going from* Dian. *turns upon* Charlot, *and looks.*

Wild. Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has so much of *Charlot* in her Face? But sure she durst not venture; 'tis not her Dress nor Mien. Dear pretty Stranger, I must dance with you.

Char. Gued deed, and see ye shall, Sir, gen you please. Though I's not dance, Sir, I's tell ya that noo.

Wild. Nor I, so we're well matcht. By Heaven, she's wondrous like her.

Char. By th' Mass not so kind, Sir: 'Twere gued that ene of us shou'd dance to guid the other weel.

Wild. How young, how innocent and free she is! And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

Char. In any thing that gued is.

Wild. I love you extremely, and wou'd teach you to love.

Char. Ah, wele aday! [*Sighs and smiles.*

Wild. A thing I know you do not understand.

Char. Gued faith, and ya're i'th' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often hear ya gay men talk of.

Wild. Yes, and no doubt have been told those pretty Eyes inspired it.

Char. Gued deed, and so I have! Ya men make sa mickle ado about ens Eyes, ways me, I's ene tir'd with sick-like Complements.

Wild. Ah, if you give us wounds, we must complain.

Char. Ye may ene keep out a harms way then.

Wild. Oh, we cannot; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

Char. Marry, and I's have ene a Song tol that tune, Sir.

Wild. Dear Creature, let me beg it.

Char. Gued faith, ya shall not, Sir, I's sing without entreaty.

SONG.

Ah, Jenny, *gen your Eyes do kill,*
You'll let me tell my Pain;
Gued Faith, I lov'd against my Will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair Face of yours
Betray'd the Freedom ence I had,
And ad my bleether Howers.

But noo ways me like Winter looks,
My gloomy showering Eyne,
And on the Banks of shaded Brooks
I pass my wearied time.
I call the Stream that gleedeth on,
To witness if it see,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain so true as Iee.

Wild. This very Swain am I, so true and so forlorn, unless ye pity me.—This is an excellency *Charlot* wants, at least I never heard her sing. [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* Why, *Charles*, where stands the Woman, *Charles?* [Fop. *comes up to* Charlot.

Wild. I must speak to *Galliard*, though all my Fortunes depend on the Discovery of my self. [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* Come, come, a cooling Glass about.

Wild. Dear *Dresswell*, entertain *Charles Meriwill* a little, whilst I speak to *Galliard.*

[*The Men go all to the drinking Table.*

By Heaven, I die, I languish for a Word!
—Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow
To speak with none but that young Cavalier.
They say, the Freedom English Ladies use,
Is, as their Beauty, great.

L. *Gal.* Sir, we are none of those of so nice and delicate a Virtue, as Conversation can corrupt; we live in a cold Climate.

Wild. And think you're not so apt to be in Love,
As where the Sun shines oftner.
But you too much partake of the Inconstancy of [this] your fickle Climate. [*Maliciously to her.*
One day all Sun-shine, and th' encourag'd Lover
Decks himself up in glittering Robes of Hope;
And in the midst of all their boasted Finery
Comes a dark Cloud across his Mistress' Brow,
Dashes the Fool, and spoils the gaudy Show.

[*L.* Gal. *observing him nearly.*

L. *Gal.* Hah, do I not know that railing Tongue of yours?

Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then.
I was resolv'd to be to night a Witness
Of that sworn Love you flatter'd me so often with.
By Heaven, I saw you playing with my Rival,
Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.
When is the Assignation? When the Hours?

For he's impatient as the raging Sea,
Loose as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun,
That kisses all the Beauties of the Spring.

L. *Gal.* I take him for a sober Person, Sir.

Wild. Have I been the Companion of his Riots
In all the leud course of our early Youth,
Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers?
But no kind Blossom could oblige our stay,
We rifled and were gone.

L. *Gal.* Your Virtues I perceive are pretty equal;
Only his Love's the honester o'th' two.

Wild. Honester! that is, he wou'd owe his good Fortune — to the Parson of the Parish;
And I would be oblig'd to you alone.
He wou'd have a Licence to boast he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with Modesty and Silence:
For Virtue's but a Name kept free from Scandal,
Which the most base of Women best preserve,
Since Jilting and Hypocrisy cheat the World best.
—But we both love, and who shall blab the Secret?
[*In a soft Tone.*

L. *Gal.* Oh, why were all the Charms of speaking given
To that false Tongue that makes no better use of 'em?
—I'll hear no more of your inchanting Reasons.

Wild. You must.

L. *Gal.* I will not.

Wild. Indeed you must.

L. *Gal.* By all the Powers above—

Wild. By all the Powers of Love you'll break your Oath,
Unless you swear this Night to let me see you.

L. *Gal.* This Night.

Wild. This very Night.

L. *Gal.* I'd die first—At what Hour?
[*First turns away, then sighs and looks on him.*

Wild. Oh, name it; and if I fail— [*With Joy.*

L. *Gal.* I wou'd not for the World—

Wild. That I shou'd fail!

L. *Gal.* Not name the guilty Hour.

Wild. Then I through eager haste shall come too soon,
And do your Honour wrong.

L. *Gal.* My Honour! Oh, that Word!

Wild. Which the Devil was in me for naming. [*Aside.*
—At Twelve.

L. *Gal.* My Women and my Servants then are up.

Wild. At One, or Two.

L. *Gal.* So late! 'twill be so quickly Day!

Wild. Ay, so it will;
That half our Business will be left unfinisht.

L. *Gal.* Hah, what do you mean? what Business?

Wild. A thousand tender things I have to say;
A thousand Vows of my eternal Love;
And now and then we'll kiss and—

L. *Gal.* Be extremely honest.

Wild. As you can wish.

L. *Gal.* Rather as I command: for should he know my wish, I were undone. [*Aside.*

Wild. The Sign—

L. *Gal.* Oh, press me not—yet you may come at Midnight under my Chamber-Window.

[*Sir* Char. *sees 'em so close, comes to 'em.*

Sir *Char.* Hold, Sir, hold! Whilst I am listning to the Relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and Counterscarps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters—My Lord, by your leave. [*Puts him by, growing drunk.*

Char. Persuade me not; I burst with Jealousy.

[Wild. *turns, sees* Clacket.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Clacket!* then 'tis *Charlot*, and I'm discover'd to her.

Char. Say, are you not a false dissembling thing?

[*To* Wild. *in anger.*

Wild. What, my little Northern Lass translated into English!

This 'tis to practise Art in spite of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,
Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out through all your forc'd disguise.

Char. Hah, did you know me then?

Wild. At the first glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in revenge,
Whom my Uncle would have me marry. But to avoid all Discourses of that nature, I came to Night in this Disguise you see, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

Char. And is that all, on Honour? Is it, Dear?

Wild. What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous Women?

Char. Yes, when I see the Writings.

Wild. Go home, I die if you shou'd be discover'd:
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.
Clacket, you and I must have an old Reckoning about this Night's Jant of yours. [*Aside to* Clacket.

Sir *Tim.* Well, my Lord, how do you like our *English* Beauties?

Wild. Extremely, Sir; and was pressing this young Lady to give us a Song.

[*Here is an Italian Song in two Parts.*

Sir *Tim.* I never saw this Lady before: pray who may she be, Neighbour? [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* A Niece of mine, newly come out of *Scotland*, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, then she dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, please you to sit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a Dance.

[*They all sit;* Charl. *and* Fop. *dance.*

So, so; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conscience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the Men; but for my self, I must retire; first waiting on your Lordship to shew you your Apartment, then leave you to *cher entire:* and to morrow, my Lord, you and

I will settle the Nation, and will resolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders*.

[*Exeunt all but* Wild. Dres. *and* Fop. *Sir* Charles *leading out Lady* Galliard.

Sir *Anth.* Well said, *Charles*, thou leav'st her not till she's thy own, Boy—And Philander *was a jolly Swain*, &c.

[*Exit singing.*

Wild. All things succeed above my Wish, dear *Frank*; Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is so;
This night crowns all my Wishes.
Laboir, are all things ready for our purpose? [*To his Footman.*

Lab. Dark Lanthorns, Pistols, Habits and Vizards, Sir.

Fop. I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treasure.

Dres. I perceive you are resolv'd to make a thorow-stitcht Robbery on't.

Fop. Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good venture a Caper under the Triple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

Wild. We must consider on't. 'Tis now just struck eleven; within this Hour is the dear Assignation with *Galliard*.

Dres. What, whether our Affairs be finish'd or not?

Wild. 'Tis but at next Door; I shall return time enough for that trivial Business.

Dres. A trivial Business of some six thousand pound a year?

Wild. Trivial to a Woman, *Frank:* no more; do you make as if you went to bed.—*Laboir*, do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table: and when I give the sign, let me softly in.

Dres. Death, Sir, will you venture at such a time?

Wild. My Life and future Hope—I am resolv'd.
Let Politicians plot, let Rogues go on
In the old beaten Path of Forty one;
Let City Knaves delight in Mutiny,
The Rabble bow to old Presbytery;
Let petty States be to confusion hurl'd,
Give me but Woman, I'll despise the World. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Dressing-Room.*

Lady Galliard *is discover'd in an undress at her Table, Glass and Toilette,* Closet *attending: As soon as the Scene draws off she rises from the Table as disturbed and out of Humour.*

L. *Gal.* Come, leave your everlasting Chamber-maid's Chat, your dull Road of Slandering by rote, and lay that Paint aside. Thou art fuller of false News, than an unlicens'd Mercury.

Clos. I have good Proof, Madam, of what I say.

L. *Gal.* Proof of a thing impossible!—Away.

Clos. Is it a thing so impossible, Madam, that a Man of Mr. *Wilding's* Parts and Person should get a City-Heiress? Such a bonne Mien, and such a pleasant Wit!

L. *Gal.* Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou hast Tongue
Enough to talk an Oyster-Woman deaf:
I say it cannot be.
—What means the panting of my troubled Heart!
Oh, my presaging Fears! shou'd what she says prove true,
How wretched and how lost a thing am I! [*Aside.*

Clos. Your Honour may say your Pleasure; but I hope I have not liv'd to these Years to be impertinent—No, Madam, I am none of those that run up and down the Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye-catching, and—

L. *Gal.* Eternal Rattle, peace—
Mrs. *Charlot Gett-all* go away with *Wilding!*
A Man of *Wilding's* extravagant Life
Get a Fortune in the City!
Thou mightst as well have told me, a Holder-forth were married to a Nun:
There are not two such Contraries in Nature,
'Tis flam, 'tis foolery, 'tis most impossible.

Clos. I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, if my Discourse offend you; but all the World knows Mrs. *Clacket* to be a person—

L. *Gal.* Who is a most devout Baud, a precise Procurer;
A Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Flesh;
A Doer of the Devil's Work in God's Name.
Is she your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubted—
I say once more, adone with your idle Tittle-Tattle,
—And to divert me, bid *Betty* sing the Song which *Wilding* made
To his last Mistress; we may judge by that,
What little Haunts, and what low Game he follows.
This is not like the Description of a rich Citizen's Daughter and Heir, but some common Hackney of the Suburbs.

Clos. I have heard him often swear she was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

L. *Gal.* Like enough, there are many of these Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Prostitutes, as errant Jilts, as those who make open profession of the Trade—almost as mercenary—But come, the Song. [*Enter* Betty.

SONG.

In Phillis *all vile Jilts are met,*
Foolish, uncertain, false, Coquette.
Love is her constant welcome Guest,
And still the newest pleases best.
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon;
Her Life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of human Race,
This Devil has an Angel's Face;
Such Youth, such Sweetness in her Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can save a poor inclining Heart?

In vain a thousand Times an hour
Reason rebels against her Power.
In vain I rail, I curse her charms;
One Look my feeble Rage disarms.
There is Inchantment in her Eyes;
Who sees 'em, can no more be wise.

Enter Wilding, *who runs to embrace L.* Gal.

Wild. Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met:
Most charming of your Sex, and wisest of all Widows,
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here!
Now I have liv'd to purpose, since at last—Oh, killing Joy!
Come, let me fold you, press you in my Arms,
And kiss you Thanks for this dear happy Night.

L. *Gal.* You may spare your Thanks, Sir, for those that will deserve 'em; I shall give you no occasion for 'em.

Wild. Nay, no scruples now, dearest of Dears, no more,
'Tis most unseasonable—
I bring a Heart full fraight with eager Hopes,
Opprest with a vast Load of longing Love;
Let me unlade me in that soft white Bosom,
That Storehouse of rich Joys and lasting Pleasures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies.

[*She breaks from him.*

L. *Gal.* You're wondrous full of Love and Rapture, Sir; but certainly you mistake the Person you address 'em to.

Wild. Why, are you not my Lady *Galliard*, that very Lady *Galliard*, who, if one may take her Word for't, loves *Wilding?* Am I not come hither by your own Appointment; and can I have any other Business here at this time of night, but Love, and Rapture, and—

L. *Gal.* Scandalous and vain! by my Appointment, and for so leud a purpose; guard me, ye good Angels.
If after an Affront so gross as this,
I ever suffer you to see me more,
Then think me what your Carriage calls me,
An impudent, an open Prostitute,
Lost to all sense of Virtue, or of Honour.

Wild. What can this mean? [*Aside.*
Oh, now I understand the Mystery. [*Looking on* Closet.
Her Woman's here, that troublesome piece of Train.
—I must remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. *Closet*, I had forgot to tell you, as I came up I heard a Kinsman of yours very

earnest with the Servants below, and in great haste to speak with you.

Clos. A Kinsman! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of night.

Wild. Yes, a very near Kinsman, he said he was your Father's own Mother's Uncle's Sister's Son; what d'ye call him?

Clos. Ay, what d'ye call him indeed? I shou'd be glad to hear his Name. Alas, Sir, I have no near Relation living that I know of, the more's my Misfortune, poor helpless Orphan that I am. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, but Mrs. *Closet*, pray take me right, This Country-man of yours, as I was saying—

L. *Gal.* Chang'd already from a Kinsman to a Country-man! a plain Contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. *Closet*, as you value my Service, stir not from hence.

Wild. This Countryman of yours, I say, being left Executor by your Father's last Will and Testament, is come—Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady; know your Cue and retire.

Clos. How, Sir!

Wild. Learn, I say, to understand Reason when you hear it. Leave us awhile; Love is not a Game for three to play at. [*Gives her Mony.*

Clos. I must own to all the World, you have convinc'd me; I ask a thousand Pardons for my Dulness. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run; you're a most powerful Person, the very Spirit of Persuasion—I'll steal out—You have such a taking way with you—But I forgot my self. Well, your most obedient Servant; whenever you've occasion, Sir, be pleas'd to use me freely.

Wild. Nay, dear Impertinence, no more Complements, you see I'm busy now; prithee be gone, you see I am busy.

Clos. I'm all Obedience to you, Sir—
Your most obedient—

L. *Gal.* Whither are you fisking and giggiting now?

Clos. Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately. [*Exit* Clos.

Wild. So, she's gone; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the Deliverance. And now, dear Widow, let's lose no more precious time; we have fool'd away too much already.

L. *Gal.* This to me!

Wild. To you, yes, to whom else should it be? unless being sensible you have not Discretion enough to manage your own Affairs your self, you resolve like other Widows, with all you're Worth to buy a Governour, commonly call'd a Husband. I took ye to be wiser; but if that be your Design I shall do my best to serve you—though to deal freely with you—

L. *Gal.* Trouble not your self, Sir, to make Excuses; I'm not so fond of the Offer to take you at your Word. Marry you! a Rakeshame, who have not Esteem enough for the Sex to believe your Mother honest—without Money or Credit, without Land either in present or prospect; and half a dozen hungry Vices, like so many bauling Brats at your Back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Besides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Gett-all?*

Wild. Married to her! Do I know her, you shou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lye? but suppose 'twere true, cou'd you be jealous of a Woman I marry? Do you take me for such an Ass, to suspect I shall love my own Wife? On the other side, I have a great Charge of Vices, as you well observe, and I must not be so barbarous to let 'em starve. Every body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, though they send their Children a begging; I shou'd be worse than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I must marry some stiff aukward thing or other with an ugly Face, and a handsom Estate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you only can make me happy—Come, do it then.

L. *Gal.* I never will.

Wild. Unkindly said, you must.

L. *Gal.* Unreasonable Man! because you see
I have unusual Regards for you,
Pleasure to hear, and Trouble to deny you;
A fatal yielding in my Nature toward you,
Love bends my Soul that way—
A Weakness I ne'er felt for any other;
And wou'd you be so base? and cou'd you have the Heart
To take th' advantage on't to ruin me,
To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

Wild. You reason false,
According to the strictest Rules of Honour,
Beauty should still be the Reward of Love,
Not the vile Merchandize of Fortune,
Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony.
She's only infamous, who to her Bed
For Interest takes some nauseous Clown she hates:
And though a Jointure or a Vow in publick
Be her Price, that makes her but the dearer Whore.

L. *Gal.* I understand not these new Morals.

Wild. Have Patience I say, 'tis clear:
All the Desires of mutual Love are virtuous.
Can Heav'n or Man be angry that you please
Your self, and me, when it does wrong to none?
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be?
Besides, are we not alone, and private? who can know it?

L. *Gal.* Heaven will know't; and I—that, that's enough:
But when you are weary of me, first your Friend,
Then his, then all the World.

Wild. Think not that time will ever come.

L. *Gal.* Oh, it must, it will.

Wild. Or if it should, could I be such a Villain—
Ah cruel! if you love me as you say,
You wou'd not thus distrust me.

L. *Gal.* You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er
my Tongue,

Or all the Actions of my Life can tell you—so well—
Your very Faults, how gross soe'er to me,
Have something pleasing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praise, or Woman can desire;
All Charm without, and all Desert within.
But yet my Virtue is more lovely still;
That is a Price too high to pay for you;
The Love of Angels may be bought too dear,
If we bestow on them what's kept for Heaven.

Wild. Hell and the Devil! I'll hear no more
Of this religious Stuff, this godly Nonsense.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to preach Virtue to me?

L. *Gal.* I bring you hither! how can you say it?
I suffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the base end you fancy'd, but to take
A last Leave of you. Let my Heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me;
Believe I still shall have a Kindness for you,
Always your Friend, your Mistress now no more.

Wild. Cozen'd, abus'd, she loves some other Man!
Dull Blockhead, not to find it out before! [*Aside.*
—Well, Madam, may I at last believe
This is your fix'd and final Resolution?
And does your Tongue now truly speak your Heart,
That has so long bely'd it?

L. *Gal.* It does.

Wild. I'm glad on't. Good Night; and when I visit you again,
May you again thus fool me. [*Offers to go.*

L. *Gal.* Stay but a Moment.

Wild. For what? to praise your Night-dress, or make Court to your little Dog? No, no, Madam, send for Mr. *Flamfull*, and Mr. *Flutterbuz*, Mr. *Lap-fool* and Mr. *Loveall;* they'll do it better, and are more at leisure.

L. *Gal.* Hear me a little: You know I both despise,

and hate those civil Coxcombs, as much as I esteem and love you. But why will you be gone so soon? and why are ye so cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindness? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. [*In a soft Tone.*

Wild. Then keep your Word, Madam.

L. *Gal.* My Word! and have I promis'd then to be
A Whore? A Whore! Oh, let me think of that!
A Man's Convenience, his leisure Hours, his Bed of Ease,
To loll and tumble on at idle times;
The Slave, the Hackney of his lawless Lust!
A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy Flames,
Made use of, and thrown by—Oh, infamous!

Wild. Come, come, you love me not, I see it plain;
That makes your Scruples; that, that's the Reason
You start at Words, and turn away from Shadows.
Already some pert Fop, some Ribbon Fool,
Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me
In that unsteady treacherous Woman's Heart of yours.

L. *Gal.* Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a—Whore—

Wild. Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind!
All that you are, and all you do's a Lye.
False are your Faces, false your floating Hearts;
False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements:
Enemies without Reason, and dear without Kindness;
Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love;
Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

L. *Gal.* False rather are the Joys you are so fond of.
Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

Wild. No, them I can never quit, but you most easily:
A Woman changeable and false as you.

L. *Gal.* Said you most easily? Oh, inhuman!
Your cruel Words have wak'd a dismal Thought;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my Heart,
And Weakness steals upon my Soul apace;

I find I must be miserable—
I wou'd not be thought false.
[*In a soft Tone, coming near him.*
Wild. Nor wou'd I think you so; give me not Cause.
L. *Gal.* What Heart can bear distrust from what it loves?
Or who can always her own Wish deny? [*Aside.*
My Reason's weary of the unequal Strife;
And Love and Nature will at last o'ercome.
—Do you not then believe I love you?
[*To him in a soft Tone.*
Wild. How can I, while you still remain unkind?
L. *Gal.* How shall I speak my guilty Thoughts?
I have not Power to part with you; conceal my Shame, I doubt
I cannot, I fear I wou'd not any more deny you.
Wild. Oh heavenly Sound! Oh charming Creature!
Speak that word again, agen, agen! for ever let me hear it.
L. *Gal.* But did you not indeed? and will you never, never love Mrs. *Charlot*, never?
Wild. Never, never.
L. *Gal.* Turn your Face away, and give me leave
To hide my rising Blushes: I cannot look on you,
[*As this last Speech is speaking, she sinks into his Arms by degrees.*
But you must undo me if you will—
Since I no other way my Truth can prove,
—You shall see I love.
Pity my Weakness, and admire my Love.
Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my Arms,
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.
Fate, I defy thee, and dull World, adieu.
In Love's kind Fever let me ever lie,
Drunk with Desire, and raving mad with Joy.
[*Exeunt into the Bed-chamber*, Wild. *leading her with his Arms about her.*

[SCENE II. *Changes.*

Another Room in Lady Galliard's *House.*]

Enter Sir Charles Meriwill *and Sir* Anthony, *Sir* Charles *drunk.*

Sir *Anth.* A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

Sir *Char.* Why, look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a Man do? I brought her to her Coach—

Sir *Anth.* To her Coach! to her Coach! Did not I put her into your Hand, follow'd you out, wink'd, smil'd and nodded; cry'd 'bye *Charles*, 'bye Rogue; which was as much as to say, Go home with her, *Charles*, home to her Chamber, *Charles;* nay, as much as to say, Home to her Bed, *Charles;* nay, as much as to say—Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modest too! That I shou'd bring thee up with no more Fear of God before thy Eyes!

Sir *Char.* Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my Heart now! Why, I did proffer, and press, and swear, and ly'd, and—but a pox on her, she has the damn'dst wheedling way with her, as dear *Charles*, nay prithee, fie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd you wou'd preserve; and such obliging Reasons.

Sir *Anth.* Reasons! Reason! a Lover, and talk of Reason! You lye, Sirrah, you lye. Leave a Woman for Reason, when you were so finely drunk too, a Rascal!

Sir *Char.* Why look ye, d'ye see, Uncle, I durst not trust my self alone with her in this pickle, lest I shou'd ha' fallen foul on her.

Sir *Anth.* Why, there's it; 'tis that you shou'd have done; I am mistaken if she be not one of those Ladies that love to be ravisht of a Kindness. Why, your willing Rape is all the Fashion, *Charles.*

Sir *Char.* But hark ye, Uncle.

Sir *Anth.* Why, how now, Jack-sauce, what, capitulate?

Sir *Char.* Why, do but hear me, Uncle; Lord, you're so hasty! Why, look ye, I am as ready, d'ye see, as any Man on these Occasions.

Sir *Anth.* Are you so, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir—Why, what, I shall have you whining when you are sober again, traversing your Chamber with Arms across, railing on Love and Women, and at last defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your self on the whole Sex.

Sir *Char.* My dear Uncle, come kiss me and be friends; I will be rul'd. [*Kisses him.*

Sir *Anth.* —A most admirable good-natur'd Boy this! [*Aside.*] Well then, dear *Charles*, know, I have brought thee now hither to the Widow's House, with a Resolution to have thee order matters so, as before thou quitst her, she shall be thy own, Boy.

Sir *Char.* Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin! Introduce me, d'ye see, and if I do not so woo the Widow, and so do the Widow, that e'er morning she shall be content to take me for better for worse—Renounce me! Egad, I'll make her know the Lord God from *Tom Bell*, before I have done with her. Nay, backt by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had she all *Cupid's* Arrows, *Venus's* Beauty, and *Messalina's* Fire, d'ye see.

Sir *Anth.* A sweet Boy, a very sweet Boy! Hum, thou art damnable handsome to Night, *Charles*—Ay, thou wilt do't; I see a kind of resistless Leudness about thee, a most triumphant Impudence, loose and wanton.

[*Stands looking on him.*

Enter Closet.

Clos. Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of Night?

Sir *Char.* Where's your Lady?

Clos. Softly, dear Sir.

Sir *Char.* Why, is she asleep? Come, come, I'll wake her.

[*Offers to force in as to the Bed-chamber.*

Clos. Hold, hold, Sir; No, no, she's a little busy, Sir.

Sir *Char.* I'll have no Business done to Night, Sweetheart.

Clos. Hold, hold, I beseech you, Sir, her Mother's with her; For Heaven's sake, Sir, be gone.

Sir *Char.* I'll not budge.

Sir *Anth.* No, not a Foot.

Clos. The City you know, Sir, is so censorious—

Sir *Char.* Damn the City.

Sir *Anth.* All the Whigs, *Charles*, all the Whigs.

Sir *Char.* In short, I am resolv'd, d'ye see, to go to the Widow's Chamber.

Sir *Anth.* Harkye, Mrs. *Closet*, I thought I had entirely engag'd you this Evening.

Clos. I am perfectly yours, Sir; but how it happens so, her Mother being there—Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hour, into my Chamber, till she were gone—

Sir *Anth.* This is the Reason, *Charles*. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget. [*Gives her Money.*

Sir *Char.* And here's my two, because thou art industrious. [*Gives her Money, and they go out with her.*

Enter Lady Galliard *in rage, held by* Wilding.

L. *Gal.* What have I done? Ah, whither shall I fly? [*Weeps.*

Wild. Why all these Tears? Ah, why this cruel Passion?

L. *Gal.* Undone, undone! Unhand me, false, forsworn;
Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.
What shou'd I do with guilty Life about me?

Wild. Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?

L. *Gal.* Ah, leave me—
Leave me alone to sigh to flying Winds,
That the Infection may be borne aloft,
And reach no human Ear.

Wild. Cease, lovely Charmer, cease to wound me more.

L. *Gal.* Shall I survive this Shame? No, if I do,
Eternal Blushes dwell upon my Cheeks,

To tell the World my Crime.
—Mischief and Hell, what Devil did possess me?
Wild. It was no Devil, but a Deity;
A little gay wing'd God, harmless and innocent,
Young as Desire, wanton as Summer-breezes,
Soft as thy Smiles, resistless as thy Eyes.
L. *Gal.* Ah, what malicious God,
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,
Taught thee the Art of Conquest with thy Tongue?
Thy false deluding Eyes were surely made
Of Stars that rule our Sex's Destiny:
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
That first undo the heedless Gazers on,
Then shew their natural Deformity.
Wild. Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then?
Has my increase of Passion lessen'd yours? [*In a soft Tone.*
L. *Gal.* Peace, Tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayest me,
And then upbraidest the Wretchedness thou'st made.
—Ah, Fool, eternal Fool! to know my Danger,
Yet venture on so evident a Ruin.
Wild. Say,—what one Grace is faded?
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing?
By Heaven, much more! This charming change of Looks
Raises my Flame, and makes me wish t'invoke
The harmless God again. [*Embraces her.*
L. *Gal.* By Heaven, not all thy Art
Shall draw me to the tempting Sin again.
Wild. Oh, I must, or die.
L. *Gal.* By all the Powers, by—
Wild. Oh, do not swear, lest Love shou'd take it ill
That Honour shou'd pretend to give him Laws,
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.
—Say that you will half a long Hour hence—
L. *Gal.* Hah!
Wild. Or say a tedious Hour.
L. *Gal.* Death, never—

Wild. Or if you—promise me then to morrow.

L. *Gal.* No, hear my Vows.

Wild. Hold, see me die; if you resolve 'em fatal to my Love, by Heaven I'll do't. [*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

L. *Gal.* Ah, what—

Wild. Revoke that fatal Never then.

L. *Gal.* I dare not.

Wild. Oh, say you will.

L. *Gal.* Alas, I dare not utter it.

Wild. Let's in, and thou shalt whisper it into my Bosom; Or sighing, look it to me with thy Eyes.

L. *Gal.* Ah, *Wilding*— [*Sighs.*

Wild. It toucht my Soul! Repeat that Sigh again.

L. *Gal.* Ah, I confess I am but feeble Woman.

[*Leans on him.*

Sir *Char.* Good Mistress Keep-door, stand by: for I must enter. [*Sir* Char. *without.*

L. *Gal.* Hah, young *Meriwill's* Voice!

Clos. Pray, Sir *Charles*, let me go and give my Lady notice. [*She enters and goes to* Wild.

—For Heaven's sake, Sir, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's lost.

Wild. What will you have me do? [*To* Galliard.

L. *Gal.* Be gone, or you will ruin me for ever. [*In disorder.*

Wild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. *Gal.* Here, down the back-stairs—

As you have Honour, go and cherish mine.

[*Pulling him.* [*He goes out.*

—He's gone, and now nethinks the shivering Fit of Honour is return'd.

Enter Sir Charles, *rudely pushing* Closet *aside with Sir* Anthony.

Sir. *Char.* Deny'd an entrance! nay, then there is a Rival in the Case, or so; and I'm resolv'd to discover the Hellish Plot, d'ye see. [*Just as he enters drunk at one Door,* Wild. *returns at the other.*

L. *Gal.* Ha, *Wilding* return'd! Shield me, ye Shades of Night. [*Puts out the Candles, and goes to* Wild.

Wild. The Back-Stairs Door is lockt.

L. *Gal.* Oh, I am lost! curse on this fatal Night! Art thou resolv'd on my undoing every way.

Clos. Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Sir *Char.* What, what, all in darkness? Do you make Love like Cats, by Star-light? [*Reeling about.*

L. *Gal.* Ah, he knows he's here!—Oh, what a pain is Guilt! [*Aside.*

Wild. I wou'd not be surpriz'd.

[*As* Closet *takes him to lead him out, he takes out his Sword, and by dark pushes by Sir* Charles, *and almost overthrows Sir* Anth. *at which they both draw, whilst he goes out with* Closet.

Sir *Char.* Hah, Gad, 'twas a Spark!—What, vanisht! hah—

Sir *Anth.* Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye.

Sir *Char.* Are you so, Sir? and I am for the Widow, Sir, and— [*Just as they are passing at each other,* Closet *enters with a Candle.*

Hah, why, what have we here?—my nown Flesh and Blood? [*Embracing his Uncle.*

Sir *Anth.* Cry mercy, Sir! Pray, how fell we out?

Sir *Char.* Out, Sir! Prithee where's my Rival? where's the Spark, the—Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival: Where is he? [*Searching about.*

L. *Gal.* Whom seek ye, Sir, a Man, and in my Lodgings? [*Angrily.*

Clos. A Man! Merciful, what will this scandalous lying World come to? Here's no Man.

Sir *Char.* Away, I say, thou damn'd Domestick Intelligence, that comest out every half hour with some fresh Sham— No Man!—What, 'twas an Appointment only, hum,—which I shall now make bold to unappoint, render

null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here, [*Searches about.*] I shall very civilly and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendship with him—pray, mark that—run him through the Lungs.

L. *Gal.* Oh, what a Coward's Guilt! what mean you, Sir?

Sir *Char.* Mean? why I am obstinately bent to ravish thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force, that so I have no obligation to thee, and consequently use thee scurvily with a good Conscience.

Sir *Anth.* A most delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as leud as the best of 'em, God grant him Life and Health. [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* 'Tis late, and I entreat your absence, Sir: These are my Hours of Prayer, which this unseasonable Visit has disturb'd.

Sir *Char.* Prayer! No more of that, Sweetheart; for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing so late, but a good Husband; and see, Heaven has sent him just in the crit – – – critical minute, to supply your Occasions.

Sir *Anth.* A Wag, an arch Wag; he'll learn to make Lampoons presently. I'll not give Sixpence from him, though to the poor of the Parish.

Sir *Char.* Come, Widow, let's to Bed. [*Pulls her, she is angry.*

L. *Gal.* Hold, Sir, you drive the Jest too far; And I am in no humour now for Mirth.

Sir *Char.* Jest: Gad, ye lye, I was never in more earnest in all my Life.

Sir *Anth.* He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counsel, and good Company.

[*Getting nearer the Door still.*

L. *Gal.* What mean you, Sir? what can my Woman think to see me treated thus?

Sir *Char.* Well thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye see—

Therefore, thou sometimes necessary Utensil, withdraw.

[*Gives her to Sir* Anth.

Sir *Anth.* Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her Duty. [*Pushes her out, and goes out.*

L. *Gal.* Stay, *Closet*, I command ye.
—What have you seen in me shou'd move you to this rudeness? [*To Sir* Char.

Sir *Char.* No frowning; for by this dear Night, 'tis Charity, care of your Reputation, Widow; and therefore I am resolv'd no body shall lie with you but my self. You have dangerous Wasps buzzing about your Hive, Widow—mark that—[*She flings from him.*] Nay, no parting but upon terms, which, in short, d'ye see, are these: Down on your Knees, and swear me heartily, as Gad shall judge your Soul, d'ye see, to marry me to morrow.

L. *Gal.* To morrow! Oh, I have urgent business then.

Sir *Char.* So have I. Nay, Gad, an you be for the nearest way to the Wood, the sober discreet way of loving, I am sorry for ye, look ye. [*He begins to undress.*

L. *Gal.* Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir *Char.* Only to go to Bed, that's all. [*Still undressing.*

L. *Gal.* Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

Sir *Char.* Ay, do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours, they'll be for me, d'ye see, bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*, though I am no very true blue Protestant neither; therefore dispatch, or—

L. *Gal.* Hold, are you mad? I cannot promise you to night.

Sir *Char.* Well, well, I'll be content with Performance then to night, and trust you for your Promise till to morrow.

Sir *Anth.* [*peeping.*] Ah, Rogue! by *George*, he out-does my Expectations of him.

L. *Gal.* What Imposition's this! I'll call for help.

Sir. *Char.* You need not, you'll do my business better alone. [*Pulls her.*

L. *Gal.* What shall I do? how shall I send him hence? [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* He shall ne'er drink small Beer more, that's positive; I'll burn all's Books too, they have help'd to spoil

him; and sick or well, sound or unsound, Drinking shall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study. [*Aside, peeping unseen.*

Sir *Char.* Come, come, no pausing; your Promise, or I'll to Bed. [*Offers to pull off his Breeches, having pulled off almost all the rest of his Clothes.*

L. *Gal.* What shall I do? here is no Witness near: And to be rid of him I'll promise him; he'll have forgot it in his sober Passion. [*Aside.*
Hold, I do swear I will— [*He fumbling to undo his Breeches.*

Sir *Char.* What?

L. *Gal.* Marry you.

Sir *Char.* When?

L. *Gal.* Nay, that's too much—Hold, hold, I will to morrow—
Now you are satisfy'd, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Ant. *and* Closet.

Sir *Anth. Charles*, Joy, *Charles*, give you Joy, here's two substantial Witnesses.

Clos. I deny it, Sir; I heard no such thing.

Sir *Anth.* What, what, Mrs. *Closet*, a Waiting-woman of Honour, and flinch from her Evidence! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul if thou dar'st swear what thou say'st.

L. *Gal.* How, upon the Catch, Sir! am I betray'd?
Base and unkind, is this your humble Love?
Is all your whining come to this, false Man?
By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd.
[*She goes out in* [*a*] *Rage with* Closet.

Sir *Char.* Nay, Gad, you're caught, struggle and flounder as you please, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, i'faith. [*Looking after her.*] —Uncle, get ye home about your Business; I hope you'll give me the good morrow, as becomes me—I say no more, a Word to the Wise—

Sir *Anth.* By *George*, thou'rt a brave Fellow; why, I did not think it had been in thee, Man. Well, adieu; I'll

give thee such a good morrow, *Charles*—the Devil's in him !—'Bye, *Charles*—a plaguy Rogue !—'night, Boy—a divine Youth !

[*Going and returning, as not able to leave him. Exit.*

Sir *Char.* Gad, I'll not leave her now, till she is mine ;
Then keep her so by constant Consummation.
Let Man o' God do his, I'll do my Part,
In spite of all her Fickleness and Art ;
There's one sure way to fix a Widow's Heart. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sir* Timothy's *House.*

Enter Dresswell, Foppington, [Laboir,] *and five or six more disguised with Vizards and dark Lanthorns.*

Fop. Not yet ! a plague of this damn'd Widow : The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Cast, and has thrown it him to night.

Enter Wild. *in Rapture and Joy.*

—Hah, dear *Tom*, art thou come ?

Wild. I saw how at her length she lay !
I saw her rising Bosom bare !

Fop. A Pox of her rising Bosom ! My dear, let's dress and about our Business.

Wild. Her loose thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play !

Dres. Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture ? 'tis almost day.

Wild. Ah, *Frank*, such a dear Night !

Dress. A Pox of Nights, Sir, think of this and the Day to come : which I perceive you were too well employ'd to remember.

Wild. The Day to come !
Death, who cou'd be so dull in such dear Joys,
To think of Time to come, or ought beyond 'em !
And had I not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who, getting drunk, had Courage enough to venture on an

untimely Visit, I'd had no more power of returning, than committing Treason: But that conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and so unseen I got off. But come—my Disguise. [*Dresses.*

Dres. All's still and hush, as if Nature meant to favour our Design.

Wild. 'Tis well: and hark ye, my Friends, I'll prescribe ye no Bounds, nor Moderation; for I have consider'd, if we modestly take nothing but the Writings, 'twill be easy to suspect the Thief.

Fop. Right; and since 'tis for the securing our Necks, 'tis lawful Prize—Sirrah, leave the Portmantle here.

[*Exeunt as into the House.*

After a small time,

Enter Jervice *undres'd, crying out, pursu'd by some of the Thieves.*

Jer. Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder!

Enter Wilding *with his Sword drawn.*

Wild. A plague upon his Throat; set a Gag in's Mouth and bind him, though he be my Uncle's chief Pimp—so—

[*They bind and gag him.*

Enter Dresswell, *and* Laboir.

Dres. Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, e'er they cou'd alarm their Fellows by crying out.

Wild. 'Tis well; come, follow me, like a kind Midnight-Ghost, I will conduct ye to the rich buried Heaps —this Door leads to my Uncle's Apartment; I know each secret Nook conscious of Treasure.

[*All go in, leaving* Jervice *bound on the Stage.*

Enter Sensure *running half undress'd, as from Sir* Timothy's *Chamber, with his Velvet-Coat on her Shoulders.*

Sen. Help, help! Murder! Murder!

[Dres. Lab. *and others pursue her.*

Dres. What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Alderman's Bed? [*Holding a Lanthorn to his Face.*

Sen. Ah, mercy, Sir, alas, I am a Virgin.

Dres. A Virgin! Gad and that may be, for any great Miracles the old Gentleman can do.

Sen. Do! alas, Sir, I am none of the Wicked.

Dres. That's well—The sanctify'd Jilt professes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her Neck. [*Pulls off the Coat.*

Sen. Ah, Misfortune, I have mistook his Worship's Coat for my Gown. [*A little Book drops out of her Bosom.*

Dres. What have we here? *A Sermon preacht by* Richard Baxter, *Divine.* Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Protestant Cause.

Sen. Alack, how the Saints may be scandaliz'd! I went but to tuck his Worship up.

Dres. And comment upon the Text a little, which I suppose may be, increase and multiply—Here, gag, and bind her. [*Exit* Dres.

Sen. Hold, hold, I am with Child!

Lab. Then you'll go near to miscarry of a Babe of Grace.

Enter Wild. Fop. *and others, leading in Sir* Timothy *in his Night-gown and Night-Cap.*

Sir *Tim.* Gentlemen, why, Gentlemen, I beseech you use a Conscience in what you do, and have a feeling in what you go about—Pity my Age.

Wild. Damn'd beggarly Conscience, and needless Pity—

Sir *Tim.* Oh, fearful—But, Gentlemen, what is't you design? is it a general Massacre, pray? or am I the only Person aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation? I know, and all the World knows, how many Plots have been laid against my self, both by Men, Women, and Children, the diabolical Emissaries of the Pope.

Wild. How, Sirrah! [*Fiercely, he starts.*

Sir *Tim.* Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour

his Holiness with all my Soul; and if his Grace did but know what I've done for him, d'ye see—

Fop. You done for the Pope, Sirrah! Why, what have you done for the Pope?

Sir *Tim.* Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you very great Service, very great Service; for I have been, d'ye see, in a small Tryal I had, the cause and occasion of invalidating the Evidence to that degree, that I suppose no Jury in *Christendom* will ever have the Impudence to believe 'em hereafter, shou'd they swear against his Holiness and all the Conclave of Cardinals.

Wild. And yet you plot on still, cabal, treat, and keep open Debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealthsmen to carry on the good Cause.

Sir *Tim.* Alas, what signifies that! You know, Gentlemen, that I have such a strange and natural Agility in turning—I shall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the Lurch.

Wild. 'Tis very likely; but at this time we shall not take your Word for that.

Sir *Tim.* Bloody-minded Men, are you resolv'd to assassinate me then?

Wild. You trifle, Sir, and know our Business better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much less any Party or Person—Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

Fop. Ay, ay, discover, discover your Money, Sir, your ready—

Sir *Tim.* Money, Sir, good lack, is that all? [*Smiling on 'em.*] Why, what a Beast was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Money last Week to Alderman *Draw-tooth?* Alack, alack, what shift shall I make now to accommodate you?—But if you please to come again to morrow—

Fop. A shamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a dissembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we

are for no Rhetorick but ready Money.

[*Aloud and threatning.*

Sir *Tim.* Hold, I beseech you, Gentlemen, not so loud; for there is a Lord, a most considerable Person, and a Stranger, honours my House to night; I wou'd not for the world his Lordship shou'd be disturb'd.

Wild. Take no care for him, he's fast bound and all his Retinue.

Sir *Tim.* How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, disgrac'd! What will the *Polanders* say, that I shou'd expose their Embassador to this Disrespect and Affront?

Wild. Bind him, and take away his Keys.

[*They bind him hand and foot, and take his Keys out of his Bosom.* Ex. *all.*

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, what you please, Gentlemen, since my Lord's bound—Oh, what Recompence can I make for so unhospitable Usage? I am a most unfortunate Magistrate: hah, who's there, *Jervice?* Alas, art thou here too? What, canst not speak? but 'tis no matter and I were dumb too; for what Speech or Harangue will serve to beg my Pardon of my Lord?—And then my Heiress, *Jervice*, ay, my rich Heiress, why, she'll be ravisht: Oh Heavens, ravisht! The young Rogues will have no Mercy, *Jervice;* nay, perhaps as thou say'st, they'll carry her away.—Oh, that thought! Gad, I rather the City-Charter were lost.

[*Enter some with Bags of Money.*

—Why, Gentlemen, rob like Christians, Gentlemen.

Fop. What, do you mutter, Dog?

Sir *Tim.* Not in the least, Sir, not in the least; only a Conscience, Sir, in all things does well—Barbarous Rogues. [*They go out all again.*] Here's your arbitrary Power, *Jervice;* here's the Rule of the Sword now for you: These are your Tory Rogues, your tantivy Roysters; but we shall cry quits with you, Rascals, ere long; and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequestration,

we shall so handle ye—we'll spare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a slice at your fat Church-men, your Crape-Gownorums.

Enter Wild. [Dresswell, Laboir, *and the rest, with more Bags.*

Wild. A Prize, a Prize, my Lads, in ready Guineas; Contribution, my beloved.

Dres. Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in spite of *Ignoramus* and all his Tribe—What hast thou here?

[*To* Fop. *who enters with a Bag full of Papers.*

Fop. A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Libels, Treason, Successions, Rights and Privileges, with a new-fashion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Association.—Ah, Rogue, what will you say when these shall be made publick?

Sir *Tim.* Say, Sir? why, I'll deny it, Sir; for what Jury will believe so wise a Magistrate as I cou'd communicate such Secrets to such as you? I'll say you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in—or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publisht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not so bad yet, but a Man may speak Treason within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honest conscientious Jury-Men. And as for the Money, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Wild. Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbish of the Nation out of the way—Your servant, Sir.—So, away with it to *Dresswell's* Lodgings, his Coach is at the Door ready to receive it.

[*They carry off Sir* Timothy, *and others take up the Bags, and go out with 'em.*

Dres. Well, you are sure you have all you came for?

Wild. All's safe, my Lads, the Writings all—

Fop. Come, let's away then.

Wild. Away? what meanest thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his Bed, and all his People? Come, come, dispatch, and each Man bind his Fellow.

Fop. We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Wild. No, we have not done so ill, but we dare shew our Faces. Come, come, to binding.

Fop. And who shall bind the last Man?

Wild. Honest *Laboir*, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you get drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-Table; d'ye hear me? Look to't, ye Rascal, and carry things discreetly, or you'll be hang'd, that's certain. [*Ex.* Wild. *and* Dres.

Fop. So, now will I i'th' Morning to *Charlot*, and give her such a Character of her Love, as if she have Resentment, makes her mine. [*Exit* Fop.

Sir *Tim.* [*calls within.*] Ho, *Jenkins*, *Roger*, *Simon!* where are these Rogues? none left alive to come to my Assistance? So ho, ho, ho, ho! Rascals, Sluggards, Drones! so ho, ho, ho!

Lab. So, now's my Cue—and stay, I am not yet sober. [*Puts himself into a drunken Posture.*

Sir *Tim.* Dogs, Rogues, none hear me? Fire, fire, fire!

Lab. Water, water, I say; for I am damnable dry.

Sir *Tim.* Hah, who's there?

Lab. What doleful Voice is that?

Sir *Tim.* What art thou, Friend or Foe? [*In a doleful Tone.*

Lab. Very direful—why, what the Devil art thou?

Sir *Tim.* If thou'rt a Friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Lab. Wretched! What art thou, Ghost, Hobgoblin, or walking Spirit? [*Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's Hand.*

Sir *Tim.* Oh, neither, neither, but mere Mortal, Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, robb'd and bound.

[*Coming out led by* Laboir.

Lab. How, our generous Host!

Sir *Tim.* How, one of my Lord's Servants! Alas, alas, how cam'st thou to escape?

Lab. E'en by miracle, Sir; by being drunk, and falling asleep under the Hall-Table with your Worship's Dog *Tory*, till just now a Dream of Small-beer wak'd me:

and crawling from my Kennel to secure the black Jack, I stumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to serve your Worship.

[*Goes to unbind his Hands.*

Sir *Tim.* Hold, hold, I say; for I scorn to be so uncivil to be unbound before his Lordship: therefore run, Friend, to his Honour's Chamber, for he, alas, is confined too.

Lab. What, and leave his worthy Friend in distress? by no means, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not asham'd to look in the Face, I am an errant Sarazen. [*Exit Sir* Tim. *and* Lab.

SCENE [II.] *Changes to* Wilding's *Chamber.*

He is discover'd sitting in a Chair bound, his Valet bound by him; to them Sir Timothy *and* Laboir.

Wild. Peace, Sirrah, for sure I hear some coming—Villains, Rogues! I care not for my self, but for the good pious Alderman. [*Sir* Tim. *as listening.*

Sir *Tim.* Wonderful Goodness, for me! Alas, my Lord, this sight will break my Heart. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Sir *Timothy* safe! nay, then I do forgive 'em.

Sir *Tim.* Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid Fate.

Wild. It is my Custom, Sir, to pray an Hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to Bed; and having pray'd that drousy Slave asleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aside.

Sir *Tim.* Oh, Heavens, at his Prayers! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not stay till you had said your Prayers?

Wild. By no Persuasion—Can you not guess who they shou'd be, Sir?

Sir *Tim.* Oh, some damn'd Tory-rory Rogues, you may be sure, to rob a Man at his Prayers! why, what will this World come to?

Wild. Let us not talk, Sir, but pursue 'em.

[*Offering to go.*

Sir *Tim.* Pursue 'em! alas, they're past our reach by this time.

Wild. Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine: some that know each Corner of your House, I'll warrant.

Sir *Tim.* Think ye so, my Lord? ay, this comes of keeping open House; which makes so many shut up their Doors at Dinner-time.

Enter Dresswell.

Dres. Good Morrow, Gentlemen! what, was the Devil broke loose to night?

Sir *Tim.* Only some of his Imps, Sir, saucy Varlets, insupportable Rascals—But well, my Lord, now I have seen your Lordship at liberty, I'll leave you to your rest, and go see what Harm this night's Work has done.

Wild. I have a little Business, Sir, and will take this time to dispatch it in; my Servants shall to Bed, though 'tis already day—I'll wait on you at Dinner.

Sir *Tim.* Your time; my House and all I have is yours; and so I take my Leave of your Lordship. [*Ex. Sir* Tim.

Wild. Now for my angry Maid, the young *Charlot;*
'Twill be a Task to soften her to Peace;
She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Blushing as tender Rose-Buds on their Stalks,
Pregnant with Sweets, for the next Sun to ravish.
—Come, thou shalt along with me, I'll trust thy Friendship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE [III.] *Changes to* Diana's *Chamber.*

She is discover'd dressing, with Betty.

Dia. Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this rich old Coxcomb.

Bet. And you do well to lose no time.

Dia. Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy Prudence prefer an old

Husband, because rich, before so young, so handsom, and so soft a Lover as *Wilding?*

Bet. I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchase, Money and Quality may.

Dia. Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with such a Beast; ay, there's the Devil, *Betty.* Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,

The soft dear Arms of *Wilding* round my Neck.
From those cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I shall meet, instead of *Tom's* warm kisses,
A hollow Pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palsy, stinking with Disease,
By Age and Nature barricado'd up
With a kind Nose and Chin;
What Fancy or what Thought can make my Hours supportable?

Bet. What? why six thousand Pounds a Year, Mistress. He'll quickly die, and leave you rich, and then do what you please.

Dia. Die! no, he's too temperate—Sure these Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take such care to live so long in this World—No, he'll out-live me. [*Sighs.*

Bet. In Grace a God he may be hang'd first, Mistress—Ha, one knocks, and I believe 'tis he.

[*She goes to open the Door.*

Dia. I cannot bring my Heart to like this Business;
One sight of my dear *Tom* wou'd turn the Scale.

Bet. Who's there?

Enter Sir Tim. *joyful;* Dian. *walks away.*

Sir Tim. 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the Day;

This happy Day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.

—Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this Morning. [*Aside.*
—Fair Excellence, I approach— [*Going toward her.*

Dia. Like Physick in a Morning next one's Heart; [*Aside.*
Which, though it be necessary, is most filthy loathsom.
[*Going from him.*

Sir *Tim.* What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty?
—Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning.

Dia. It will not down.
[*Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.*

Sir *Tim.* Alas, ye Gods, am I despis'd and scorn'd?
Did I for this ponder upon the Question,
Whether I should be King or Alderman? [*Heroickly.*

Dia. If I must marry him, give him Patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Heaven! did she name Heaven, *Betty?*

Bet. I think she did, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* I do not like that: What need has she to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

Dia. Marriage is a sort of Hanging, Sir; and I was only making a short Prayer before Execution.

Sir *Tim.* Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing else to do.
[*Takes her Hand.*

Dia. Not much, I dare swear.

Sir *Tim.* And let us, Fair one, haste; the Parson stays; besides, that heap of Scandal may prevent us—I mean, my Nephew.

Dia. A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding.* [*Weeps.*

Sir *Tim.* How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay, then I am provok'd—Look on this Head, this wise and Reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken measure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye see.

Dia. A Halter rather. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and it fits it too: and am I slighted, I that shall receive *Billet-Doux* from *Infanta's?* 'tis most uncivil and impolitick.

Dia. I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone. [*Aside.*
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I shed indeed at naming *Wilding*,
Of whom my foolish Heart has now ta'en leave,
And from this Moment is intirely yours.
[*Gives him her Hand, they go out followed by* Betty.]

SCENE IV. *Changes to a Street.*

Enter Charlot, *led by* Foppington, *follow'd by Mrs.* Clacket.

Char. Stay, my Heart misgives me, I shall be undone. —Ah, whither was I going? [*Pulls her Hand from* Fop.

Fop. Do, stay till the News arrives that he is married to her that had his Company to night, my Lady *Galliard.*

Char. Oh! Take heed lest you sin doubly, Sir.

Fop. By Heaven, 'tis true, he past the Night with her.

Char. All night! what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. *Clack.* A very proper Question; I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam.

Char. Oh, no; they lookt and lov'd and vow'd and lov'd, and swore eternal Friendship—Haste, haste, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it past my Power to love him more.

Fop. Oh, how you charm me! [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Char. Yet what art thou? a Stranger to my Heart. Wherefore, ah why, on what occasion shou'd I?

Mrs. *Clack.* Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my Word will be taken for a greater matter in the City: In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you, your Reputation's gone.

Char. How, am I not honest then?

Mrs. *Clack.* Marry, Heaven forbid! But who that knows you have been a single Hour in *Wilding's* Hands, wou'd not swear you have lost your Maidenhead? And back again I'm sure you dare not go unmarried; that wou'd be a fine History to be sung to your eternal Fame in a Ballad.

Fop. Right; and you see *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll shortly hear he's married.

Char. Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on. [*They going out, meet Sir* Anthony *with Musick: they return.*

Sir *Anth.* Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the House, and this the Window belonging to my Lady's Bed-chamber: Come, come, let's have some neat, soft, brisk, languishing, sprightly Air now.

Fop. Old *Meriwill*—how shall I pass by him! [*Stand by.*

Sir *Anth.* So, here's Company too; 'tis very well—Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the Business—Come, come, screw up your Chitterling. [*They play.* —Hold, hold a little—Good morrow, my Lady *Galliard.* —Give your Ladyship Joy.

Char. What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd?

Fop. How, married her already?

Char. Oh, yes, he has. Lovely and false, hast thou deceiv'd my Faith?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, Heavens, Mr. *Foppington*, she faints. —ah me! [*They hold her, Musick plays.*

Enter Wilding *and* Dresswell, *disguis'd as before.*

Wild. Ah, Musick at *Galliard's* Door!

Sir *Anth.* Good morrow, Sir *Charles Meriwill*: give your Worship and your fair Lady Joy.

Wild. Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow!

Dres. No matter; prithee advance, and mind thy own Affairs.

Wild. Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!
Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;
Not draw, when branded with the Name of Coward;
Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meet my Eyes—
Hah!— [*Sees Sir* Charles *come into the Balcony undrest.*

Sir *Char.* Good morrow, Uncle. Gentlemen, I thank

ye: Here, drink the King's Health, with my Royal Master's the Duke. [*Gives 'em Money.*

Fid. Heaven bless your Honour, and your virtuous Bride.

Fop. Wilding! undone.

[*Shelters* Charlot, *that she may not see* Wilding.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above!

Sir *Anth.* Ah, the Boy's Rival here! By *George*, here may be breathing this Morning—No matter, here's two to two; come, Gentlemen, you must in.

[*Thrusts the Musick in, and goes in.*

Dres. Is't not what you expected? nay, what you wisht?

Wild. What then? it comes too suddenly upon me—
E'er my last Kiss was cold upon her Lips,
Before the pantings of her Breast were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh, damn'd deluding Woman!

Dres. Be wise, and do not ruin where you love.

Wild. Nay, if thou com'st to reasoning, thou hast lost me.

[*Breaks from him, and runs in.*

Char. I say 'twas *Wilding's* Voice, and I will follow it.

Fop. How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

Char. Nay, force me not; by Heaven, I'll cry a Rape,
Unless you let me go—Not after him!
Yes, to the infernal Shades—Unhand me, Sir.

Fop. How, Madam, have you then design'd my Ruin?

Char. Oh, trust me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour.

[*Runs in after* Wild.

Mrs. *Clack.* So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now: For my part I'll e'en after her, and deny to have any hand in the Business. [*Goes in.*

Fop. Damn all ill Luck, was ever Man thus Fortune-bit, that he shou'd cross my Hopes just in the nick? But shall I lose her thus? No, Gad, I'll after her; and come the worst, I have an Impudence shall out-face a *Middlesex* Jury, and out-swear a Discoverer. [*Goes in.*

SCENE [V.] *Changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Lady Galliard, *pursued by Sir* Charles, *and Footman.*

L. *Gal.* Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayor's, and require some of his Officers to assist me instantly; and d'ye hear, Rascal, bar up my Doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. [*To the Footman who is going.*

Sir *Char.* *William*, you may stay, *William.*

L. *Gal.* I say, obey me, Sirrah.

Sir *Char.* Sirrah, I say—know your Lord and Master.

Will. I shall, Sir. [*Goes out.*

L. *Gal.* Was ever Woman teaz'd thus? pursue me not.

Sir *Char.* You are mistaken, I'm disobedient grown,
Since we became one Family; and when
I've us'd you thus a Week or two, you will
Grow weary of this peevish fooling.

L. *Gal.* Malicious thing, I wo'not, I am resolv'd I'll tire thee out merely in spite, to have the better of thee.

Sir *Char.* I'm as resolv'd as you, and do your worst,
For I'm resolv'd never to quit thy House.

L. *Gal.* But, Malice, there are Officers i'th' City, that will not see me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir *Char.* Magistrates! why, they shall be welcome, if they be honest and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heaven's good time.

L. *Gal.* Are you resolv'd to be thus obstinate?
Fully resolv'd to make this way your Conquest?

Sir *Char.* Most certainly, I'll keep you honest to your Word, my Dear—I've Witness—

L. *Gal.* You will?

Sir *Char.* You'll find it so.

L. *Gal.* Then know, if thou darest marry me, I will so plague thee, be so reveng'd for all those Tricks thou hast play'd me—
—Dost thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir *Char.* Not at all: I'll trust thy Stock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. *Gal.* Death, I will cuckold thee.

Sir *Char.* Why, then I shall be free o'th' Reverend City.

L. *Gal.* Then I will game without cessation, till I've undone thee.

Sir *Char.* Do, that all the Fops of empty Heads and Pockets may know where to be sure of a Cully; and may they rook ye till ye lose, and fret, and chafe, and rail those youthful Eyes to sinking; watch your fair Face to pale and withered Leanness.

L. *Gal.* Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I please.

Sir *Char.* For that, see who'll petition first, and then I'll change for new ones every Night.

Enter William.

Will. Madam, here's Mr. *Wilding* at the Door, and will not be deny'd seeing you.

L. *Gal.* Hah, *Wilding!* Oh, my eternal Shame! now thou hast done thy worst.

Sir *Char.* Now for a Struggle 'twixt your Love and Honour!

—Yes, here's the Bar to all my Happiness,
You wou'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to *Wilding;*
But I have too much Honour in my Passion,
To let you loose to ruin: Consider and be wise.

L. *Gal.* Oh, he has toucht my Heart too sensibly. [*Aside.*

Sir *Anth.* [*within.*] As far as good Manners goes I'm yours;
But when you press indecently to Ladies Chambers, civil Questions ought to askt, I take it, Sir.

L. *Gal.* To find him here, will make him mad with Jealousy, and in the Fit he'll utter all he knows: Oh, Guilt, what art thou! [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Anth. Wild. *and* Dres.

Dres. Prithee, dear *Wilding*, moderate thy Passion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will; she shall not have the Pleasure to see I am concern'd—Morrow, Widow; you are early up, you mean to thrive, I see, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir *Char.* Hah, *Wilding*, this that past last Night at Sir *Timothy's* for a Man of Quality? Oh, give him way, *Wilding's* my Friend, my Dear, and now I'm sure I have the Advantage of him in my Love. I can forgive a hasty Word or two.

Wild. I thank thee, *Charles*—what, you are married then?

L. *Gal.* I hope you've no Exception to my Choice.
[*Scornfully.*

Wild. False Woman, dost thou glory in thy Perfidy?
[*To her aside angrily.*
—Yes, Faith, I've many Exceptions to him— [*Aloud.*
Had you lov'd me, you'd pitcht upon a Blockhead,
Some spruce gay Fool of Fortune, and no more,
Who would have taken so much Care of his own ill-favour'd Person,
He shou'd have had no time to have minded yours,
But left it to the Care of some fond longing Lover.

L. *Gal.* Death, he will tell him all! [*aside.*] Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Wild. No, but thou art wondrous false,
False as the Love and Joys you feign'd last Night.
[*In a soft Tone aside to her.*

L. *Gal.* Oh, Sir, be tender of those treacherous Minutes.
[*Softly to him.*
—If this be all you have to say to me—
[*Walking away, and speaking loud.*

Wild. Faith, Madam, you have us'd me scurvily,
To marry, and not give me notice. [*Aloud.*
—Curse on thee, did I only blow the Fire
To warm another Lover? [*To her softly aside.*

L. *Gal.* Perjur'd—was't not by your Advice I married?
—Oh, where was then your Love? [*Softly to him aside.*

Wild. So soon did I advise?
Didst thou invite me to the Feast of Love,
To snatch away my Joys as soon as tasted?
Ah, where was then you Modesty and Sense of Honour?
[*Aside to her in a low Tone.*

L. *Gal.* Ay, where indeed, when you so quickly vanquisht? [*Soft.*
—But you, I find, are come prepared to rail. [*Aloud.*

Wild. No, 'twas with thee to make my last Effort against your scorn. [*Shews her the Writings.*
And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my Languishments cou'd nought avail,
Had made ye mine for ever. [*Aloud.*

Enter Sir Anthony, *pulling in Sir* Tim. *and* Diana.

Sir *Anth.* Morrow, *Charles;* Morrow to your Ladyship: *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the Door, and am resolv'd none of my Friends shall pass this joyful Day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Lady's Health.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle here so early? [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* What, has your Ladyship serv'd me so? How finely I had been mump'd now, if I had not took Heart of Grace, and shew'd your Ladyship Trick for Trick? for I have been this Morning about some such Business of Life too, Gentlemen: I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Nicholas Gett-all*, Knight and Alderman.

Wild. Ha, married to *Diana!*
How fickle is the Faith of common Women! [*Aside.*

Sir *Tim.* Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I see your Lordship has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordship will do my Wedding-dinner the Honour to grace it with your Presence.

Wild. I shall not fail, Sir.
A Pox upon him, he'll discover all. [*Aside.*

L. *Gal.* I must own, Sir *Timothy*, you have made the better Choice.

Sir *Tim.* I cou'd not help my Destiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

Enter Charlot *weeping, and* Clacket.

Charl. Stand off, and let me loose as are my Griefs,
Which can no more be bounded: Oh, let me face
The perjur'd, false, forsworn!

L. *Gal.* Fair Creature, who is't that you seek with so much Sorrow?

Charl. Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantress. [*Weeps.*

Wild. Charlot! Nay, then I am discover'd.

L. *Gal.* Alas, what wou'dst thou?

Charl. That which I cannot have, thy faithless Husband.
Be Judge, ye everlasting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir *Anth.* How, my Nephew claim'd! Why, how now, Sirrah, have you been dabling here?

Sir *Char.* By Heaven, I know her not.—Hark ye, Widow, this is some Trick of yours, and 'twas well laid: and Gad, she's so pretty, I cou'd find in my Heart to take her at her word.

L. *Gal.* Vile Man, this will not pass your Falshood off.
Sure, 'tis some Art to make me jealous of him,
To find how much I value him.

Sir *Char.* Death, I'll have the Forgery out;
—Tell me, thou pretty weeping Hypocrite, who was it set thee on to lay a Claim to me?

Charl. To you! Alas, who are you? for till this moment I never saw your Face.

L. *Gal.* Mad as the Seas when all the Winds are raging.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay, Madam, stark mad! Poor Soul—Neighbour, pray let her lie i'th' dark, d'ye hear.

Sir *Char.* How came you, pretty one, to lose your Wits thus?

Charl. With loving, Sir, strongly, with too much loving.
—Will you not let me see the lovely false one? [*To L.* Gal.
For I am told you have his Heart in keeping.

L. *Gal.* Who is he? pray describe him.

Charl. A thing just like a Man, or rather Angel!
He speaks, and looks, and loves, like any God!
All fine and gay, all manly, and all sweet:
And when he swears he loves, you wou'd swear too
That all his Oaths were true.

Sir *Anth.* Who is she? some one who knows her and is wiser, speak—you, Mistress. [*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Since I must speak, there comes the Man of Mischief:
'Tis you, I mean, for all your Leering, Sir. [*To* Wild.

Wild. So.

Sir *Tim.* What, my Lord?

Mrs. *Clack.* I never knew your Nephew was a Lord:
Has his Honour made him forget his Honesty?
[Charl. *runs, and catches him in her Arms.*

Charl. I have thee, and I'll die thus grasping thee;
Thou art my own, no Power shall take thee from me.

Wild. Never; thou truest of thy Sex, and dearest,
Thou soft, thou kind, thou constant Sufferer,
This moment end thy Fears; for I am thine.

Charl. May I believe thou art not married then?

Wild. How can I, when I'm yours?
How cou'd I, when I love thee more than Life?
Now, Madam, I am reveng'd on all your Scorn, [*To* L. *Gal.*
—And, Uncle, all your Cruelty.

Sir *Tim.* Why, what, are you indeed my Nephew *Thomas?*

Wild. I am *Tom Wilding*, Sir, that once bore some such Title, till you discarded me, and left me to live upon my Wits.

Sir *Tim.* What, and are you no Polish Embassador then *incognito?*

Wild. No, Sir, nor you no King Elect, but must e'en

remain as you were ever, Sir, a most seditious pestilent old Knave; one that deludes the Rabble with your Politicks, then leaves 'em to be hang'd, as they deserve, for silly mutinous Rebels.

Sir *Tim.* I'll peach the Rogue, and then he'll be hang'd in course, because he's a Tory. One comfort is, I have cozen'd him of his rich Heiress; for I'm married, Sir, to Mrs. *Charlot.*

Wild. Rather *Diana*, Sir; I wish you Joy: See here's *Charlot.* I was not such a Fool to trust such Blessings with the Wicked.

Sir *Char.* How, Mrs. *Dy* Ladyfi'd! This is an excellent way of disposing an old cast-off Mistress.

Sir *Tim.* How, have I married a Strumpet then?

Dia. You give your Nephew's Mistress, Sir, too coarse a Name. 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was true to him.

Sir *Tim.* Undone, undone! I shall ne'er make *Guildhall*-Speech more: but he shall hang for't, if there be e'er a Witness to be had between this and *Salamanca* for Money.

Wild. Do your worst, Sir; Witnesses are out of fashion now, Sir, thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

Sir *Tim.* Then I'm resolv'd to disinherit him.

Wild. See, Sir, that's past your Skill too, thanks to my last Night's Ingenuity; they're [*shews him the Writings.*] sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd in the presence of, *&c.*

Sir *Tim.* Bear Witness, 'twas he that rob'd me last night.

Sir *Anth.* We bear witness, Sir, we know of no such matter we. I thank you for that, Sir; wou'd you make Witnesses of Gentlemen?

Sir *Tim.* No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay, drawn and quarter'd.

Wild. What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

Sir *Anth.* Nay, then 'tis a clear Case, you can neither hang him or blame him.

Wild. I'll propose fairly now; if you'll be generous and pardon all, I'll render your Estate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir *Anthony Meriwill's* and Sir *Charles* his Hands—

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without so much as wishing for your Death.

All. This is but Reason.

Sir *Char.* With this Proviso, that he makes not use on't to promote any Mischief to the King and Government.

All. Good and Just. [*Sir* Tim. *pauses.*

Sir *Tim.* Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as lose my Credit by making a Noise.—Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends. [*Gives him his Hand.*

Sir *Char.* See, my dear Creature, even this hard old Man is mollify'd at last into good Nature; yet you'll still be cruel.

L. *Gal.* No, your unwearied Love at last has vanquisht me. Here, be as happy as a Wife can make ye—One last look more, and then—be gone, fond Love.

[*Sighing and looking on* Wilding, *giving Sir* Charles *her Hand.*

Sir *Char.* Come, Sir, you must receive *Diana* too; she is a cheerful witty Girl, and handsome, one that will be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no Scandal home. Live peaceably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age with Business of State.

Let all things in their own due Order move,
Let *Cæsar* be the Kingdom's Care and Love;
Let the hot-headed Mutineers petition,
And meddle in the Rights of just Succession:
But may all honest Hearts as one agree
To bless the King, and Royal *Albany.* [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Person of Quality: Spoken by Mrs. *Boteler.*

MY Plot, I fear, will take but with a few,
A rich young Heiress to her first Lover true!
'Tis damn'd unnatural, and past enduring,
Against the fundamental Laws of Whoring.
Marrying's the Mask, which Modesty assures,
Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;
And Husband sounds so dull to a Town-Bride,
Ye now-a-days condemn him e'er he's try'd;
E'er in his Office he's confirm'd Possessor,
Like Trincaloes *you chuse him a Successor,*
In the gay Spring of Love, when free from Doubts,
With early Shoots his Velvet Forehead sprouts,
Like a poor Parson bound to hard Indentures,
You make him pay his First-fruits e'er he enters.
But for short Carnivals of stoln good Cheer,
You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year;
Till brought at last to a starving Nun's Condition,
You break into our Quarters for Provision;
Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
And 'tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
Pray, Ladies, leave that Province to our Care;
A Fool is the Fee-simple of a Player,
In which we Women claim a double share.
In other things the Men are Rulers made;
But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,
We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother-Wit,
By the more natural Blockheads of the Pit.

Take then the Wits, and all their useless Prattles;
But as for Fools, they are our Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your first Haunt the Stage;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.
What is't you see in Quality we want?
What can they give you which we cannot grant?
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint.
We feel the same Youth dancing in our Blood;
Our Dress as gay—All underneath as good.
Most Men have found us hitherto more true,
And if we're not abus'd by some of you,
We're full as fair—perhaps as wholesom too.
But if at best our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will serve you but great Ladies;
May question'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we:
May Judges puzzle a clear Case with Laws,
And Musquetoon at last decide the Cause.

THE FEIGN'D CURTEZANS; OR, A NIGHT'S INTRIGUE.

ARGUMENT.

Marcella and Cornelia, nieces to Count Morosini and sisters to Julio, who is contracted to Laura Lucretia, a lady of quality, sister of Count Octavio, in order to avoid Marcella's marriage with this nobleman, secretly leave Viterbo where they live, and accompanied only by their attendants, Petro and Philippa, come to Rome, and there pass for courtezans under the names of Euphemia and Silvianetta. Their beauty wins them great renown in the gay world, and Sir Harry Fillamour, who loves Marcella, and Frank Galliard, two English travellers, are keenly attracted by this reputation. Sir Harry, however, is anxious for matrimony, Galliard for an intrigue. Marcella in her turn is already enamoured of Fillamour whom she has met at Viterbo. Morosini and Octavio follow the fugitives to Rome, whilst Laura Lucretia, who loves Galliard, disguises herself in male attire and takes a house on the Corso next door to the supposed courtezans. Fillamour and Galliard encounter the two ladies in the gardens of the Villa Medici, and Fillamour takes Marcella for a courtezan, whilst Galliard engages with Cornelia. Octavio passing with his followers spies and attacks his rival. A general mêlée ensues. Julio, who has not seen his family for seven years, next appears, having taken Cornelia for a cyprian and followed her from St. Peter's. Marcella, in boy's attire, then gives Fillamour a letter from herself, signed under her own name, making an appointment for that night; but at the same time Galliard, claiming a former promise, drags his friend off to visit Euphemia. The intrigue is complicated by the ridiculous amours of two foolish travellers, Sir Signal Buffoon and Mr. Tickletext, a puritan divine, his tutor. These, unknown to each other, make assignations with the two bona robas by means of Petro, who dupes them thoroughly by his clever tricks, and pockets their money. Whilst Galliard and Sir Harry are serenading the ladies, Octavio, Julio and their bravos attack them. After the scuffle Laura Lucretia coming from her house leads in Julio, mistaking him for Galliard, and he her for Silvianetta. Next Sir Harry and Galliard arrive in safety at the sisters' house, and Marcella, as a courtezan, tempts her lover, who, however, refuses to yield and leaves her, to her secret joy. Tickletext has been placed by Petro in bed to await, as he supposes, Silvianetta, when Galliard in error entering the room in the dark gropes his way to the bed and finding a man, closes with him. The tutor escapes, and Cornelia coming in in the course of her wooing by Galliard informs him she is not really a courtezan as he supposed. In anger her gallant departs. Whilst he is telling Sir Harry this tale Cornelia, dressed as a page, follows him and delivers Fillamour a challenge as from Marcella's brother, Julio, summoning him to the Piazza di Spagna. Julio himself, newly come from Laura Lucretia, meeting Galliard relates to him how he passed the night with Silvianetta, which confirms the opinion the Englishman had already formed of her treachery and deceit. Laura Lucretia overhears and sends her maid to bring her Galliard; but whilst he is with her, Cornelia, who has jealously followed, feigning to be Julio's page, gives the

amorous dame a letter as from her betrothed. The trick fails, Cornelia is laughed at as a saucy lad, repulsed and obliged to retire. Sir Harry is then met by Marcella dressed as a man and calling herself Julio. Julio himself happens to be at the Piazza di Spagna and he interrupts the quarrel. Octavio and Morosini speedily join him, as Crapine has tracked the runaways to their lodging. All these hurry into the courtezans' house, where they find Fillamour and Galliard. Mutual explanations follow. Octavio nobly renounces Marcella in favour of Fillamour who claims her hand, whilst Cornelia gives herself to Galliard in sober wedlock. Tickletext and Sir Signal are then discovered to be concealed in the room, and their mutual frailties exposed. It is promised that the money of which Petro has choused them shall be restored, and everything is forgiven, since "twas but one night's intrigue, in which all were a little faulty."

SOURCE.

The plot of *The Feign'd Curtezans; or, A Night's Intrigue* is wholly original. It is one of those bustling pieces, quick with complicated intrigue, of the Spanish *comedias de capa y espada* school, which Mrs. Behn loved, and which none could present more happily or wittily than she. To quote the *Biographia Dramatica*, 'the play contains a vast deal of business and intrigue; the contrivance of the two ladies to obtain their differently disposed lovers, both by the same means, viz. by assuming the characters of courtezans, being productive of great variety.' Some incidents, indeed, recall *The Rover;* and the accident of Tickletext being discovered in bed by Galliard is similar to that when Carlo comes upon Fetherfool in the same circumstance, *Rover* II, Act iv, iv. On the whole, however, *The Feign'd Curtezans* is the better play, and may not unjustly claim to be, if not Mrs. Behn's masterpiece (a title it disputes with *The Rover*, Part I, and *The Lucky Chance*), at least one of the very best and wittiest of her sparkling comedies.

THEATRICAL HISTORY.

The Feign'd Curtezans; or, A Night's Intrigue was produced at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Garden, in 1679. The cast was a star one, and Downes remarks that it was 'well acted'; but though favourably received it does not, for some unaccountable reason, seem to have met with the triumphant success it certainly deserved. It continued to be played from time to time, and there was a notable revival on 8 August, 1716, at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Galliard was acted by J. Leigh; Sir Harry, Smith; Sir Signal, Bullock; Tickletext, Griffin; Pedro, Spiller; Julio, Bull jun. Cornelia, Mrs. Cross; Marcella, Mrs. Thurmond; Laura Lucretia, Mrs. Spiller. It was performed three times that season, but soon after disappears from the repertory.

TO

MRS. ELLEN GUIN.

Madam,

'Tis no wonder that hitherto I followed not the good example of the believing Poets, since less faith and zeal then you alone can inspire, had wanted power to have reduc't me to the true worship: Your permission, *Madam*, has inlightened me, and I with shame look back on my past Ignorance, which suffered me not to pay an Adoration long since, where there was so very much due, yet even now though secure in my opinion, I make this Sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling, well knowing that so Excellent and perfect a Creature as your self differs only from the Divine powers in this; the Offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilst they accept the will alone; and how Madam, would your Altars be loaded, if like heaven you gave permission to all that had a will and desire to approach 'em who now at distance can only wish and admire, which all mankinde agree to do; as if Madam, you alone had the pattent from heaven to ingross all hearts; and even those distant slaves whom you conquer with your fame, pay an equall tribute to those that have the blessing of being wounded by your Eyes, and boast the happiness of beholding you dayly; insomuch that succeeding ages who shall with joy survey your History shall Envy us who lived in this, and saw those charming wonders which they can only reade of, and whom we ought in charity to pity, since all the Pictures, pens or pencills can draw, will give 'em but a faint Idea of what we have the honour to see in such absolute Perfection; they can only guess She was infinitely fair, witty, and deserving, but to what Vast degrees in all, they can only Judge who liv'd to Gaze and Listen; for besides Madam, all the Charms and attractions and powers of your Sex, you have Beauties peculiar to your self, an eternal sweetness, youth and ayr, which never dwelt in any face but yours, of which not one unimitable Grace could be ever borrow'd, or assumed, though with never so much industry, to adorn another, they cannot steal a look or smile from you to inhance their own beauties price, but all the world will know it yours; so natural and so fitted are all your Charms and Excellencies to one another, so intirely design'd and created to make up in you alone the most perfect lovely thing in the world; you never appear but you glad the hearts of all that have the happy fortune to see you, as if you were made on purpose to put the whole world into good Humour, whenever you look abroad, and when you speak, men crowd to listen with that awfull reverence

as to Holy Oracles or Divine Prophesies, and bears away the precious words to tell at home to all the attentive family the Graceful things you utter'd and cry, *but oh she spoke with such an Ayr, so gay, that half the beauty's lost in the repetition.* 'Tis this that ought to make your Sex vain enough to despise the malicious world that will allow a woman no wit, and bless our selves for living in an Age that can produce so wondrous an argument as your undeniable self, to shame those boasting talkers who are Judges of nothing but faults.

But how much in vain Madam, I endeavour to tell you the sence of all mankinde with mine, since to the utmost Limits of the Universe your mighty Conquests are made known : And who can doubt the Power of that Illustrious Beauty, the Charms of that tongue, and the greatness of that minde, who has subdu'd the most powerfull and Glorious Monarch of the world : And so well you bear the honours you were born for, with a greatness so unaffected, an affability so easie, an Humour so soft, so far from Pride or Vanity, that the most Envious & most disaffected can finde no cause or reason to wish you less, Nor can Heaven give you more, who has exprest a particular care of you every way, and above all in bestowing on the world and you, two noble Branches, who have all the greatness and sweetness of their Royal and beautiful stock ; and who give us too a hopeful Prospect of what their future Braveries will perform, when they shall shoot up and spread themselves to that degree, that all the lesser world may finde repose beneath their shades ; and whom you have permitted to wear those glorious Titles which you your self Generously neglected, well knowing with the noble Poet ; 'tis better far to merit Titles then to wear 'em.

Can you then blame my Ambition, Madam, that lays this at your feet, and begs a Sanctuary where all pay so great a Veneration ? 'twas Dedicated yours before it had a being, and overbusy to render it worthy of the Honour, made it less grateful ; and Poetry like Lovers often fares the worse by taking too much pains to please ; but under so Gracious an Influence my tender Lawrells may thrive, till they become fit Wreaths to offer to the Rays that improve their Growth : which Madam, I humbly implore, you still permit her ever to do, who is,

Madam,
Your most Humble,
and most Obedient Servant,
A. Behn.

THE FEIGN'D CURTEZANS; or, A Night's Intrigue.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Currer.*

THE Devil take this cursed plotting Age,
'T has ruin'd all our Plots upon the Stage;
Suspicions, New Elections, Jealousies,
Fresh Informations, New Discoveries,
Do so employ the busy fearful Town,
Our honest Calling here is useless grown:
Each Fool turns Politician now, and wears
A formal Face, and talks of State-affairs;
Makes Acts, Decrees, and a new Model draws
For Regulation both of Church and Laws;
Tires out his empty Noddle to invent
What Rule and Method's best in Government:
But Wit, as if 'twere Jesuitical,
Is an Abomination to ye all.
To what a wretched pass will poor Plays come?
This must be damn'd, the Plot is laid in Rome;
'Tis hard—yet—
Not one amongst ye all I'll undertake,
E'er thought that we should suffer for Religion's sake:
Who wou'd have thought that wou'd have been th' occasion
Of any contest in our hopeful Nation?
For my own Principles, faith let me tell ye,
I'm still of the Religion of my Cully;
And till these dangerous times they'd none to fix on,
But now are something in mere Contradiction,

And piously pretend these are not days,
For keeping Mistresses, and seeing Plays:
Who says this Age a Reformation wants,
When Betty Currer's *Lovers all turns Saints?*
In vain, alas, I flatter, swear, and vow,
You'll scarce do any thing for Charity now:
Yet I am handsom still, still young and mad,
Can wheedle, lye, dissemble, jilt—egad,
As well and artfully as e'er I did;
Yet not one Conquest can I gain or hope,
No Prentice, not a Foreman of a Shop,
So that I want extremely new Supplies;
Of my last Coxcomb, faith, these were the Prize;
And by the tatter'd Ensigns you may know,
These Spoils were of a Victory long ago:
Who wou'd have thought such hellish Times to have seen,
When I shou'd be neglected at Eighteen?
That Youth and Beauty shou'd be quite undone,
A Pox upon the Whore of Babylon.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ITALIANS.

Morosini, an old Count, Uncle to *Julio*,	Mr. *Norris.*
Julio, his Nephew, a young Count, contracted to *Laura Lucretia*,	Mr. *Crosby.*
Octavio, a young Count, contracted to *Marcella*, deformed, revengeful,	Mr. *Gillo.*
Crapine, *Morosini's* Man.	
Petro, supposed Pimp to the two Curtezans,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Silvio, Page to *Laura Lucretia.*	
Antonio, an Attendant to *Laura Lucretia.*	
Page to *Julio.*	

ENGLISH.

Sir *Harry Fillamour*, in love with *Marcella*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Mr. *Galliard*, in love with *Cornelia*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Sir *Signal Buffoon*, a Fool	Mr. *Nokes.*
Mr. *Tickletext*, his Governour,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Jack, Sir *Signal's* Man.	
Page to *Fillamour.*	

WOMEN.

Laura Lucretia, a young Lady of Quality, contracted to *Julio*, in love with *Galliard*, and Sister to *Octavio*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Marcella, and *Cornelia*, Sisters to *Julio*, and Nieces to *Morosini*, pass for Curtezans by the names of *Euphemia* and *Silvianetta.*	Mrs. *Currer.* / Mrs. *Barry.*
Philippa, their Woman,	Mrs. *Norris.*
Sabina, Confident to *Laura Lucretia*,	Mrs. *Seymour.*

Pages, Musick, Footmen, and Bravos.

SCENE, *Rome.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Laura Lucretia, *and* Silvio *richly drest;* Antonio *attending, coming all in haste.*

Sil. Madam, you need not make such haste away, the Stranger that follow'd us from St. *Peter's* Church pursues us no longer, and we have now lost sight of him: Lord, who wou'd have thought the approach of a handsome Cavalier should have possest *Donna Laura Lucretia* with fear?

Lau. I do not fear, my *Silvio*, but I wou'd have this new Habitation which I have design'd for Love, known to none but him to whom I've destin'd my Heart:—ah, wou'd he knew the Conquest he has made, [*Aside.*] Nor went I this Evening to Church with any other Devotion, but that which warms my heart for my young English Cavalier, whom I hop'd to have seen there; and I must find some way to let him know my Passion, which is too high for Souls like mine to hide.

Sil. Madam, the Cavalier's in view again, and hot in the pursuit.

Lau. Let's haste away then; and, *Silvio*, do you lag behind, 'twill give him an opportunity of enquiring, whilst I get out of sight.—Be sure you conceal my Name and Quality, and tell him—any thing but truth—tell him I am *La Silvianetta*, the young Roman Curtezan, or what you please to hide me from his knowledge.

[*Exeunt* Lau. *and* Ant.

Enter Julio *and Page in pursuit.*

Jul. Boy, fall you into discourse with that Page, and learn his Lady's Name—whilst I pursue her farther. [*Ex.* Jul.

[*Page salutes* Silvio, *who returns it; they go out as talking to each other.*

Enter Sir Harry Fillamour *and* Galliard.

Fil. He follows her close, whoe'er they be: I see this trade of Love goes forward still.

Gal. And will whilst there's difference in Sexes. But, *Harry*, the Women, the delicate Women I was speaking of?

Fil. Prithee tell me no more of thy fine Women, *Frank;* thou hast not been in *Rome* above a Month, and thou'ast been a dozen times in love, as thou call'st it; to me there is no pleasure like Constancy.

Gal. Constancy! and wou'dst thou have me one of those dull Lovers, who believe it their Duty to love a Woman till her Hair and Eyes change Colour, for fear of the scandalous Name of an Inconstant? No, my Passion, like great Victors, hates the lazy stay; but having vanquisht, prepares for new Conquests.

Fil. Which you gain as they do Towns by Fire, lose 'em even in the taking; thou wo't grow penitent, and weary of these dangerous Follys.

Gal. But I am yet too young for both: Let old Age and Infirmity bring Repentance,—there's her feeble Province, and even then too we find no plague like being deprived of dear Woman-kind.

Fil. I hate playing about a Flame that will consume me.

Gal. Away with your antiquated Notions, and let's once hear sense from thee: Examine but the whole World, *Harry*, and thou wilt find a beautiful Woman the Desire of the noblest, and the Reward of the bravest.

Fil. And the common Prize of Coxcombs: Times are alter'd now, *Frank;* why else shou'd the Virtuous be cornuted, the Coward be caress'd, the Villain roll with six, and the Fool lie with her Ladyship?

Gal. Mere accident, Sir; and the kindness of Fortune: but a pretty witty young Creature, such as this *Silvianetta*

and *Euphemia*, is certainly the greatest Blessing this wicked World can afford us.

Fil. I believe the lawful enjoyment of such a Woman, and honest too, wou'd be a Blessing.

Gal. Lawful Enjoyment! Prithee what's lawful Enjoyment, but to enjoy 'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature; enjoy 'em as we do Meat, Drink, Air, and Light, and all the rest of her common Blessings?—Therefore prithee, dear Knight, let me govern thee but for a Day, and I will shew thee such a *Signiora*, such a Beauty, another manner of piece than your so admired *Viterboan*, *Donna Marcella*, of whom you boast so much.

Fil. And yet this rare piece is but a Curtezan, in coarse plain *English* a very Whore,—who filthily exposes all her Beauties to him can give her most, not love her best.

Gal. Why, faith, to thy comfort be it spoken, she does distribute her Charms at that easy rate.

Fil. Oh, the vast distance between an innocent Passion, and a poor faithless Lust!

Gal. Innocent Passion at *Rome!* Oh, 'tis not to be nam'd but in some Northern Climate: to be an Anchoret here, is to be an Epicure in *Greenland;* impossibilities, *Harry*. Sure thou hast been advising with Sir *Signal Buffoon's* Governour, that formal piece of Nonsense and Hypocrisy.

Fil. No, faith, I brought the humour along with me to *Rome;* and for your Governour I have not seen him yet, though he lodge in this same House with us, and you promis'd to bring me acquainted with him long since.

Gal. I'll do't this very minute.

Fil. No, I'm oblig'd not to engage my self this Evening, because I expect the arrival of Count *Julio*, whose last Letters assured me it would be to night.

Gal. Julio! What, the young *Italian* Count you made me acquainted with last Summer in *England?*

Fil. The same, the Ambassador's Nephew, a good Youth, and one I esteem.

Enter Julio.

Jul. I hope my Page will bring intelligence who this Beauty is.

Fil. Hah, *Julio!* Welcome, dear Friend. [*Embraces him.*

Jul. Sir *Harry Fillamour!* how glad am I to meet you in a Country, where I have power to repay you all those Friendships I receiv'd when I was a stranger in yours. Monsieur *Galliard* too! nay, then I'm sure to want no diversion whilst I stay in *Rome.* [*Salutes* Galliard.

Fil. But, pray, what made you leave *England* so soon?

Jul. E'en the great business of Mankind, Matrimony. I have an Uncle here, who has provided me Fetters, which I must put on, he says they will be easy; I lik'd the Character of my Mistress well enough, a brave masculine Lady, a Roman of Quality, *Donna Laura Lucretia;* till as luck wou'd have it, at my arrival this Evening, stepping into St. *Peter's* Church, I saw a Woman there that fir'd my heart, and whom I followed to her house: but meeting none that cou'd inform me who she was, I left my Page to make the discovery, whilst I with equal impatience came to look you out; whose sight I prefer even to a new Amour, resolving not to visit home, to which I have been a stranger this seven years, till I had kist your hands, and gained your promise to accompany me to *Viterbo.*

Fil. Viterbo! is that your place of Residence?

Jul. Yes, 'tis a pretty Town, and many noble Familys inhabit there, stor'd too with Beauties, at least 'twas wont to be: have you not seen it?

Gal. Yes, and a Beauty there too, lately, for his repose, who has made him sigh and look so like an Ass ever since he came to *Rome.*

Jul. I am glad you have so powerful an Argument, to invite you back; I know she must be rare and of quality, that cou'd engage your heart.

Fil. She's both; it most unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a Person of Quality in *England* to a

Nobleman at *Viterbo*, who being a Man of a Temper frank and gallant, received me with less Ceremony than is usual in *Italy*. I had the freedom of the House, one of the finest *Villa's* belonging to *Viterbo*, and the pleasure to see and converse at a distance with one of the loveliest Persons in the World, a Niece of this old Count's.

Jul. Very well, and cou'd you see her but at a distance, Sir?

Fil. Oh, no, 'twas all I durst desire, or she durst give; I came too late to hope; she being before promised in Marriage to a more happy man, the Consummation of which waits only the arrival of a Brother of hers, who is now at the Court of *France*, and every day expected.

Enter Petro *like a Barber.*

Gal. Hah! Signior *Petro.*

Fil. Come, Sir, we'll take a turn i'th' Gallery, for this Pimp never appears, but *Francis* desires to be in private.

Gal. Thou wrong'st an honest ingenious Fellow, to call him Pimp.

Pet. Ah, Signior, what his Worship pleases!

Gal. That thou art I'll be sworn, or what any man's Worship pleases; for let me tell ye, *Harry*, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality: for, Sir, he's your brokering Jew, your Fencing, Dancing, and Civility-Master, your Linguist, your Antiquary, your Bravo, your Pathick, your Whore, your Pimp; and a thousand more Excellencies he has to supply the necessities of the wanting Stranger. —Well, Sirrah—what design now upon Sir *Signal* and his wise Governour?—What do you represent now?

Pet. A Barber, Sir.

Gal. And why a Barber, good Signior *Petro?*

Pet. Oh, Sir, the sooner to take the heights of their Judgments; it gives handsome opportunities to commend their Faces; for if they are pleas'd with flattery, the certain sign of a Fool's to be most tickled when most commended, I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpose; they

already put great confidence in me, will have no Masters but of my recommending, all which I supply my self, by the help of my several disguises; by which, and my industry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honest painful livelihood, by cheating these two Reverend Coxcombs.

Gal. How the Devil got'st thou this credit with 'em?

Pet. O, easily, Sir, as Knaves get Estates, or Fools Employments.

Fil. I hope amongst all your good qualities, you forgot not your more natural one of pimping.

Pet. No, I assure you, Sir; I have told Sir *Signal Buffoon*, that no Man lives here without his Inamorata: which very word has so fir'd him, that he's resolved to have an Inamorata whate'er it cost him; and, as in all things else, I have in that too promised my assistance.

Gal. If you assist him no better than you have done me, he may stay long enough for his Inamorata.

Pet. Why, faith, Sir, I lie at my young Lady night and day; but she is so loth to part with that same Maiden-head of hers yet—but to morrow night, Sir, there's hopes.—

Gal. To morrow night; Oh, 'tis an Age in Love! Desire knows no time but the present, 'tis now I wish, and now I wou'd enjoy: a new Day ought to bring a new Desire.

Pet. Alas, Sir, I'm but an humble Bravo.

Gal. Yes, thou'rt a Pimp, yet want'st the Art to procure a longing Lover the Woman he adores, though but a common Curtezan—Oh, confound her Maiden-head—she understands her Trade too well, to have that badge of Innocence.

Pet. I offered her her Price, Sir.

Gal. Double it, give any thing, for that's the best receipt I ever found to soften Womens hearts.

Pet. Well, Sir, she will be this Evening in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, there you may get an opportunity to advance your Interest—I must step and trim Mr. *Tickletext*, and then am at your service. [*Exit* Petro.

Jul. What is this Knight and his Governour, who have the blessed Fortune to be manag'd by this Squire?

Fil. Certain Fools *Galliard* makes use of when he has a mind to laugh, and whom I never thought worth a visit since I came to *Rome:* and he's like to profit much by his Travels, who keeps company with all the *English*, especially the Fops.

Gal. Faith, Sir, I came not abroad to return with the formality of a Judge; and these are such antidotes against Melancholy as wou'd make thee fond of fooling.—Our Knight's Father is even the first Gentleman of his House, a Fellow, who having the good fortune to be much a Fool and Knave, had the attendant blessing of getting an Estate of some eight thousand a year, with this Coxcomb to inherit it; who (to aggrandize the Name and Family of the *Buffoons*) was made a Knight; but to refine throughout, and make a compleat Fop, was sent abroad under the Government of one Mr. *Tickletext*, his zealous Father's Chaplain, as errant a blockhead as a man wou'd wish to hear preach; the Father wisely foreseeing the eminent danger that young Travellers are in of being perverted to Popery.

Jul. 'Twas well considered.

Gal. But for the young Spark, there is no description can reach him; 'tis only to be done by himself; let it suffice, 'tis a pert, saucy, conceited Animal, whom you shall just now go see and admire, for he lodges in the house with us.

Jul. With all my heart, I never long'd more for a new acquaintance.

Fil. And in all probability shall sooner desire to be rid on't.—*Allons.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Draws off to a room in* Tickletext's *lodging, and discovers Mr.* Tickletext *a trimming, his Hair under a Cap, a Cloth before him:* Petro *snaps his fingers, takes away the Bason, and goes to wiping his face.*

Tickletext *and* Petro.

Pet. Ah che Bella! Bella! I swear by these sparkling Eyes and these soft plump dimpled Cheeks, there's not a Signiora in all *Rome*, cou'd she behold 'em, were able to stand their Temptations; and for *La Silvianetta*, my life on't, she's your own.

Tick. Teze, teze, speak softly; but, honest *Barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and fresh and —hah!

Pet. Ay, Sir, as the rosy Morn, young as old Time in his Infancy, and plump as the pale-fac'd Moon.

Tick. He—Why, this Travelling must needs improve a Man—Why, how admirably well-spoken your very Barbers are here—[*Aside.*]—But, *Barberacho*, did the young Gentlewoman say she lik'd me? did she, Rogue? did she?

Pet. A doated on you Signior, doated on you.

Tick. Why, and that's strange now, in the Autumn of my Age too, when Nature began to be impertinent, as a Man may say, that a young Lady shou'd fall in love with me—[*Aside.*] Why, *Barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of Sin only in visiting a Lady that loves a man, hah.

Pet. Sin, Sir! 'tis a frequent thing now-a-days in Persons of your Complexion.

Tick. Especially here at *Rome* too, where 'tis no scandal.

Pet. Ah, Signior, where the Ladies are privileg'd and Fornication licensed.

Tick. Right! and when 'tis licens'd, 'tis lawful; and when 'tis lawful, it can be no Sin: besides, *Barberacho*, I may chance to turn her, who knows?

Pet. Turn her, Signior, alas, any way, which way you please.

Tick. He, he, he! There thou wert knavish, I doubt—but I mean convert her—nothing else I profess, *Barberacho.*

Pet. True, Signior, true, she's a Lady of an easy nature, and an indifferent Argument well handled will do't—ha—here's your head of Hair—here's your natural [*combing out his Hair.*] Frize! And such an Air it gives the Face! —So, Signior—Now you have the utmost my Art can do.

[*Takes away the Cloth, and bows.*

Tick. Well, Signior,—and where's your Looking-glass?

Pet. My Looking-glass!

Tick. Yes, Signior, your Looking-glass! an *English* Barber wou'd as soon have forgotten to have snapt his fingers, made his leg, or taken his Money, as have neglected his Looking-glass.

Pet. Ay, Signior, in your Country the Laity have so little Honesty, they are not to be trusted with the taking off your Beard unless you see't done:—but here's a Glass, Sir. [*Gives him the Glass.*

[Tick. *sets himself and smirks in the Glass*, Pet. *standing behind him, making horns and grimaces, which* Tick. *sees in the Glass, gravely rises, turns towards* Petro.

Tick. Why, how now, *Barberacho*, what monstrous Faces are you making there?

Pet. Ah, my Belly, my Belly, Signior: ah, this Wind-Cholick! this Hypocondriack does so torment me! ah—

Tick. Alas, poor Knave; *certo*, I thought thou hadst been somewhat uncivil with me, I profess I did.

Pet. Who, I, Sir, uncivil?—I abuse my Patrone!—I that have almost made my self a Pimp to serve you?

Tick. Teze, teze, honest *Barberacho!* no, no, no, all's well, all's well:—but hark ye—you will be discreet and secret in this business now, and above all things conceal the knowledge of this Gentlewoman from Sir *Signal* and Mr. *Galliard.*

Pet. The Rack, Signior, the Rack shall not extort it.

Tick. Hold thy Hand—there's somewhat for thee, [*Gives him Money.*] but shall I, Rogue—shall I see her to night?—

Pet. To night, Sir, meet me in the Piazza *D'Hispagnia*, about ten a Clock,—I'll meet you there,—but 'tis fit, Signior—that I should provide a Collation,—'tis the custom here, Sir.—

Tick. Well, well, what will it come to?—here's an Angel.—

Pet. Why, Sir, 'twill come to—about—for you wou'd do't handsomely—some twenty Crowns.—

Tick. How, man, twenty Crowns!

Pet. Ay, Signior, thereabouts.

Tick. Twenty Crowns!—Why, 'tis a Sum, a Portion, a Revenue.

Pet. Alas, Signior, 'tis nothing with her,—she'll look it out in an hour,—ah, such an Eye, so sparkling, with an amorous Twire—Then, Sir—she'll kiss it out in a moment, —such a Lip, so red, so round, so plump, so soft, and so—

Tick. Why, has she, has she, Sirrah—hah—here, here, prithee take money, here, and make no words on't—go, go your way, go—But to entertain Sir *Signal* with other matter, pray send his Masters to him; if thou canst help him to Masters, and me to Mistresses, thou shalt be the good Genius of us both: but see where he comes—

Enter Sir Signal.

Sir *Sig.* Hah! *Signior Illustrissimo Barberacho*, let me hug thee, my little *Miphistophiloucho*—de ye see here, how fine your Brokering Jew has made me, Signior *Rabbi Manaseth—Ben—Nebiton*, and so forth; hah—view me round— [*Turns round.*

Tick. I profess 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you.

Sir *Sig.* Made for me—Why, Sir, he swore to me by the old Law, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one High-German Prince—I have forgot his name

—for the Devil can never remember a fart these dam'd *Hogan-Mogan* Titles.

Tick. No matter, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, but I shou'd be loth to be in any man's Clothes, were he never so high a German Prince—except I knew his name though.

Tick. Sir, I hold his name unnecessary to be remembred, so long as 'twas a princely Penniworth.—*Barberacho*, get you gone, and send the Masters. [*Ex.* Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Why, how now, Governour? how now, Signior *Tickletext!* prithee how camest thou so transmogrified, ha? why, thou look'st like any new-fledg'd *Cupid.*

Tick. Do I? away, you flatter; do I?

Sir *Sig.* As I hope to breathe, your Face shines through your pouder'd Hairs, like you know what on a Barn-door in a frosty morning.

Tick. What a filthy comparison there for a man of my Coat?

Sir *Sig.* What, angry—*Corpo di me*, I meant no harm,—Come, shall's to a *Bonaroba*, where thou shalt part with thy Pusilage, and that of thy Beard together?

Tick. How mean you, Sir, a Curtezan, and a Romish Curtezan?

Sir *Sig.* Now my Tutor's up, ha, ha, ha—and ever is when one names a Whore; be pacify'd, Man, be pacify'd, I know thou hat'st 'em worse than Beads or Holy-water.

Tick. Away, you are such another Knight—but leave this naughty discourse, and prepare for your Fencing and Civility-Masters, who are coming.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, when, Governour, when? Oh, how I long for my Civility-Master, that I may learn to out-complement all the dull Knights and Squires in *Kent*, with a *Servitore Hulichimo—No Signiora Bellissima, base le Mane de vos Signiora scusa mia Illustrissimo, caspeto de Bacco*, and so I'll run on, hah, Governour, hah! won't this be pure?

Tick. Notably ingenious, I profess.

Sir *Sig.* Well, I'll send my *Staffiera* for him *incontinente.* —he, *Jack*—a—*Cazo*, what a damned *English* name is *Jack?* let me see—I will call him *Giovanni*—which is as much as to say *John!*—he *Giovanni.*

Enter Jack.

Tick. Sir, by your favour, his *English* Protestant Name is *John Pepper*, and I'll call him by ne'er a Popish Name in Christendom.

Sir *Sig.* I'll call my own man, Sir, by what name I please, Sir; and let me tell you, Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, I scorn to be served by any man whose name has not an *Acho* or an *Oucho*, or some *Italiano* at the end on't—therefore *Giovanni Peperacho* is the name by which you shall be distinguish'd and dignify'd hereafter.

Tick. Sir *Signal*, Sir *Signal*, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarrantable, for *Peter* is call'd *Peter*, and *John John;* and I'll not see the poor Fellow wrong'd of his Name for ne'er a *Giovanni* in *Rome.*

Sir *Sig.* Sir, I tell you that one *Italian* Name is worth any two *English* Names in *Europe*, and I'll be judg'd by my Civility-Master.

Tick. Who shall end the dispute if he be of my opinion?

Sir *Sig. Multo voluntiero*, which is as much as to say, with all my heart.

Jack. But, Sir, my Grandmother wou'd never own me, if I should change the cursen Name she gave me with her own hands, an't please your Worship.

Sir *Sig.* He *Bestia!* I'll have no more of your Worship, Sirrah, that old *English* Sir Reverence, let me have you call me *Signior Illustrissimo* or *Patrona Mea*—or—

Tick. Ay, that I like well enough now:—but hold, sure this is one of your Masters.

Enter Petro *drest like a French Fencing-Master.*

Pet. Signior *Barberacho* has sent me to teach you de Art of Fencing.

Sir *Sig.* *Illustrissimo Signior Monsieur*, I am the Person who am to learn.

Tick. Stay, Sir, stay—let me ask him some few questions first: for, Sir, I have play'd at Back-Sword, and cou'd have handled ye a weapon as well as any Man of my time in the University.

Sir *Sig.* Say you so, Mr. *Tickletext?* and faith, you shall have a bout with him. [Tick. *gravely goes to* Petro.

Tick. Hum—hum—Mr. *Monsieur*—pray what are the Guards that you like best?

Pet. *Monsieur*, *eder de Quart or de Terse*, dey be both French and Italian: den for your Parades, Degagements, your Advancements, your Eloynements and Retierments, dey be de same.

Tick. Cart and Horse, what new-found inventions and words have we here?—Sir, I wou'd know, whether you like St. *George's* Guard or not.

Pet. Alons—*Monsieur*, *Mettez vous en Guard!* take de Flurette.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, faith and troth, Governor, thou shalt have a Rubbers with him. [Tick. *smiling refuses*

Tick. Nay, *certo*, Sir *Signal*,—and yet you shall prevail;—well, Sir, come your ways. [*Takes the Flurette.*

Pet. Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand so—dat be *de Quart*—now turn it dus—and dat be *de Terse.*

Tick. Hocus Pocus, Hicksius Doxius—here be de Cart, and here be de Horse—why, what's all this for; hah, Sir—and where's your Guard all this while?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, where's your Guard, Sir, as my Governour says, Sir, hah?

Tick. Come, come, Sir, I must instruct you, I see; Come your ways, Sir.—

Pet. *Attende*, *attende une peu*—trust de right hand and de right leg forward together.—

Tick. I marry, Sir, that's a good one indeed: What shall become of my Head then, Sir? what Guard have I left for that, good Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?

Pet. Ah, Morbleu, is not dis for every ting?

Tick. No, marry, is not it, Sir; St. *George's* Guard is best for the Head whilst you live—as thus, Sir.

Pet. Dat, Sir, ha, ha—dat be de Guard for de Back-Sword.

Tick. Back-sword, Sir, yes, Back-sword, what shou'd it be else?

Pet. And dis be de Single-Rapier.

Tick. Single-Rapier with a Vengeance, there's a weapon for a Gentleman indeed; is all this stir about Single-Rapier?

Pet. Single-Rapier! What wou'd you have for de Gentlemen, de Cudgel for de Gentlemen?

Tick. No, Sir, but I wou'd have it for de Rascally *Frenchman*, who comes to abuse Persons of Quality with paltry Single-Rapier.—Single-Rapier! Come, Sir, come—put your self in your Cart and your Horse as you call it, and I'll shew you the difference.

[*Undresses himself till he appears in a ridiculous Posture.*

Pet. Ah, *Monsieur*, me sall run you two three times through de Body, and den you break a me head, what care I for dat?—Pox on his ignorance. [*Aside.*

Tick. Oh, ho, Sir, do your worst, Sir, do your worst, Sir.

[*They put themselves into several Guards, and* Tick. *beats* Pet. *about the Stage.—Enter* Gall. Fill. *and* Jul.

Pet. Ah, *Monsieur*, *Monsieur*, will you kill a me?

Tick. Ah, *Monsieur*, where be your Carts now, and your Horse, Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?—and your Single-Rapier, Mr. *Monsieur*, hah?—

Gal. Why, how now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what mortal Wars are these? *Ajax* and *Ulysses* contending for *Achilles* his Armour?

Pet. If I be not reveng'd on him, hang me. [*Aside.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, why, who the Devil wou'd have taken my Governor for so tall a man of hands? but *Corpo de me*, Mr. *Galliard*, I have not seen his Fellow.

Tick. Ah, Sir, time was, I wou'd have play'd ye a Match at Cudgels with e'er a Sophister in the College, but

verily I have forgotten it; but here's an Impudent Frenchman that wou'd have past Single-Rapier upon us.

Gal. How, nay a my word, then he deserv'd to be chastis'd for't—but now all's at Peace again; pray know my Kinsman, Sir *Harry Fillamour*.

Sir *Sig. Yo baco les manos*, Signior *Illustrissimo Cavaliero*,—and yours, Signiors, who are *Multo bien Venito*.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir, you take me, Sir, in such a posture, Sir, as I protest I have not been in this many years.

[*Dressing himself whilst he talks.*

Fil. Exercise is good for health, Sir.

Gal. Sir *Signal*, you are grown a perfect *Italian:* Well, Mr. *Tickletext*, you will carry him home a most accomplish't Gentleman I see.

Tick. Hum, verily, Sir, though I say it, for a Man that never travell'd before, I think I have done reasonably well—I'll tell you, Sir—it was by my directions and advice that he brought over with him,—two *English* Knives, a thousand of *English* Pins, four pair of *Jersey* Stockings, and as many pair of Buckskin Gloves.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Sir, for good Gloves you know are very scarce Commodities in this Country.

Jul. Here, Sir, at *Rome*, as you say, above all other places.

Tick. Certo, mere hedging-Gloves, Sir, and the clouterlest Seams.

Fil. Very right, Sir,—and now he talks of *Rome*,—Pray, Sir, give me your opinion of the Place—Are there not noble Buildings here, rare Statues, and admirable Fountains?

Tick. Your Buildings are pretty Buildings, but not comparable to our University Buildings; your Fountains, I confess, are, pretty Springs,—and your Statues reasonably well carv'd—but, Sir, they are so ancient they are of no value: then your Churches are the worst that ever I saw —that ever I saw.

Gal. How, Sir, the Churches, why I thought *Rome* had been famous throughout all *Europe* for fine Churches.

Fil. What think you of St. *Peter's* Church, Sir? Is it not a glorious Structure?

Tick. St. *Peter's* Church, Sir, you may as well call it St. *Peter's* Hall, Sir; it has neither Pew, Pulpit, Desk, Steeple, nor Ring of Bells; and call you this a Church, Sir? No, Sir, I'll say that for little *England*, and a fig for't, for Churches, easy Pulpits, [Sir *Sig. speaks*, And sleeping Pews,] they are as well ordered as any Churches in Christendom: and finer Rings of Bells, Sir, I am sure were never heard.

Jul. Oh, Sir, there's much in what you say.

Fil. But then, Sir, your rich Altars, and excellent Pictures of the greatest Masters of the World, your delicate Musick and Voices, make some amends for the other wants.

Tick. How, Sir! tell me of your rich Altars, your Guegaws and Trinkets, and Popish Fopperies; with a deal of Sing-song—when I say, give me, Sir, five hundred close Changes rung by a set of good Ringers, and I'll not exchange 'em for all the Anthems in *Europe:* and for the Pictures, Sir, they are Superstition, idolatrous, and flat Popery.

Fil. I'll convince you of that Error, that persuades you harmless Pictures are idolatrous.

Tick. How, Sir, how, Sir, convince me! talk to me of being convinc'd, and that in favour of Popery! No, Sir, by your favour I shall not be convinc'd: convinc'd, quoth a!—no, Sir, fare you well, an you be for convincing: come away, Sir *Signal*, fare you well, Sir, fare you well: —convinc'd! [*Goes out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ha, ha, ha, so now is my Governour gone in a Fustian-fume: well, he is ever thus when one talks of Whoring and Religion: but come, Sir, walk in, and I'll undertake, my Tutor shall beg your Pardon, and renounce his English ill-bred Opinion; nay, his English Churches too—all but his own Vicaridge.

Fil. I have better diversion, Sir, I thank you—come, *Julio*, are you for a Walk in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, 'tis hard by?—

Jul. I'll wait on you— [*Ex.* Fil. *and* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* How in the Garden of *Medices Villa?*—but, harkye, *Galliard*, will the Ladies be there, the Curtezans, the *Bona Roba's*, the *Inamorata's*, and the *Bell Ingrato's*, hah?

Gal. Oh, doubtless, Sir. [*Exit.* Gall.

Sir *Sig.* I'll e'en bring my Governour thither to beg his Pardon, on purpose to get an opportunity to see the fine Women; it may be I may get a sight of my new Mistress, *Donna Silvianetta*, whom *Petro* is to bring me acquainted with. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Gardens of the Villa Medici.*

Enter Morosini *and* Octavio.

Oct. By Heaven, I will not eat, nor sleep, nor pray for any thing but swift and sure Revenge, till I have found *Marcella*, that false deceiving Beauty, or her Lover, my hated Rival *Fillamour;* who, wanton in the Arms of the fair Fugitive, laughs at my shameful easiness, and cries, these Joys were never meant for tame *Octavio.*

Enter Crapine.

Mor. How now, *Crapine!* What, no News, no News of my Nieces yet, *Marcella* and *Cornelia?*

Crap. None, Sir.

Oct. That's wondrous strange, *Rome's* a place of that general Intelligence, methinks thou might'st have News of such trivial things as Women, amongst the Cardinals Pages: I'll undertake to learn the Religion *de stato*, and present juncture of all affairs in *Italy*, of a common Curtezan.

Mor. Sirrah, Sirrah, let it be your care to examine all the Nunneries, for my own part not a Petticoat shall escape me.

Oct. My task shall be for *Fillamour*. [*Aside.*

Mor. I'll only make a visit to your Sister *Donna Laura Lucretia*, and deliver her a Letter from my Nephew *Julio*, and return to you presently.— [*Going out, is staid by* Octavio.

Oct. Stay, Sir, defer your visit to my Sister *Laura*, she is not yet to know of my being in Town; 'tis therefore I have taken a Lodging in an obscure street, and am resolv'd never to be my self again till I've redeem'd my Honour. Come, Sir, let's walk—

Enter to them, as they are going out, Marcella *and* Cornelia, *drest like Curtezans,* Philippa, *and Attendance.*

Mor. Stay, stay, what Women are these?

Oct. Whores, Sir, and so 'tis ten to one are all the kind; only these differ from the rest in this, they generously own their trade of Sin, which others deal by stealth in; they are Curtezans. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. The Evening's soft and calm, as happy Lovers Thoughts;
And here are Groves where the kind meeting Trees
Will hide us from the amorous gazing Croud.

Cor. What should we do there, sigh till our wandering Breath
Has rais'd a gentle Gale amongst the Boughs;
To whose dull melancholy Musick we,
Laid on a Bed of Moss, and new-fallen Leaves,
Will read the dismal tale of Echo's Love!
—No, I can make better use of famous *Ovid*.
[*Snatches a little Book from her.*
And prithee what a pox have we to do with Trees,
Flowers, Fountains, or naked Statues?

Mar. But, prithee, mad *Cornelia*, let's be grave and wise, at least enough to think a little.

Cor. On what? your *English* Cavalier *Fillamour*, of whom you tell so many dull stories of his making Love! Oh, how I hate a civil whining Coxcomb!

Mar. And so do I, I'll therefore think of him no more.

Cor. Good Lord! what a damnable wicked thing is a Virgin grown up to Woman.

Mar. What, art thou such a Fool to think I love this *Fillamour?*

Cor. It may be not at *Rome*, but at *Viterbo*, where Men are scarce, you did; and did you follow him to *Rome*, to tell him you cou'd love no more?

Mar. A too forward Maid, *Cornelia*, hurts her own Fame, and that of all her Sex.

Cor. Her Sex! a pretty consideration, by my Youth; an Oath I shall not violate this dozen years: my Sex shou'd excuse me, if to preserve their Fame they expected I should ruin my own Quiet; in chusing an ill-favour'd Husband, such as *Octavio*, before a young handsome Lover, such as you say *Fillamour* is.

Mar. I wou'd fain persuade my self to be of thy mind, —but the World, *Cornelia*—

Cor. Hang the malicious World—

Mar. And there's such Charms in Wealth and Honour too.

Cor. None half so powerful as Love, in my opinion; 'slife, Sister, thou art beautiful, and hast a Fortune too, which before I wou'd lay out upon so shameful a purchase as such a Bedfellow for life as *Octavio*, I wou'd turn errant keeping Curtezan, and buy my better Fortune.

Mar. That Word too startles me.

Cor. What, Curtezan! why, 'tis a noble Title, and has more Votaries than Religion; there's no Merchandize like ours, that of Love, my Sister:—and can you be frighted with the Vizor, which you your self put on?

Mar. 'Twas the only Disguise that cou'd secure us from the search of my Uncle and *Octavio*. Our Brother *Julio* is by this too arriv'd, and I know they'll all be diligent,—and some Honour I was content to sacrifice to my eternal Repose.

Cor. Spoke like my Sister! a little impertinent Honour, we may chance to lose, 'tis true; but our down-right Honesty I perceive you are resolv'd we shall maintain through all the dangers of Love and Gallantry; though to say truth, I find enough to do, to defend my Heart against some of those Members that nightly serenade us, and daily show themselves before our Window, gay as young Bridegrooms, and as full of expectation.

Mar. But is't not wondrous, that amongst all these Crouds we should not once see *Fillamour?* I thought the Charms of a fair young Curtezan might have oblig'd him to some Curiosity at least.

Cor. Ay! and an *English* Cavalier too, a Nation so fond of all new Faces.

Mar. Heaven, if I should never see him, and I frequent all publick Places to meet him! or if he be gone from *Rome*, if he have forgot me, or some other Beauty have employ'd his Thoughts!

Cor. Why; if all these if's and or's come to pass, we have no more to do than to advance in this same glorious Profession, of which now we only seem to be—in which, to give it its due, there are a thousand Satisfactions to be found, more than in a dull virtuous Life: Oh, the world of Dark-Lanthorn-Men we should have! the Serenades, the Songs, the Sighs, the Vows, the Presents, the Quarrels, and all for a Look or a Smile, which you have been hitherto so covetous of, that *Petro* swears our Lovers begin to suspect us for some honest Jilts; which by some is accounted much the leuder scandal of the two:—therefore I think, faith, we must e'en be kind a little to redeem our Reputations.

Mar. However we may railly, certainly there's nothing so hard to Woman, as to expose her self to villainous Man.

Cor. Faith, Sister, if 'twere but as easy to satisfy the nice scruples of Religion and Honour, I should find no great Difficulty in the rest—Besides, another Argument

I have, our Mony's all gone, and without a Miracle can hold out no longer honestly.

Mar. Then we must sell our Jewels.

Cor. When they are gone, what Jewel will you part with next?

Mar. Then we must—

Cor. What, go home to *Viterbo*, ask the old Gentleman pardon, and be receiv'd to Grace again, you to the Embraces of the amiable *Octavio*, and I to St. *Teresa's*, to whistle through a Grate like a Bird in a Cage,—for I shall have little heart to sing.—But come, let's leave this sad talk, here's Men—let's walk and gain new Conquest, I love it dearly— [*Walk down the Garden.*

Enter Gall. Fill. *and* Jul. *see the Women.*

Gal. Women! and by their garb for our purpose too —they're Curtezans, let's follow 'em.

Fil. What shall we get by gazing but Disquiet? If they are fair and honest, we look, and perhaps may sigh in vain; if beautiful and loose, they are not worth regarding.

Gal. Dear notional Knight, leave your satirical Fopperies, and be at least good-humour'd, and let's follow them.

Jul. I'll leave you in the Pursuit, and take this Opportunity to write my Uncle word of my Arrival; and wait on you here anon.

Fil. Prithee do so: hah, who's that with such an Equipage? [*Exit* Julio, Fil. *and* Gal. *going after.* Marcella *and* Cor. *meet just entring*, Laura *with* Silvio, Antonio, *and her Equipage, drest like a Man.*

Gal. Pox, let the Tradesmen ask, who cringe for such gay Customers, and follow us the Women!

[*Exit* Fil. *and* Gal. *down the Scene*, Lau. *looking after 'em.*

Lau. 'Tis he, my Cavalier, my Conqueror: *Antonio*, let the Coaches wait,—and stand at distance all: Now, *Silvio*, on thy Life forget my Sex and Quality, forget my useless name of *Laura Lucretia*, and call me Count of—

Sil. What, Madam?

Lau. Madam! ah, foolish Boy, thy feminine Courage will betray us all:—but—call me Count—*Sans Cœur.* —And tell me, *Silvio*, how is it I appear?
How dost thou like my Shape—my Face and Dress?
My Mien and Equipage, may I not pass for Man?
Looks it *en Prince* and Masculine?

Sil. Now as I live, you look all over what you wish, and such as will beget a Reverence and Envy in the Men, and Passion in the Women. But what's the Cause of all this Transformation?

Lau. Love! Love! dull Boy, cou'dst thou not guess 'twas Love? that dear *Englese* I must enjoy, my *Silvio.*

Sil. What, he that adores the fair young Curtezan?

Lau. That very he; my Window joins to hers, and 'twas with Charms.
Which he'ad prepar'd for her, he took this Heart,
Which met the welcome Arrows in their flight,
And sav'd her from their Dangers.
Oft I've return'd the Vows he'as made to her,
And sent him pleas'd away;
When through the errors of the Night, and distance,
He has mistook me for that happy Wanton,
And gave me Language of so soft a Power,
As ne'er was breath'd in vain to listning Maids.

Sil. But with Permission, Madam, how does this Change of Petticoat for Breeches, and shifting Houses too, advance that Love?

Lau. This Habit, besides many Opportunities 'twill give me of getting into his acquaintance, secures me too from being known by any of my Relations in *Rome:* then I have changed my House for one so near to that of *Silvianetta's*, and so like it too, that even you and I have oft mistook the entrance: by which means Love, Fortune or Chance, may with my Industry contrive some kind Mistake that may make me happier than the rest of Womankind.

Sil. But what shall be reserv'd then for Count *Julio*, whose last Letters promise his Arrival within a Day or two, and whom you're then to marry?

Lau. Reserv'd for him! a Wife! a Wife, my *Silvio*,
That unconcern'd domestick Necessary,
Who rarely brings a Heart, or takes it soon away.—

Sil. But then your Brother, Count *Octavio*, do you not fear his Jealousy?

Lau. Octavio! Oh, Nature has set his Soul and mine at odds,
And I can know no Fear but where I love.

Sil. And then that thing which Ladies call their Honour.—

Lau. Honour, that hated Idol, even by those
That set it up to worship! No,
I have a Soul, my Boy, and that's all Love;
And I'll the Talent which Heaven lent improve.

[*Going out, meets* Marcella *and* Cornelia *follow'd by* Gal. *and* Fil.

Sil. Here be the Curtezans, my Lord.

Lau. Hah, *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia!* pursu'd too by my Cavalier! I'll round the Garden, and mix my self amongst 'em. [*Exit with* Silvio *and her Train.*

Mar. Prithee, Sister, let's retire into the Grove, to avoid the Pursuit of these Cavaliers.

Cor. Not I, by these killing Eyes! I'll stand my ground were there a thousand, all arm'd with conquering Beauty.

Mar. Hah—now on my Conscience yonder's *Fillamour*.

Cor. Hah! *Fillamour!*

Mar. My Courage fails me at the sight of him—I must retire.

Cor. And I'll to my Art of Love. [Mar. *retires, and leans against a Tree*, Cor. *walks about reading.*

Gal. 'Tis she, 'tis *Silvianetta:* Prithee advance, that thou mayst behold her, and renounce all honest Women; since in that one young Sinner there are Charms that wou'd excuse even to thee all frailty.

Fil. The Forms of Angels cou'd not reconcile me To Women of her Trade.

Gal. This is too happy an Opportunity, to be lost in convincing thy Singularity,— [Gal. *goes bowing by the side of* Cornelia. Fil. *walks about in the Scene.* —If Creatures so fair and charming as your self, had any need of Prayer, I shou'd believe by your profound Attention you were at your Evening's Devotion.

Cor. That you may find your Mistake in the opinion of my Charms, pray believe I am so, and ought not to be interrupted.

Gal. I hope a Man may have leave to make his Devotions by you, at least without Danger or Offence.

Cor. I know not that, I have reason to fear your Devotion may be ominous; like a blazing Star, it comes but seldom,—but ever threatens mischief—Pray Heaven, I share not in the Calamity.

Gal. Why, I confess, Madam, my Fit of Zeal does not take me often; but when it does, 'tis very harmless and wondrous hearty.—

Cor. You may begin then, I shall not be so wicked as to disturb you Orisons.

Gal. Wou'd I cou'd be well assur'd of that, for mine's Devotion of great Necessity, and the Blessing I pray for infinitely concerns me; therefore in Christian Charity keep down your Eyes, and do not ruin a young Man's good Intentions, unless they wou'd agree to send kind Looks, and save me the expence of Prayer.

Cor. Which wou'd be better laid out, you think, upon some other Blessing.

Gal. Why, faith, 'tis good to have a little Bank upon occasion, though I hope I shall have no great need hereafter,—if the charming *Silvianetta* be but kind, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

Cor. You're very well acquainted with my Name, I find.

Gal. Your Name! 'tis all I have to live on!

Like chearful Birds, 'tis the first Tune I sing,
To welcome in the Day:
The Groves repeat it, and the Fountains purle it,
And every pretty Sound that fills my Ear.
Turns all to *Silvianetta*. [Fil. *looks awhile on* Marcella.

Fil. Galliard, look there—look on that lovely Woman; 'tis *Marcella*, the beautiful *Marcella*. [*Offers to run to her*, Gal. *holds him.*

Gal. Hold! *Marcella!* where?

Fil. That Lady there; didst ever see her equal?

Gal. Why, faith, as you say, *Harry*, that Lady is beautiful—and, make us thankful—kind: why, 'tis *Euphemia*, Sir, the very Curtezan I wou'd have shew'd you.—

Fil. Forbear, I am not fit for Mirth.

Gal. Nor I in Humour to make you merry; I tell ye—yonder Woman—is a Curtezan.

Fil. Do not profane, nor rob Heaven of a Saint.

Gal. Nor you rob Mankind of such a Blessing, by giving it to Heaven before its time.—I tell thee 'tis a Whore, a fine desirable expensive Whore.

Fil. By Heaven, it cannot be! I'll speak to her, and call her my *Marcella*, and undeceive thy leud Opinion. [*Offers to go, he holds him.*

Gal. Do, salute her in good Company for an honest Woman—do, and spoil her Markets:—'twill be a pretty civil spiteful Compliment, and no doubt well taken;—come, I'll convince ye, Sir. [*Goes and pulls* Philippa. —Harkye, thou kind Help meet for Man—thou gentle Child of Night—what is the Price of a Night or two of Pleasure with yonder Lady—*Euphemia*, I mean, that Roman Curtezan—

Fil. Oh, Heavens! a Curtezan!

Phil. Sure you're a great Stranger in *Rome*, that cannot tell her Price.

Gal. I am so; name it, prithee, here's a young *English* Purchaser—Come forward, Man, and cheapen for your self— [*Pulls him.*

Phil. Oh, spare your pains, she wants no Customers.—
[*Flings away.*

Fil. No, no, it cannot, must not be *Marcella;*
She has too much Divinity about her,
Not to defend her from all Imputation,
Scandal wou'd die to hear her Name pronounc'd.

Phil. Believe me, Madam, he knows you not; I overheard all he said to that Cavalier, and find he's much in love.

Mar. Not know me, and in love! punish him, Heaven, for his Falshood: but I'll contribute to deceive him on, and ruin him with Perjury.

Fil. I am not yet convinc'd, I'll try her farther. [*Goes to her bowing.*]—But, Madam, is that heavenly Beauty purchasable? I'll pay a Heart, rich with such Wounds and Flames—

Gal. Not forgetting the Money too, good Lad, or your Wounds and Flames will be of little Use.
[Gal. *goes to* Cornelia.

Mar. He tells you Truth, Sir, we are not like the Ladies of your Country, who tire out their Men with loving upon the square, Heart for Heart, till it becomes as dull as Matrimony: to Women of our Profession there's no Rhetorick like ready Money, nor Billet-deux like Bills of Exchange.

Fil. Oh! that Heaven shou'd make two Persons so resembling, and yet such different Souls. [*Looks on her.*—'Sdeath, how she darts me through with every Look! But if she speak, she heals the Wound again.

Enter Octavio, *with Followers.*

Oct. Hah, my Rival *Fillamour* here! fall on—draw, Sir,—and say, I gave you one Advantage more, and fought thee fairly.

[*Draws on* Fil. *who fights him out; the Ladies run off:* Gal. *falls on the Followers, with whom whilst he is engag'd, enters* Julio, *draws and assists him; and*

Laura *at the same time on the other side. Enter* Petro *drest like a Civility-Master; Sir* Signal *and* Tickletext: *Sir* Signal *climbs a Tree,* Tick. *runs his Head into a Bush, and lies on his Hands and Knees.* Pet. *assists* Gal. *and fights out the Bravoes.* Pet. *re-enters.*

Lau. Hah, my Cavalier engag'd amongst the Slaves!

Pet. My Lady's Lovers! and set upon by *Octavio!* we must be diligent in our Affairs; Sir *Signal*, where are ye? Signior *Tickletext.*—I hope they have not miscarried in the fray.

Sir *Sig.* Oh, *vos Servitor*, *vos Signiora;* miscarried! no, the Fool has Wit enough to keep out of harm's way.

[*Comes down from the Tree.*

Pet. Oh, very discreetly done, Signior.—

[*Sees* Tick. *in a bush, pulls him out by the heels.*

Sir *Sig.* Why, how now, Governour, what, afraid of Swords?

Tick. No, Sir, I am not afraid of Swords, but I am afraid of Danger.

Enter Gal. *embracing* Laura; *after 'em*, Julio *and* Fil. Fil. *looks about.*

Gal. This Bravery, Sir, was wondrous.

Lau. 'Twas only Justice, Sir, you being opprest with odds.

Fil. She's gone, she's gone in Triumph with my Soul.

Jul. What was the matter, Sir? how came this Mischief?

Fil. Oh, easily, Sir; I did but look, and infinitely loved.

Jul. And therefore were you drawn upon, or was it some old Pique?

Fil. I know not, Sir, Oh, tell me not of Quarrels. The Woman, Friend, the Woman has undone me.

Gal. Oh, a blessed Hearing! I'm glad of the Reformation: Sir, you were so squeamish, forsooth, that a Whore wou'd not down with ye; no, 'twou'd spoil your Reputation.—

Fil. A Whore! wou'd I cou'd be convinc'd she were so; 'twou'd call my Virtue home, and make me Man again.

Gal. Thou ly'st—thou'rt as weak a Brother as the best of us, and believe me, *Harry*, these sort of Damsels are like Witches, if they once get hold of a Man, he's their own till the Charm be ended; you guess what that is, Sir?

Fil. Oh, *Frank*, hadst thou then felt how tenderly she prest my Hand in hers, as if she wou'd have kept it there for ever, it wou'd have made thee mad, stark mad in Love! —and nothing but *Marcella* cou'd have charm'd me.

[*Aside.*

Gal. Ay, Gad, I'll warrant thee,—well, thou shalt this Night enjoy her.

Fil. How?

Gal. How! why, faith, *Harry*, e'en the old way, I know no other. Why, thou shalt lie with her, Man; come, let's to her.

Fil. Away, let's follow her instantly.

[Going *out is stopt by Sir* Signal.

Enter Sir Sig. Tick. Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Signior, I have brought Mr. *Tickletext* to beg your Pardon—Sir.

Fil. I've other business, Sir. [*Goes out.*

Gal. Come, let's follow him; and you, my generous Cavalier, must give me leave to beg the Honour of your Friendship.

Lau. My Inclinations, Sir, have given you more—pray let me wait on you to your Lodgings, lest a farther Insolence shou'd be offer'd you.

Gal. Sir, you oblige too fast. [*They go out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah, *che Diavilo Ayles*, these hot-brain'd fellows, sure, they're drunk.

Pet. Oh, fy, Signior, drunk, for a Man of Quality—'tis intolerable.

Sir *Sig.* Ay: why how so, Signior *Morigoroso?*

Pet. Imbriaco had made it a fine Speech indeed.

Sir *Sig.* Why, faith, and so it had, as thus,—*ach Diavilo Ayles*, these are hot-brain'd Fellows, sure they are *imbriaco*,—Now, wou'd not I be drunk for a thousand Crowns: *Imbriaco* sounds *Cinquante per cent* better.—Come, noble Signior, let's *andiamo a casa*, which is as much as to say, let's amble home.—

Tick. In troth, wondrous expert—*Certo*, Signior, he's an apt Scholar.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Sir, you shall see, when I come to my Civilities.—

Pet. Where the first Lesson you shall learn, is, how to give and how to receive with a Bon-Grace.

Tick. That receiving Lesson I will learn my self.

Pet. This unfrequented part of the Garden, Signior, will fit our purpose as well as your Lodgings.—first then —Signiors, your Address. [*Puts himself in the middle.*

[Petro *bows on both sides, they do the like.*

—Very well, that's at the Approach of any Person of Quality, after which you must take out your Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* Snuff-Box; why, we take no Snuff, Signior.

Pet. Then, Sir, by all means you must learn: for besides the Mode and Gravity of it, it inviveates the *Pericranium;* that is, sapientates the Brain,—that is, inspires Wit, Thought, Invention, Understanding, and the like —you conceive me, Signiors— [*Bowing.*

Sir *Sig.* Most profoundly, Signior.— [*Bowing.*

Pet.—Then, Signiors, it keeps you in confidence, and Countenance; and whilst you gravely seem to take a snush, you gain time to answer to the purpose, and in a politick Posture—as thus—to any intricate Question.

Tick. Hum—*certo*, I like that well; and 'twere admirable if a Man were allow'd to take it when he's out in's Sermon.

Pet. Doubtless, Signior, you might, it helps the Memory better than Rosemary: therefore I have brought each of you a Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* By no means: excuse me Signior.

[*Refuses to take 'em.*

Pet. Ah, Baggatelles, Signior, Baggatelles; and now, Signiors, I'll teach you how to take it with a handsom Grace: Signior, your Hand—and yours, Signior;[*Lays Snuff on their hands.*]—so, now draw your hand to and fro under your Noses, and snuff it hard up—Excellent well.

[*They daub all their Noses, and make Grimaces, and sneeze.*

Sir *Sig.* Methinks, Signior, this Snuff stinks most damnably: pray, what scent do you call this?

Pet. Cackamarda Orangate, a rare Perfume I'll assure ye, Sir.

Sir *Sig. Cackamarda Orangate;* and 'twere not for the Name of *Cackamarda*, and so forth, a Man had as good have a Sir-reverence at his Nose.

[*Sneezes often, he crys* bonprovache.

Pet. Bonprovache—Signior, you do not understand it yet, *bonprovache.*

Sir *Sig.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to endure this same *Cackamarda;* why Assafetida is odoriferous to it. [*Sneezing.*

Pet. 'Tis your right *Dulce Piquante*, believe me:—but come, Signiors, wipe your Noses, and proceed to your giving Lesson.

Sir *Sig.* As how, Signior?

Pet. Why—present me with something—that—Diamond on your Finger, to shew the manner of giving handsomly. [*Sir* Sig. *gives it him.*

—Oh, fie, Signior—between your Finger and Thumb—thus—with your other Fingers at a distance—with a speech, and a bow.—

Sir *Sig. Illustrissimo* Signior, the manifold Obligations,

Pet. Now a fine turn of your hand—thus—Oh, that sets off the Present, and makes it sparkle in the Eyes of the Receiver.— [*Sir* Sig. *turns his hand.*

Sir *Sig.* Which you have heap'd upon me,—

Pet. There flourish again. [*He flourishes.*

Sir *Sig.* Oblige me to beg your acceptance of this small Present, which will receive a double Lustre from your fair Hand. [*Gives it him.*

Pet. Now kiss your fingers ends, and retire back with a bow.

Tick. Most admirably perform'd.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, Sir, I have Docity in me, though I say't: Come, Governor, let's see how you can out-do me in the Art of presenting.

Tick. Well, Sir, come; your Snuff-Box will serve instead of my Ring, will it not?

Pet. By no means, Sir, there is such a certain Relation between a Finger and a Ring, that no Present becomes either the giving or the receiving Hand half so well.

Sir *Sig.* Why, 'twill be restor'd again, 'tis but to practise by.

Pet. Ay, Signior, the next thing you are to learn is to receive.

Tick. Most worthy Signior, I have so exhausted the *Cornucopia* of your Favours, [*Flourishes.*]—and tasted so plenteously of the fulness of your bounteous Liberality, that to retaliate with this small Gem—is but to offer a Spark, where I have received a Beam of superabundant Sunshine. [*Gives it.*

Sir *Sig.* Most rhetorically perform'd, as I hope to breathe; Tropes and Figures all over.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir *Signal.*

Pet. Excellent—Now let's see if you can refuse as civilly as you gave, which is by an obstinate denial; stand both together—Illustrious Signiors, upon my Honour my little Merit has not intitled me to the Glory of so splendid an Offering; Trophies worthy to be laid only at your Magnanimous Feet.

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Signior, no, no.

Pet. Signior *Tickletext.*

[*He offers, they refuse going backward.*

Tick. Nay, *certo*, Signior.

Pet. With what confidence can I receive so rich a Present? Signior *Tickletext*, ah—Signior—

Sir *Sig.* I vow, Signior—I'm ashamed you shou'd offer it.

Tick. In verity, so am I. [*Still going back, he follows.*

Pet. Pardio! Baccus, most incomparable.—

Tick. But when, Signior, are we to learn to receive again?—

Pet. Oh, Sir, that's always a Lesson of it self:—but now, Signiors, I'll teach you how to act a story.

Sir *Sig.* How, how, Signior, to act a story?

Pet. Ay, Sir, no matter for words or sense, so the Body perform its part well.

Sir *Sig.* How, tell a story without words! why, this were an excellent device for Mr. *Tickletext*, when he's to hold forth to the Congregation, and has lost his Sermon-Notes—why, this is wonderful.—

Pet. Oh, Sir, I have taught it Men born deaf [*Gets between 'em: Makes a sign of being fat; galloping about the Stage.*] and blind:—look ye, stand close together, and observe—closer yet:—a certain Eclejastico, Plump and Rich—Riding along the Road, meets a Paver strapiao,—un Pavaro strapiao, Paure strapiao:—strapiao—strapiao—strapiao [*Puts himself into the Posture of a lean Beggar; his hands right down by his sides,—and picks both their Pockets.* Elemosuna per un Paure strapiao, par a Moure de Dievos—at last he begs a Julio—Neinte [*makes the fat Bishop.*] the Paure strapiao begs a Mezo Julio—[*lean*] Neinte [*fat*]—une bacio—[*lean*]—Neinte—[*fat*]—at last he begs his Blessing—and see how willingly the Ecclesiastico gave his Benediction. [*Opening his Arms, hits them both in the face.*]—Scusa, scusa mea, Patronas— [*Begs their pardon.*

Sir *Sig.* Yes, very willingly, which by the way he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

Tick. Marry, I wou'd he had been a little sparing of that too at this time—[*sneezes*] a shame on't, it has stir'd this same *Cackamarda* again most foully.

Pet. Your pardon, Signior;—but come, Sir *Signal*,—let's see how you will make this silent relation—Come, stand between us two—

Sir *Sig.* Nay, let me alone for a memory—come.

Pet. I think I have reveng'd my Backsword-beating. [*Goes off.*

Sir *Sig.* Un paureo strapado—plump and rich, no, no, the Ecclesiastico meet un paureo strapado—and begs a Julio.

Tick. Oh, no, Sir, the strapado begs the Julio.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay, and the Ecclesastico crys Niente—[*snaps his nail.*] un meze Julio!—Niente—un Bacio, Niente: your Blessing then, Signior Ecclesastico.

[*Spreads out his Arms to give his blessing—and hits* Tick.

Tick. Adds me, you are all a little too liberal of this same Benediction.

Sir *Sig.* Hah—but where's Signior *Morigoroso?* what, is he gone?—but now I think on't, 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

Tick. It may be so, but I wish I had my Ring again, I do not like the giving Lesson without the taking one; why this is picking a Man's pocket, *certo.*

Sir *Sig.* Not so, Governour, for then I had had a considerable loss: Look ye here,—how—how [*feeling in his Pocket.*] how—[*in another*] how—gone? gone as I live, my Money, Governour; all the Gold *Barberacho* receiv'd of my Merchant to day—all gone.—

Tick. Hah—and mine—all my stock, the Money which I thought to have made a present to the Gentlewoman, *Barberacho* was to bring me to—[*Aside.*]—Undone, undone—Villains, Cutpurses—Cheats, oh, run after him.

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of all silent stories; Rogue, Thief—undone.— [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Corso.*

Enter Julio *and his* Page.

Jul. How, the Lady whom I followed from St. *Peter's* Church, a Curtezan?

Pag. A Curtezan, my Lord, fair as the Morning, and as young.

Jul. I know she's fair and young; but is she to be had, Boy?

Pag. My Lord, she is—her Footman told me she was a Zittella.

Jul. How, a Zittella!—a Virgin, 'tis impossible.

Pag. I cannot swear it, Sir, but so he told me; he said she had a World of Lovers: Her name is *Silvianetta*, Sir, and her Lodgings—

Jul. I know't, are on the *Corso;* a Curtezan? and a Zittella too? a pretty contradiction; but I'll bate her the last, so I might enjoy her as the first: whate'er the price be, I'm resolv'd upon the adventure; and will this minute prepare my self. [*Going off, Enter* Mor. and Octa.]—hah, does the Light deceive me, or is that indeed my Uncle, in earnest conference with a Cavalier?—'tis he—I'll step aside till he's past, lest he hinders this Night's diversion. [*Goes aside.*

Mor. I say 'twas rashly done, to fight him unexamin'd.

Oct. I need not ask; my Reason has inform'd me, and I'm convinc'd, where-e'er he has concealed her, that she is fled with *Fillamour.*

Jul. Who is't they speak of?

Mor. Well, well, sure my Ancestors committed some horrid crime against Nature, that she sent this Pest of Woman-kind into our Family,—two Nieces for my share;—by Heaven, a Proportion sufficient to undo six Generations.

Jul. Hah? two Nieces, what of them? [*Aside.*

Mor. I am like to give a blessed account of 'em to their Brother *Julio* my Nephew, at his return; there's a new plague now:—but my comfort is, I shall be mad, and there's an end on't. [*Weeps.*

Jul. My Curiosity must be satisfied,—have patience, Noble Sir.—

Mor. Patience is a flatterer, Sir,—and an Ass, Sir; and I'll have none on't—hah, what art thou?

Jul. Has five or six Years made ye lose the remembrance of your Nephew—*Julio?*

Mor. Julio! wou'd I had met thee going to thy Grave. [*Weeps.*

Jul. Why so, Sir?

Mor. Your Sisters, Sir, your Sisters are both gone.— [*Weeps.*

Jul. How gone, Sir?

Mor. Run away, Sir, flown, Sir.

Jul. Heavens! which way?

Mor. Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle Women—in short, Sir, your Sister *Marcella* was to have been married to this noble Gentleman,—nay, was contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel; but no sooner was his back turn'd, but in a pernicious Moon-light Night she shews me a fair pair of heels, with the young Baggage, your other Sister *Cornelia*, who was just come from the Monastery where I bred her, to see her Sister married.

Jul. A curse upon the Sex! why must Man's Honour Depend upon their Frailty?
—Come—give me but any light which way they went, And I will trace 'em with that careful Vengeance—

Oct. Spoke like a Man, that understands his Honour; And I can guess how we may find the Fugitives.

Jul. Oh, name it quickly, Sir!

Oct. There was a young Cavalier—some time at *Viterbo*, Who I confess had Charms, Heaven has denied to me,

That Trifle, Beauty, which was made to please
Vain foolish Woman, which the brave and wise
Want leisure to design.—

Jul. And what of him?

Oct. This fine gay thing came in your Sister's way,
And made that Conquest Nature meant such Fools for:
And, Sir, she's fled with him.

Jul. Oh, show me the Man, the daring hardy Villain,
Bring me but in the view of my Revenge,—and if I fail to take it,
Brand me with everlasting Infamy.

Oct. That we must leave to Fortune, and our Industry.
—Come, Sir, let's walk and think best what to do,—

[*Going down the Scene, Enter* Fil. *and* Gal.

Fil. Is not that *Julio?* Boy, run and call him back.

[*Ex. Boy, re-enters with* Jul.

Jul. Oh, *Fillamour*, I have heard such killing news
Since last I left thee—

Fil. What, prithee?

Jul. I had a Sister, Friend—dear as my Life,
And bred with all the Virtues of her Sex;
No Vestals at the Holy Fire employ'd themselves
In innocenter business than this Virgin;
Till Love, the fatal Fever of her Heart,
Betray'd her harmless Hours;
And just upon the point of being married,
The Thief stole in, and rob'd us of this Treasure:
She'as left her Husband, Parents, and her Honour,
And's fled with the base Ruiner of her Virtue.

Fil. And lives the Villain durst affront ye thus?

Jul. He does.

Gal. Where, in what distant World?

Jul. I know not.

Fil. What is he call'd?

Jul. I know not neither,—some God direct me to the Ravisher!

And if he scape my Rage,
May Cowards point me out for one of their tame Herd.

Fil. In all your Quarrels I must join my Sword.

Gal. And if you want,—here's another, Sir, that, though it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, shall not be idle in good company.

Jul. I thank you both; and if I have occasion, will borrow their assistance; but I must leave you for a minute, I'll wait on you anon.—

[*They all three walk as down the street, talking.*

Enter Laura, *with* Silvio *and her Equipage.*

Lau. Beyond my wish, I'm got into his Friendship:
But Oh, how distant Friendship is from Love,
That's all bestow'd on the fair Prostitute!
—Ah, *Silvio*, when he took me in his Arms,
Pressing my willing Bosom to his Breast,
Kissing my Cheek, calling me lovely Youth,
And wond'ring how such Beauty, and such Bravery,
Met in a Man so young! Ah, then, my Boy,
Then in that happy minute,
How near was I to telling all my Soul!
My Blushes and my Sighs were all prepar'd;
My Eyes cast down, my trembling Lips just parting.—
But still as I was ready to begin,
He cries out *Silvianetta!*
And to prevent mine, tells me all his Love.
—But see—he's here.— [Fill. *and* Gal. *coming up the Scene.*

Gal. Come, lay by all sullen Unresolves: for now the hour of the Berjere approaches, Night that was made for Lovers.—Hah! my Dear *Sans-Cœur?* my Life! my Soul! my Joy!
Thou art of my opinion!

Lau. I'm sure I am, whate'er it be.

Gal. Why, my Friend here, and I, have sent and paid our Fine for a small Tenement of Pleasure, and I'm for

taking present possession;—but hold—if you shou'd be a Rival after all.—

Lau. Not in your *Silvianetta!* my Love has a nice Appetite,
And must be fed with high uncommon Delicates.
I have a Mistress, Sir, of Quality;
Fair, as Imagination paints young Angels;
Wanton and gay, as was the first *Corinna*,
That charm'd our best of Poets;
Young as the Spring, and chearful as the Birds
That welcome in the Day;
Witty, as Fancy makes the Revelling Gods,
And equally as bounteous when she blesses.

Gal. Ah, for a fine young Whore with all these Charms! but that same Quality allays the Joy: there's such a damn'd ado with the Obligation, that half the Pleasure's lost in Ceremony.
—Here for a thousand Crowns I reign alone,
Revel all day in Love without controul.
—But come to our business, I have given order for Musick, Dark Lanthorns, and Pistols.

[*This while* Fill. *stands studying.*

Fil. Death, if it shou'd not be *Marcella* now!

[*Pausing aside.*

Gal. Prithee no more considering,—resolve, and let's about it.

Fil. I wou'd not tempt my Heart again! for Love,
What e'er it may be in another's Breast,
In mine 'twill turn to a religious Fire;
And so to burn for her, a common Mistress,
Wou'd be an Infamy below her Practice.

Gal. Oh, if that be all, doubt not, *Harry*, but an Hour's Conversation with *Euphemia* will convert it to as leud a flame, as a Man wou'd wish.

Lau. What a coil's here about a Curtezan! what ado to persuade a Man to a Blessing all *Rome* is languishing

for in vain!—Come, Sir, we must deal with him, as Physicians do with peevish Children, force him to take what will cure him.

Fil. And like those damn'd Physicians, kill me for want of method: no, I know my own Distemper best, and your Applications will make me mad.

Gal. Pox on't, that one cannot love a Woman like a Man, but one must love like an Ass.

Lau. S'heart, I'll be bound to lie with all the Women in *Rome*, with less ado than you are brought to one.

Gal. Hear ye that, *Henry?* s'death, art not asham'd to be instructed by one so young!—But see—the Star there appears,—the Star that conducts thee to the Shore of Bliss,—She comes! let's feel thy [Marcella *and* Cornelia *above with* Philippa.]

Heart, she comes!
So breaks the Day on the glad Eastern Hills,
Or the bright God of Rays from *Thetis'* Lap:
A Rapture, now, dear Lad, and then fall to; for thou art old Dog at a long Grace.

Fil. Now I'm mere Man again, with all his Frailties— [*Aside.*
—Bright lovely Creature!—

Gal. Damn it, how like my Lady's eldest Son was that?

Fil. May I hope my Sacrifice may be accepted by you; by Heaven, it must be she! still she appears more like.— [*Aside.*

Mar. I've only time to tell you Night approaches,
And then I will expect you.

Enter Crapine, *gazes on the Ladies.*

Crap. 'Tis she, *Donna Marcella*, on my life, with the young wild *Cornelia!*—hah—yonder's the *English* Cavalier too; nay then, by this Hand I'll be paid for all my fruitless jaunts, for this good news—stay, let me mark the House.—

Mar. Now to my Disguise. [*Ex.* Marcella.

Gal. And have you no kind message to send to my Heart? cannot this good Example instruct you how to make me happy?

Cor. Faith, Stranger, I must consider first; she's skilful in the Merchandize of Hearts, and has dealt in Love with so good success hitherto, she may lose one Venture, and never miss it in her Stock: but this is my first, and shou'd it prove to be a bad bargain, I were undone for ever.

Gal. I dare secure the Goods sound—

Cor. And I believe will not lie long upon my hands.

Gal. Faith, that's according as you'll dispose on't, Madam —for let me tell you—gad, a good handsome proper Fellow is as staple a Commodity as any's in the Nation;—but I wou'd be reserv'd for your own use. Faith, take a Sample to night, and as you like it, the whole Piece; and that's fair and honest dealing I think, or the Devil's in't.

Cor. Ah, Stranger,—you have been so over-liberal for those same Samples of yours, that I doubt they have spoiled the sale of the rest; Cou'd you not afford, think ye, to throw in a little Love and Constancy, to inch out that want of Honesty of yours?

Gal. Love! oh, in abundance!
By those dear Eyes, by that soft smiling Mouth,
By every secret Grace thou hast about thee,
I love thee with a vigorous, eager Passion;
—Be kind, dear *Silvianetta*—prithee do,
Say you believe, and make me blest to Night.

Crap. Silvianetta! so, that's the Name she has rifl'd for *Cornelia*, I perceive. [*Aside.*

Cor. If I shou'd be so kind-hearted, what good use wou'd you make of so obliging an Opportunity?

Gal. That which the happy Night was first ordain'd for.

Cor. Well, Signior, 'tis coming on, and then I'll try what Courage the Darkness will inspire me with:—till then—farewell.—

Gal. Till then a thousand times adieu.—

[*Blowing up kisses to her.*

Phil. Ah, Madam, we're undone,—yonder's *Crapine*, your Uncle's Valet.

Cor. Now a Curse on him; shall we not have one night with our Cavaliers?—let's retire, and continue to out-wit him, or never more pretend to't. Adieu, Signior Cavalier—remember Night.—

Gal. Or may I lose my Sense to all Eternity.

[*Kisses his fingers and bows, she returns it for a while. Exit.* Crap.

Lau. Gods, that all this that looks at least like Love,
Shou'd be dispens'd to one insensible!
Whilst every syllable of that dear Value,
Whisper'd to me, wou'd make my Soul all Extasy. [*Aside.*
—Oh, spare that Treasure for a grateful Purchase;
And buy that common Ware with trading Gold,
Love is too rich a Price!—I shall betray my self.— [*Aside.*

Gal. Away, that's an heretical Opinion, and which
This certain Reason must convince thee of;
That Love is Love, wherever Beauty is,
Nor can the Name of Whore make Beauty less.

Enter Marcella *like a Man, with a Cloke about her.*

Mar. Signior, is your Name *Fillamour?*

Fil. It is, what wou'd you, Sir?—

Mar. I have a Letter for you—from *Viterbo*, and your *Marcella*, Sir. [*Gives it him.*

Fil. Hah—*Viterbo!* and *Marcella!*
It shocks me like the Ghost of some forsaken Mistress,
That met me in the way to Happiness,
With some new long'd-for Beauty! [*Opens it, reads.*

Mar. Now I shall try thy Virtue, and my Fate.— [*Aside.*

Fil. What is't that checks the Joy, that shou'd surprize me at the receipt of this.

Gal. How now! what's the cold fit coming on? [*Pauses.*

Fil. I have no power to go—where this—invites me—

By which I prove 'tis no encrease of Flame that warms my Heart,
But a new Fire just kindled from those Eyes—
Whose Rays I find more piercing than *Marcella's*.

Gal. —Ay, Gad, a thousand times—prithee, what's the matter?

Mar. Oh, this false-souled Man—wou'd I had leisure To be reveng'd for this Inconstancy! [*Aside.*

Fil. —But still she wants that Virtue I admire.

Gal. Virtue! 'S'death thou art always fumbling upon that dull string that makes no Musick.—What Letter's that? [*Reads.*] If the first Confession I ever made of Love be grateful to you, come arm'd to night with a Friend or two; and behind the Garden of the Fountains, you will receive—hah, *Marcella!*—Oh, damn it, from your honest Woman!—Well, I see the Devil's never so busy with a Man, as when he has resolv'd upon any Goodness! S'death, what a rub's here in a fair cast,—how is't man? Alegremente! bear up, defy him and all his Works.

Fil. But I have sworn, sworn that I lov'd *Marcella;* And Honour, Friend, obliges me to go,
Take her away and marry her.
—And I conjure thee to assist me too.

Gal. What, to night, this might, that I have given to *Silvianetta!* and you have promis'd to the fair—*Euphemia!*

Lau. If he shou'd go, he ruins my design, [*Aside.*
—Nay, if your word, Sir—be already past—

Fil. 'Tis true, I gave my promise to *Euphemia;* but that, to Women of her Trade, is easily absolv'd.

Gal. Men keep not Oaths for the sakes of the wise Magistrates to whom they are made, but their own Honour, *Harry.*—And is't not much a greater crime to rob a gallant, hospitable Man of his Niece, who has treated you with Confidence and Friendship, than to keep touch with a well-meaning Whore, my conscientious Friend?

Lau. Infinite degrees, Sir.

Gal. Besides, thou'st an hour or two good, between this and the time requir'd to meet *Marcella*.

Lau. Which an industrious Lover would manage to the best advantage.

Gal. That were not given over to Virtue and Constancy; two the best excuses I know for Idleness.

Fil.—Yes—I may see this Woman.

Gal. Why, Gad-a-mercy, Lad.

Fil.—And break my Chains, if possible.

Gal. Thou wilt give a good essay to that I'll warrant thee, Before she part with thee; come let's about it.

[*They are going out on either side of* Fil. *persuading him.*

Mar. He's gone, the Curtezan has got the day, [*Aside.*
Vice has the start of Virtue every way;
And for one Blessing honest Wives obtain,
The happier Mistress does a thousand gain.
I'll home—and practise all their Art to prove,
That nothing is so cheaply gain'd as Love. [*Exit.*

Gal. Stay, what Farce is this—prithee let's see a little. [*Offering to go.*

[*Enter Sir* Signal, *Mr.* Tickletext, *with his Cloke ty'd about him, a great Inkhorn ty'd at his Girdle and a great folio nnder his Arm*, Petro *drest like an Antiquary.*

—How now, Mr. *Tickletext*, what, drest as if you were going a Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem?*

Tick. I make no such profane Journeys, Sir.

Gal. But where have you been, Mr. *Tickletext?*

Sir *Sig.* Why, Sir, this most Reverend and Renowned Antiquary has been showing us Monumental Rarities and Antiquities.

Gal. 'Tis *Petro*, that Rogue.

Fil. But what Folio have you gotten there, Sir, *Knox*, or *Cartwright?*

Pet. Nay, if he be got into that heap of Nonsense, I'll steal off and undress. [*Aside.*] [*Ex.* Petro.

[Tick. *opening the Book.*

Tick. A small Volume, Sir, into which I transcribe the most memorable and remarkable Transactions of the Day.

Lau. That doubtless must be worth seeing.

Fil. [*Reads.*] *April* the twentieth, arose a very great Storm of Wind, Thunder, Lightning and Rain,—which was a shrewd sign of foul Weather. The 22th 9 of our 12 Chickens getting loose, flew over-board, the other three miraculously escaping, by being eaten by me that Morning for Breakfast.

Sir *Sig.* Harkye, *Galliard*—thou art my Friend, and 'tis not like a Man of Honour to conceal any thing from one's Friend,—know then I am the most fortunate Rascal that ever broke bread,—I am this night to visit, Sirrah,—the finest, the most delicious young Harlot, Mum—under the Rose—in all *Rome*, of *Barberacho's* acquaintance.

Gal.—Hah—my Woman, on my Life! and will she be kind?

Sir *Sig.* Kind! hang Kindness, Man, I'm resolv'd upon Conquest by Parly or by Force.

Gal. Spoke like a Roman of the first Race, when noble Rapes, not whining Courtship, did the Lover's business.

Sir *Sig.* 'Sha, Rapes, Man! I mean by force of Money, pure dint of Gold, faith and troth: for I have given 500 Crowns entrance already, & *Par Dios Bacchus*, 'tis *tropo Caro—tropo Caro*, Mr. *Galliard.*

Gal. And what's this high-priz'd Lady's Name, Sir?

Sir *Sig. La Silvianetta*,—and lodges on the *Corso*, not far from St. *James's* of the Incurables—very well situated in case of disaster—hah.

Gal. Very well,—and did not your wise Worship know this *Silvianetta* was my Mistress?

Sir *Sig.* How! his Mistress! what a damn'd Noddy was I to name her! [*Aside.*

Gal. D'ye hear, fool! renounce me this Woman instantly, or I'll first discover it to your Governour, and then cut your throat, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Oh, *Doux Ment*—dear *Galliard*—Renounce her,—*Corpo de mi*, that I will soul and body, if she belong to thee, Man.—

Gal. No more; look to't—look you forget her Name—or but to think of her—farewel— [*Nods at him.*

Sir *Sig.* Farewell, quoth ye—'tis well I had the Art of dissembling after all, here had been a sweet broil upon the Coast else.—

Fil. Very well, I'll trouble my self to read no more, since I know you'l be so kind to the world to make it publick.

Tick. At my return, Sir, for the good of the Nation, I will print it, and I think it will deserve it.

Lau. This is a precious Rogue, to make a Tutor of.

Fil. Yet these Mooncalfs dare pretend to the breeding of our Youth; and the time will come, I fear, when none shall be reputed to travel like a Man of Quality, who has not the advantage of being impos'd upon by one of these pedantick Novices, who instructs the young Heir in what himself is most profoundly ignorant of.

Gal. Come, 'tis dark, and time for our Design,—your Servant, Signiors. [*Exeunt* Fil. *and* Gal.

Lau. I'll home, and watch the kind deceiving Minute, that may conduct him by mistake to me. [*Exit.*

Enter Petro, *like* Barberacho, *just as* Tick. *and Sir* Signal *are going out.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh, *Barberacho*, we are undone! Oh, the Diavillo take that Master you sent me?

Pet. Master, what Master?

Sir *Sig.* Why, Signior Morigoroso!

Pet. Mor—oso—what shou'd he be?

Sir *Sig.* A Civility-Master he should have been, to have taught us good Manners;—but the Cornuto cheated us most damnably, and by a willing mistake taught us nothing in the world but Wit.

Pet. Oh, abominable Knavery! why, what a kind of Man was he?

Sir *Sig.* —Why—much such another as your self.

Tick. Higher, Signior, higher.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, somewhat higher—but just of his pitch.

Pet. Well, Sir, and what of this Man?

Sir *Sig.* Only pickt our Pockets, that's all.

Tick. Yes, and cozen'd us of our Rings.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and gave us Cackamarda Orangata for Snuff.

Tick. And his Blessing to boot when he had done.

Sir *Sig.* A vengeance on't, I feel it still.

Pet. Why, this 'tis to do things of your own head; for I sent no such Signior Moroso—but I'll see what I can do to retrieve 'em—I am now a little in haste, farewell.—

[*Offers to go,* Tick. *goes out by him and jogs him.*

Tick. Remember to meet me—farewel, *Barberacho.*

[*Goes out, Sir* Sig. *pulls him.*

Sir *Sig.* *Barberacho*—is the Lady ready?

Pet. Is your Money ready?

Sir *Sig.* Why, now, though I am threatned, and kill'd, and beaten, and kick'd about this Intrigue, I must advance. [*Aside.*]—But dost think there's no danger?

Pet. What, in a delicate young amorous Lady, Signior?

Sir *Sig.* No, no, mum, I don't much fear the Lady; but this same mad fellow *Galliard*, I hear, has a kind of a hankering after her—

Now dare not I tell him what a discovery I have made. [*Aside.*

Pet. Let me alone to secure you, meet me in the *Piazzo d'Hispagnia*, as soon as you can get your self in order; where the two Fools shall meet, and prevent either's coming.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Sig.* Enough,—here's a Bill for 500 Crowns more upon my Merchant, you know him by a good token, I lost the last Sum you receiv'd for me, a pox of that Handsel; away, here's company. [*Ex.* Pet. *Enter* Octavio *and* Crapine.] Now will I disguise my self, according to the

mode of the Roman Inamoratos; and deliver my self upon the place appointed. [*Ex. Sir* Sig.

Oct. On the *Corso* didst thou see 'em?

Crap. On the *Corso*, my Lord, in discourse with three Cavaliers, one of which has given me many a Pistole, to let him into the Garden a-nights at *Viterbo*, to talk with *Donna Marcella* from her Chamber-Window, I think I shou'd remember him.

Oct. Oh, that Thought fires me with Anger fit for my Revenge, [*Aside.*
And they are to serenade 'em, thou say'st?

Crap. I did, my Lord: and if you can have patience till they come, you will find your Rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

Oct. I do believe thee, and have prepared my Bravoes to attack him: if I can act but my Revenge to night, how shall I worship Fortune? Keep out of sight, and when I give the word, be ready all. I hear some coming, let's walk off a little.—

Enter Marcella *in Man's Clothes, and* Philippa *as a Woman with a Lanthorn.* Oct. *and* Crap. *go off the other way.*

Mar. Thou canst never convince me, but if *Crapine* saw us, and gaz'd so long upon us, he must know us too; and then what hinders but by a diligent watch about the House, they will surprize us, e'er we have secured our selves from 'em?

Phil. And how will this exposing your self to danger prevent 'em?

Mar. My design now is, to prevent *Fillamour's* coming into danger, by hindring his approach to this House: I wou'd preserve the kind Ingrate with any hazard of my own; and 'tis better to die than fall into the hands of *Octavio.* I'm desperate with that thought, and fear no danger: however, be you ready at the door, and when I ring admit me—ha—who comes here?

Enter Tickletext *with a Periwig and Crevat of Sir* Signal's: *A Sword by his side, and a dark Lanthorn; she opens hers, looks on him, and goes out.*

Tick. A Man! now am I, though an old Sinner, as timorous as a young Thief: 'tis a great inconvenience in these Popish Countrys, that a man cannot have liberty to steal to a Wench without danger; not that I need fear who sees me except *Galliard*, who suspecting my business, will go near to think I am wickedly inclin'd. Sir *Signal* I have left hard at his Study, and Sir *Henry* is no nocturnal Inamorato, unless like me he dissemble it.—Well, *certo*, 'tis a wonderful pleasure to deceive the World: And as a learned Man well observ'd, that the Sin of Wenching lay in the Habit only; I having laid that aside, *Timothy Tickletext*, principal Holder-forth of the *Covent-Garden* Conventicle, Chaplain of *Buffoon-Hall* in the County of *Kent*, is free to recreate himself.

Enter Gal. *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Gal. Where the Devil is this *Fillamour?* and the Mufick? which way cou'd he go to lose me thus? [*Looks towards the Door.*
—He is not yet come—

Tick. Not yet come—that must he *Barberacho!*—Where are ye, honest *Barberacho*, where are ye?
[*Groping towards* Gal.

Gal. Hah! *Barberacho?* that Name I am sure is us'd by none but Sir *Signal* and his Coxcomb Tutor; it must be one of those—Where are ye, Signior, where are ye?
[*Goes towards him, and opens the Lanthorn—and shuts it strait.*
—Oh, 'tis the Knight,—are you there, Signior?

Tick. Oh, art thou come, honest Rascal—conduct me quickly, conduct me to the beautiful and fair *Silvianetta.*
[*Gives him his Hand.*

Gal. Yes, when your Dogship's damn'd. *Silvianetta!* 'Sdeath, is she a Whore for Fools? [*Draws.*

Tick. Hah, Mr. *Galliard*, as the Devil would have it; —I'm undone if he sees me.

[*He retires hastily*, Gal. *gropes for him.*

Gal. Where are you, Fop? Buffoon! Knight!

[Tickletext *retiring hastily runs against* Octavio, *who is just entering, almost beats him down;* Oct. *strikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws:* Tick. *gets close up in a corner of the Stage;* Oct. *gropes for him, as* Gal. *does, and both meet and fight with each other.*

—What, dare you draw,—you have the impudence to be valiant then in the dark, [*they pass.*] I wou'd not kill the Rogue,—'Sdeath, you can fight then, when there's a Woman in the case!

Oct. I hope 'tis *Fillamour;* [*Aside.*] You'll find I can, and possibly may spoil your making Love to night.

Gal. Egad, Sweet-heart, and that may be, one civil Thrust will do't;—and 'twere a damn'd rude thing to disappoint so fine a Woman,—therefore I'll withdraw whilst I'm well. [*He slips out.*

Enter Sir Signal, *with a Masquerading Coat over his Clothes, without a Wig or Crevat, with a dark Lanthorn.*

Sir *Sig.* Well, I have most neatly escap'd my Tutor; and in this disguise defy the Devil to claim his own.—Ah, *Caspeto de Deavilo;*—What's that?

[*Advancing softly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of* Oct. *Sword, as he is groping for* Gal.

Oct. Traitor, darest thou not stand my Sword?

Sir *Sig.* Hah! Swords! no, Signior—*scusa mea*, Signior,—

[*Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his out-stretcht Arms, runs his Lanthorn in* Julio's *face, who is just entring; finds he's oppos'd with a good push backward, and slips aside into a corner over-against* Tickletext; Julio *meets* Octavio, *and fights him;* Oct. *falls*, Julio *opens his Lanthorn, and sees his mistake.*

Jul. Is it you, Sir?

Oct. Julio! From what Mistake grew all this Violence?

Jul. That I shou'd ask of you, who meet you arm'd against me.

Oct. I find the Night has equally deceiv'd us; and you are fitly come to share with me the hopes of dear Revenge.

[*Gropes for his Lanthorn, which is dropt.*

Jul. I'd rather have pursu'd my kinder Passion,
Love, and Desire, that brought me forth to night.

Oct. I've learnt where my false Rival is to be this Evening;
And if you'll join your Sword, you'll find it well employ'd.

Jul. Lead on, I'm as impatient of Revenge as you.—

Oct. Come this way then, you'll find more Aids to serve us. [*Go out.*

Tick. —So! Thanks be prais'd, all's still again, this Fright were enough to mortify any Lover of less magnanimity than my self.—Well, of all Sins, this itch of Whoring is the most hardy,—the most impudent in Repulses, the most vigilant in watching, most patient in waiting, most frequent in Dangers; in all Disasters but Disappointment, a Philosopher; yet if *Barberacho* come not quickly, my Philosophy will be put to't, *certo.*

[*This while Sir* Signal *is venturing from his Post, listening, and slowly advancing towards the middle of the Stage.*

Sir *Sig.* The Coast is once more clear, and I may venture my Carcase forth again,—though such a Salutation as the last, wou'd make me very unfit for the matter in hand.—The Battoon I cou'd bear with the Fortitude and Courage of a Hero: But these dangerous Sharps I never lov'd. What different Rencounters have I met withal to night, *Corpo de me?* A Man may more safely pass the Gulf of *Lyons*, than convoy himself into a Baudy-House in *Rome;* but I hope all's past, and I will say with *Alexander*,—*Vivat Esperance en despetto del Fatto.* [*Advances a little.*

Tick. Sure I heard a noise;—No, 'twas only my surmise.

[*They both advance softly, meeting just in the middle of the Stage, and coming close up to each other; both cautiously start back, and stand a tipto in the posture of Fear, then gently feeling for each other, (after listening and hearing no Noise) draw back their Hands at touching each other's; and shrinking up their Shoulders, make grimaces of more Fear.*

Tick. Que Equesto.

Sir *Sig.* Hah, a Man's Voice!—I'll try if I can fright him hence. [*Aside.*

Una Malladette Spiritto Incarnate. [*In a horrible tone.*

Tick. Hah, *Spiritto Incarnate!* that Devil's Voice I shou'd know. [*Aside.*

Sir *Sig.* See, Signior! *Una Spiritto*, which is to say, *un Spiritalo, Immortallo, Incorporallo, Inanimate, Immaterialle, Philosophicale, Invisible—Unintelligible—Diavillo.*

[*In the same tone.*

Tick. Ay, ay, 'tis my hopeful Pupil, upon the same design with me, my life on't,—cunning young Whoremaster;—I'll cool your Courage—good Signior *Diavillo;* if you be the *Diavillo*, I have *una certaina Immateriale Invisible Conjuratione*, that will so neatly lay your *Inanimate unintelligible Diavilloship.*— [*Pulls out his wooden Sword.*

Sir *Sig.* How! he must needs be valiant indeed that dares fight with the Devil. [*Endeavours to get away*, Tick. *beats him about the Stage.*]—Ah, Signior, Signior, *Mia!* ah—*Caspeto de Baccus—he cornuto*, I am a damn'd silly Devil that have no dexterity in vanishing.

[*Gropes and finds the Door—going out, meets just entring* Fillamour, Galliard *with all the Musick—he retires, and stands close.*

—Hah,—what have we here, new Mischief?—

[Tick. *and he stands against each other, on either side of the Stage.*

Fil. Prithee how came we to lose ye?

Gal. I thought I had follow'd ye—but 'tis well we are met again. Come tune your Pipes.—

[*They play a little, enter* Marcella *as before.*

Mar. This must be he. [*Goes up to 'em.*

Gal. Come, come, your Song, Boy, your Song.

Whilst 'tis singing, Enter Octavio, Julio, Crapine, *and Bravos.*

The SONG.

Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore, } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te
Suffrir non vo tormenti
Senza mai sperar mar ce
Belta che sia Tiranna,
Belta che sia Tiranna
Doll meo offerto recetto non e
Il tuo rigor singunna
Se le pene
Le catene
Tenta auolgere al mio pie
See see Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te.

Lusinghiero, Lusinghiero, } bis.
Pui non Credo alta tua fe
L' incendio del tuo foce
Nel mio Core pui vivo none
Belta che li die Luoce
Belta che li die Luoce
Ma il rigor L'Ardore s'bande
Io non sato tuo gioce
Ch' il Veleno
Del mio seno
Vergoroso faggito se n'e.
See see Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te

Oct. 'Tis they we look for, draw and be ready.—

Tick. Hah, draw—then there's no safety here, *certo.* [*Aside.*

[Octavio, Julio *and their Party draw, and fight with* Fil. *and* Gal. Marcella *ingages on their side; all fight, the Musick confusedly amongst 'em:* Gal. *loses his Sword, and in the hurry gets a Base Viol, and happens to strike* Tickletext, *who is getting away—his Head breaks its way quite through, and it hangs about his neck; they fight out.*

Enter Petro *with a Lanthorn.* *Sir* Signal *stands close still.*

Tick. Oh, undone, undone! where am I, where am I?

Pet. Hah—that's the voice of my amorous *Ananias*, —or I am mistaken—what the Devil's the matter? [*Opens his Lanthorn.*

—Where are ye, Sir?—hah, cuts so—what new-found Pillory have we here?

Tick. Oh, honest *Barberacho*, undo me, undo me quickly.

Pet. So I design, Sir, as fast as I can—or lose my aim —there, Sir, there: All's well—I have set you free, come follow me the back way into the house. [*Ex.* Pet. and Tickletext.

Enter Fillamour *and* Marcella, *with their Swords drawn*, Gal. *after 'em.*

Gal. A plague upon 'em, what a quarter's here for a Wench, as if there were no more i'th' Nation?—wou'd I'd my Sword again. [*Gropes for it.*

Mar. Which way shall I direct him to be safer?—how is it, Sir? I hope you are not hurt.

Fil. Not that I feel, what art thou ask'st so kindly?

Mar. A Servant to the Roman Curtezan, who sent me forth to wait your coming, Sir; but finding you in danger, shar'd it with you.—Come, let me lead you into safety, Sir—

Fil. Thou'st been too kind to give me cause to doubt thee.

Mar. Follow me, Sir, this Key will give us entrance through the Garden. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavio *with his Sword in his hand.*

Oct. Oh! what damn'd luck had I so poorly to be vanquisht! When all is hush'd, I know he will return,—therefore I'll fix me here, till I become a furious Statue—but I'll reach his heart.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *lamentivolo fato*—what bloody Villains these Popish *Italians* are!

Enter Julio.

Oct. Hah—I hear one coming this way—
—hah—the door opens too, and he makes toward it—pray Heaven he be the right, for this I'm sure's the House.
—Now, Luck, an't be thy will—
[*Follows* Julio *towards the door softly.*

Jul. The Rogues are fled, but how secure I know not;—
And I'll pursue my first design of Love,
And if this *Silvianetta* will be kind—

Enter Laura *from the House in a Night-gown.*

Lau. Whist—who is't names *Silvianetta?*

Jul. A Lover, and her Slave—
[*She takes him by the hand.*

Lau. Oh, is it you,—are you escap'd unhurt?
Come to my Bosom—and be safe for ever—

Jul. 'Tis Love that calls, and now Revenge must stay,
—This hour is thine, fond Boy; the next that is my own I'll give to Anger.—

Oct. Oh, ye pernicious Pair,—I'll quickly change the Scene of Love into a rougher and more unexpected Entertainment.

[*She leads* Julio *in.*—Oct. *follows close, they shut the door upon 'em.* *Sir* Sig. *thrusts out his head to hearken, hears no body, and advances.*

Sir *Sig.* Sure the Devil reigns to night; wou'd I were shelter'd, and let him rain Fire and Brimstone: for pass the streets I dare not—this shou'd be the House—or hereabouts I'm sure 'tis. —Hah—what's this—a String—of a Bell I hope—I'll try to enter; and if I am mistaken, 'tis but crying Con licentia. [*Rings, enter* Philippa.

Phil. Who's there?

Sir *Sig.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, let me in quickly.—

Phil. Who—the English Cavalier?

Sir *Sig.* The same—I am right—I see I was expected.

Phil. I'm glad you're come—give me your hand.—

Sir *Sig.* I am fortunate at last,—and therefore will say with the famous Poet.

No Happiness like that atchiev'd with Danger,
—Which once o'ercome—I lie at Rack and Manger.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Fillamour *and* Galliard, *as in* Silvianetta's *Apartment.*

Fil. How splendidly these common Women live!
How rich is all we meet with in this Palace;
And rather seems the Apartment of some Prince,
Than a Receptacle for Lust and Shame.

Gal. You see, *Harry*, all the keeping Fools are not in our Dominions; but this grave, this wise People, are Mistress-ridden too.

Fil. I fear we have mistook the House, and the Youth that brought us in may have deceived us, on some other design; however whilst I've this—I cannot fear—[*Draws.*

Gal. A good caution, and I'll stand upon my guard with this; but see—here's one will put us out of doubt.

[*Pulls a Pistol out of his pocket.*

Fil. Hah! the fair Inchantress.

[*Enter* Mar. *richly and loosely drest.*

Mar. What, on your guard, my lovely Cavalier? Lies there a danger
In this Face and Eyes, that needs that rough resistance?
—Hide, hide that mark of Anger from my sight,
And if thou wou'dst be absolute Conquerer here,
Put on soft Looks, with Eyes all languishing,
Words tender, gentle Sighs, and kind Desires.

Gal. Death, with what unconcern he hears all this!
Art thou possest?—Pox, why dost not answer her?

Mar. I hope he will not yield— [*Aside.*
—He stands unmov'd—
Surely I was mistaken in this Face,
And I believe in Charms that have no power.

Gal. 'Sdeath, thou deservest not such a noble Creature,—
I'll have 'em both my self.— [*Aside.*

Fil. —Yes, thou hast wondrous power,
And I have felt it long. [*Pausingly.*

Mar. How!

Fil. —I've often seen that Face—but 'twas in Dreams:
And sleeping lov'd extremely!
And waking—sigh'd to find it but a Dream:
The lovely Phantom vanish'd with my Slumbers,
But left a strong Idea on my heart
Of what I find in perfect Beauty here,
—But with this difference, she was virtuous too.

Mar. What silly she was that?

Fil. She whom I dream'd I lov'd.

Mar. You only dreamt that she was virtuous too;
Virtue it self's a Dream of so slight force,
The very fluttering of Love's Wings destroys it;
Ambition, or the meaner hope of Interest, wakes it to nothing;
In Men a feeble Beauty shakes the dull slumber off.—

Gal. Egad, she argues like an Angel, *Harry.*

Fil.—What haste thou'st made to damn thy self so young!
Hast thou been long thus wicked? hast thou sinn'd past
Repentance?
Heaven may do much to save so fair a Criminal;
Turn yet, and be forgiven.

Gal. What a Pox dost thou mean by all this Canting?

Mar. A very pretty Sermon, and from a Priest so gay,
It cannot chuse but edify.
Do Holy men of your Religion, Signior, wear all this Habit?
Are they thus young and lovely? Sure if they are,
Your Congregation's all compos'd of Ladies;
The Laity must come abroad for Mistresses.

Fil. Oh, that this charming Woman were but honest!

Gal. 'Twere better thou wert damn'd; honest!
Pox, thou dost come out with things so mal a propo—

Mar. Come leave this Mask of foolish Modesty,
And let us haste where Love and Musick calls;
Musick, that heightens Love, and makes the Soul
Ready for soft Impressions.

Gal. So, she will do his business with a Vengeance.

Fil. Plague of this tempting Woman, she will ruin me:
I find weak Virtue melt from round my Heart,
To give her Tyrant Image a Possession:
So the warm Sun thaws Rivers icy Tops.
Till in the stream he sees his own bright Face.

Gal. Now he comes on apace,—how is't, my Friend?
Thou stand'st as thou'dst forgot thy business here,
—The Woman, *Harry*, the fair Curtezan;
Canst thou withstand her Charms? I've business of my own,
Prithee fall to—and talk of Love to her.

Fil. Oh, I cou'd talk Eternity away,
In nothing else but Love;—cou'dst thou be honest?

Mar. Honest! was it for that you sent two thousand
Crowns,
Or did believe that trifling Sum sufficient
To buy me to the slavery of Honesty?

Gal. Hold there, my brave Virago.

Fil. No, I wou'd sacrifice a nobler Fortune,
To buy thy Virtue home.

Mar. What shou'd it idling there?

Fil. Why—make thee constant to some happy Man,
That wou'd adore thee for't.

Mar. Unconscionable! constant at my years?
—Oh, 'twere to cheat a thousand,
Who between this and my dull Age of Constancy.
Expect the distribution of my Beauty.

Gal. 'Tis a brave Wench— [*Aside.*

Fil. Yet charming as thou art, the time will come
When all that Beauty, like declining Flowers,
Will wither on the Stalk,—but with this difference,
The next kind Spring brings Youth to Flowers again,
But faded Beauty never more can bloom.
—If Interest make thee wicked, I can supply thy Pride.—

Mar. Curse on your necessary Trash!—which I despise,
But as 'tis useful to advance our Love.

Fil. Is Love thy business? who is there born so high,
But Love and Beauty equals?
And thou mayst chuse from all the wishing World.
This Wealth together wou'd inrich one Man,
Which dealt to all, wou'd scarce be Charity.

Mar. Together! 'tis a Mass wou'd ransom Kings:
Was all this Beauty given for one poor petty Conquest?
—I might have made a hundred Hearts my slaves,
In this lost time of bringing one to Reason.—
Farewel, thou dull Philosopher in Love;
When Age has made me wise, I'll send for you again.
[*Offers to go,* Gal. *holds her.*

Gal. By this good Light, a noble glorious Whore.

Fil. Oh, stay, I must not let such Beauty fall,
—A Whore—consider yet the Charms of Reputation,
The Ease, the Quiet, and Content of Innocence,
The awful Reverence all good Men will pay thee,

Who, as thou art, will gaze without respect,
—And cry—what pity 'tis she is—a Whore—

Mar. O, you may give it what coarse name you please,
But all this Youth and Beauty ne'er was given,
Like Gold to Misers, to be kept from use. [*Going out.*

Fil. Lost, lost—past all Redemption.

Gal. Nay, Gad, thou shalt not lose her so—I'll fetch her back, and thou shalt ask her pardon.

[*Runs out after her.*

Fil. By Heaven, it was all a Dream! an airy Dream! The visionary Pleasure disappears,—and I'm myself again, —I'll fly before the drousy Fit o'ertake me.

[*Going out, Enter* Gal. *and then* Marcella.

Gal. Turn back—she yields, she yields to pardon thee. Gone! nay, hang me if ye part.

[*Runs after him, still his Pistol in his hand.*

Mar. Gone! I have no leisure now for more dissembling. [*Takes the Candle, and goes in.*

Enter Petro, *leading in Mr.* Tickletext, *as by dark.*

Pet. Remain here, Signior, whilst I step and fetch a light.

Tick. Do so, do so, honest *Barberacho.*—Well, my escape even now from Sir *Signal* was miraculous, thanks to my Prudence and Prowess; had he discover'd me, my Dominion had ended, and my Authority been of none effect, *certo.* [Philippa *at the door puts in Sir* Signal.

Phil. Now, Signior, you're out of danger, I'll fetch a Candle, and let my Lady know of your being here.

[*Exit* Phil. *Sir* Sig. *advances a little.*

Enter Petro *with a light, goes between 'em, and starts.*

Tick. Sir *Signal!*—

Sir *Sig.* My Governour!

Pet. The two Fools met! a pox of all ill luck! Now shall I lose my Credit with both my wise Patrons; my Knight I cou'd have put off with a small Harlot of my own, but my Levite having seen my Lady *Cornelia*, that

is, *La Silvianetta*,—none but that *Susanna* wou'd satisfy his Eldership. But now they both sav'd me the labour of a farther invention to dispatch 'em.

Sir *Sig.* I perceive my Governour's as much confounded as my self;—I'll take advantage by the forelock, be very impudent, and put it upon him, faith—Ah, Govenour, will you never leave your whoring? never be staid, sober and discreet, as I am?

Tick. So, so, undone, undone! just my Documents to him.— [*Walks about, Sir* Sig. *follows.*

Sir *Sig.* And must I neglect my precious studies, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your Person? Will you never consider where you are? In a leud Papish Country, amongst the Romish Heathens! And for you, a Governour, a Tutor, a Director of unbridled Youth, a Gownman, a Politician; for you, I say, to be taken at this unrighteous time of the Night, in a flaunting Cavaliero Dress, an unlawful Weapon by your side, going the high way to Satan, to a Curtezan; and to a Romish Curtezan! Oh Abomination! Oh *scandalum infinitum!*

Tick. Paid in my own Coin.

Pet. So, I'll leave the Devil to rebuke Sin: and to my young Lady, for a little of her assistance in the management of this Affair. [*Exit* Pet.

Tick. I do confess, I grant ye I am in the house of a Curtezan, and that I came to visit a Curtezan, and do intend to visit each Night a several Curtezan, till I have finished my work—

Sir *Sig.* Every night one! Oh Glutton!

Tick. My great work of Convertion, upon the whole Nation, Generation, and Vocation of this wicked provoking sort of Womankind call'd Curtezans. I will turn 'em; I will turn 'em, for 'tis a shame that Man shou'd bow down to those that worship Idols. And now I think, Sir, I have sufficiently explain'd the business in hand,—as honest *Barberacho* is my witness;—And for you—to—scandalize

—me—with so naughty an Interpretation—afflicteth me wonderfully.— [*Pulls out his handkerchief, and weeps.*

Sir *Sig.* —Alas, poor Mr. *Tickletext*, now as I hope to be sav'd, it grieves my heart to see thee weep; faith and troth now, I thought thou hadst some carnal Assignation: —but ne'er stir, I beg thy pardon, and think thee as innocent as my self, that I do—but see, the Lady's here—s'life, dry your Eyes, man. [*Enter* Cornelia, Phil. *and* Pet.

Cor. I cou'd beat thee for being thus mistaken, and am resolv'd to flatter him into some Mischief, to be reveng'd on 'em for this disappointment; go you, and watch for my Cavalier the while.

Tick. Is she come? Nay, then turn me loose to her.

Cor. My Cavalier! [*Addressing to Sir* Sig. Tick. *pulls him by, and speaks.*

Tick. —Lady—

Sir *Sig.* You, Sir! why, who the Devil made you a Cavalier? most *Potentissima Signiora*, I am the man of Title, by name Sir *Signal Buffoon*, sole Son and Heir to Eight Thousand Pound a year.—

Tick. Oh, Sir, are you the Man she looks for?

Sir *Sig.* I, Sir? no, Sir: I'd have ye know, Sir, I scorn any Woman, be she never so fair, unless her design be honest and honourable.

Cor. The Man of all the World I've chosen out, from all the Wits and Beauties I have seen,—to have most finely beaten. [*Aside.*

Sir *Sig.* How! In love with me already,—she's damnable handsome too: now wou'd my Tutor were hang'd a little for an hour or two, out of the way. [*Aside.*

Cor. Why fly you not into my Arms,

[*She approaching, he shunning.*

These Arms that were design'd for soft Embraces?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and if my Tutor were not here, the Devil take him that wou'd hinder 'em—and I think that's civil, egad.

Tick. Why, how now, *Barberacho*, what, am I cozen'd then, and is Sir *Signal* the Man in favour? [*Aside to* Petro.

Pet. Lord, Signior, that so wise a man as you cannot perceive her meaning,—for the Devil take me if I can. [*Aside.* —Why this is done to take off all suspicion from you—and lay it on him;—don't you conceive it, Signior?

Tick. Yes, honest Rogue,—Oh the witty Wag-tail, —I have a part to play too, that shall confirm it—young Gentlewoman.—

Cor. Ah, Belle ingrate, is't thus you recompense my suffering Love? to fly this Beauty so ador'd by all, that slight the ready Conquest of the World, to trust a Heart with you?—Ah—*Traditor Cruella.*

Sir *Sig.* Poor Heart, it goes to the very soul of me to be so coy and scornful to her, that it does; but a pox on't, her over-fondness will discover all.

Tick. Fly, fly, young Man, whilst yet thou hast a spark of Virtue shining in thee, fly the temptations of this young Hypocrite; the Love that she pretends with so much zeal and ardour, is indecent, unwarrantable and unlawful; first indecent, as she is Woman—for thou art Woman—and beautiful Woman—yes, very beautiful Woman; on whom Nature hath shew'd her height of Excellence in the outwork, but left thee unfinisht, imperfect and impure.

Cor. Heavens, what have we here?

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of my Sir *Domine;* now is he beside his Text, and will spoil all.

Tick. Secondly, Unwarrantable; by what Authority dost thou seduce with the Allurements of thine Eyes, and the Conjurements of thy Tongue, the Wastings of thy Hands, and the Tinklings of thy Feet, the young Men in the Villages?

Cor. Sirrah, how got this Madman in? seize him, and take him hence.

Sir *Sig.* *Corpo de mi*, my Governour tickles her notably, I'faith—but had he let the care of my Soul alone to night,

and have let me taken care of my Body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

Tick. Thirdly, Unlawful—

Cor. Quite distracted! in pity take him hence, and lead him into Darkness, 'twill suit his Madness best.

Tick. How, distracted! take him hence.

Pet. This was lucky—I knew she wou'd come again—Take him hence—yes, into her Bed-chamber—pretty device to get you to her self, Signior.

Tick. Why, but is it?—Nay then I will facilitate my departure—therefore I say, Oh most beautiful and tempting Woman— [*Beginning to preach again.*

Cor. Away with him, give him clean straw and darkness, And chain him fast, for fear of further mischief.

Pet. She means for fear of losing ye.

Tick. Ah, Baggage! as fast as she will in those pretty Arms. [*Going to lead him off.*

Sir *Sig.* Hold, hold, man; mad, said ye!—ha, ha, ha—mad! why we have a thousand of these in *England* that go loose about the streets, and pass with us for as sober discreet religious persons, as a man shall wish to talk nonsense withal.

Pet. You are mistaken, Signior, I say he is mad, stark mad.

Sir *Sig.* Prithee, *Barberacho*, what dost thou mean?

Pet. To rid him hence, that she may be alone with you—'slife, Sir, you're madder than he—don't you conceive?—

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay; nay, I confess, Illustrissima Signiora, my Governour has a Fit that takes him now and then, a kind of frensy,—a figary—a whimsy—a maggot, that bites always at naming of Popery: [*Exit.* Pet. *with* Tick.]—so—he's gone.—Bellissima Signiora,—you have most artificially remov'd him—and this extraordinary proof of your affection is a sign of some small kindness towards me; and though I was something coy and reserv'd before my Governour, Excellentissima Signiora, let me tell you, your Love is not cast away.

Cor. Oh, Sir, you bless too fast; but will you ever love me?

Sir *Sig.* Love thee! ay and lie with thee too, most magnanimous Signiora, and beget a whole Race of Roman *Julius Cæsars* upon thee; nay, now we're alone, turn me loose to Impudence, i'faith.

[*Ruffles her; Enter* Philippa *in haste, shutting the door after her.*

Phil. Oh, Madam, here's the young mad *English* Cavalier got into the House, and will not be deny'd seeing you.

Cor. This was lucky.

Sir *Sig.* How, the mad *English* Cavalier! if this shou'd be our young Count *Galliard* now—I were in a sweet taking—Oh, I know by my fears 'tis he;—Oh, prithee what kind of a manner of Man is he?

Phil. A handsom—resolute—brave—bold—

Sir *Sig.* Oh, enough, enough—Madam, I'll take my leave—I see you are something busy at present,—an I'll—

Cor. Not for the World:—*Philippa*, bring in the Cavalier—that you may see there's none here fears him, Signior.

Sir *Sig.* Oh, hold, hold—Madam, you are mistaken in that point; for, to tell you the truth, I do fear—having—a certain—Aversion or Antipathy—to—Madam—a Gentleman—Why, Madam, they're the very Monsters of the Nation, they devour every Day a Virgin.—

Cor. Good Heavens! and is he such a Fury?

Sir *Sig.* Oh, and the veriest Beelzebub;—besides, Madam, he vow'd my Death, if ever he catcht me near this House; and he ever keeps his word in cases of this Nature—Oh, that's he, [*Knocking at the Door.*] I know it by a certain trembling Instinct about me!—Oh, what shall I do—

Cor. Why—I know not,—can you leap a high Window?

Sir *Sig.* He knocks again,—I protest I am the worst Vaulter in Christendom.—Have you no moderate danger

—between the two extremes of the Window or the mad Count? no Closet?—Fear has dwindled me to the scantling of a Mousehole.

Cor. Let me see,—I have no leisure to pursue my Revenge farther, and will rest satisfy'd with this,—for this time. [*Aside.*]—Give me the Candle,—and whilst *Philippa* is conducting the Cavalier to the Alcove by dark, you may have an Opportunity to slip out—perhaps there may be danger in his being seen—[*Aside.*] Farewel, Fool—

[*Ex.* Cornelia *with the Candle*, Phil. *goes to the Door, lets in* Gal. *takes him by the hand.*

Gal. Pox on't, my Knight's bound for *Viterbo*, and there's no persuading him into safe Harbour again.—He has given me but two hours to dispatch matters here,—and then I'm to imbark with him upon this new Discovery of honourable Love, as he call it, whose Adventurers are Fools, and the returning Cargo, that dead Commodity called a Wife! a Voyage very suitable to my Humour.—Who's there?—

Phil. A Slave of *Silvianetta*, Sir; give me your hand.

[*Ex. over the stage, Sir* Sig. *goes out softly.*

SCENE II. *Changes to a Bed-chamber Alcove.*

Petro *leading in* Tickletext.

Pet. Now, Signior, you're safe and happy in the Bed-chamber of your Mistress—who will be here immediately, I'm sure; I'll fetch a Light, and put you to Bed in the mean time—

Tick. Not before Supper I hope, honest *Barberacho.*

Pet. Oh, Signior, that you shall do lying, after the manner of the antient *Romans.*

Tick. Certo, and that was a marvellous good lazy Custom.

[*Ex.* Pet.

Enter Philippa *with* Galliard *by dark.*

Phil. My Lady will be with you instantly—[*Goes out.*

Tick. Hah, sure I heard some body come softly in at the door: I hope 'tis the young Gentlewoman.

[*He advances forward.*

Gal. Silence and Night, Love and dear Opportunity.

[*In a soft Tone.*

Join all your aids to make my *Silvia* kind;
For I am fill'd with the expecting Bliss,

[Tick. *thrusts his Head out to listen.*

And much Delay or Disappointment kills me.

Tick. Disappointment kills me,—and me too, *certo*—'tis she— [*Gropes about.*

Gal. Oh, haste, my Fair, haste to my longing Arms,
Where are you, dear and loveliest of your Sex?

Tick. That's I, that's I, *my Alma! mea Core, mea Vita!*

[*Groping and speaking low.*

Gal. Hah—art thou come, my Life! my Soul! my Joy!

[*Goes to embrace* Tick. *they meet and kiss.*

'Sdeath, what's this, a bearded Mistress! Lights, Lights there, quickly, Lights! nay, curse me if thou scap'st me.

[Tick. *struggles to get away, he holds him by the Crevat and Perriwig; Enter* Petro *with a Candle.*

Gal. Barberacho—confound him, 'tis the Fool whom I found this Evening about the House, hovering to roost him here!—Ha—what the Devil have I caught—a *Tartar?* escap'd again! the Devil's his Confederate.—

[Pet. *puts out the Candle, comes to* Tick. *unties his Crevat behind, and he slips his head out of the Perriwig, and gets away, leaving both in* Gal's *hands.*

Pet. Give me your Hand, I'll lead you a back-pair of stairs through the Garden.

Tick. Oh, any way to save my Reputation—oh—

Gal. Let me but once more grasp thee, and thou shalt find more safety in the Devil's Clutches: none but my Mistress serve ye! [*Gropes out after him.*

[Pet. *with* Tick. *running over the Stage,* Gal. *after 'em, with the Crevat and Perriwig in one Hand, his Pistol in t'other.*

Enter Philippa *with a Light.*

Phil. Mercy upon us! what's the matter? what Noise is this—hah, a Pistol! what can this mean?

[*A Pistol goes off.*

Enter Sir Signal *running.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh, save me, gentle Devil, save me, the stairs are fortify'd with Cannons and double Culverins; I'm pursu'd by a whole Regiment of arm'd Men! here's Gold, Gold in abundance, save me.—

Phil. What Cannons? what armed Men?

Sir *Sig.* Finding my self pursu'd as I was groping my way through the Hall, and not being able to find the Door, I made towards the stairs again, at the foot of which I was saluted with a great Gun—a pox of the Courtesy.

Gal. [*Without.*] Where are ye, Knight, Buffoon, Dog of *Egypt?*

Sir *Sig.* Thunder and Lightning! 'tis *Gallaird's* Voice.

Phil. Here, step behind this Hanging—there's a Chimney which may shelter ye till the Storm be over,—if you be not smother'd before. [*Puts him behind the Arras.*

Enter Gal. *as before, and* Corn. *at the other door.*

Cor. Heavens! What rude noise is this?

Gal. Where have you hid this Fool, this lucky Fool?
He whom blind Chance, and more ill-judging Woman,
Has rais'd to that Degree of Happiness,
That witty Men must sigh and toil in vain for?

Cor. What Fool, what Happiness?

Gal. Cease, cunning false one, to excuse thy self,
See here the Trophies of your shameful Choice,
And of my Ruin, cruel—fair Deceiver!

Cor. Deceiver, Sir, of whom? in what despairing minute did I swear to be a constant Mistress? to what dull whining Lover did I vow, and had the heart to break it?

Gal. Or if thou hadst, I know of no such Dog as wou'd believe thee:

No, thou art false to thy own Charms, and hast betray'd them
To the possession of the vilest Wretch
That ever Fortune curst with Happiness;
False to thy Joys, false to thy Wit and Youth:
All which thou'st damn'd with so much careful Industry
To an eternal Fool,
That all the Arts of Love can ne'er redeem thee.

Sir *Sig.* Meaning me, meaning me.

[*Peeping out of the Chimney, his Face blackt.*

Cor. A Fool! what Indiscretion have you seen in me, shou'd make ye think I would choose a Witty man for a Lover, who perhaps loves out his Month in pure good Husbandry, and in that time does more Mischief than a hundred Fools. You conquer without Resistance, you treat without Pity, and triumph without Mercy: and when you are gone, the World crys—she had not Wit enough to keep him, when indeed you are not Fool enough to be kept! Thus we forfeit both our Liberties and Discretion with you villanous witty Men: for Wisdom is but good Success in things, and those that fail are Fools.

Gal. Most gloriously disputed!
You're grown a Machivellian in your Art.

Cor. Oh, necessary Maxims only, and the first Politicks we learn from Observation—I have known a Curtezan grown infamous, despis'd, decay'd, and ruin'd, in the Possession of you witty Men, who when she had the luck to breaks her Chains, and cast her Net for Fools, has liv'd in state, finer than Brides upon their Wedding-day, and more profuse than the young amorous Coxcomb that set her up an Idol.

Sir *Sig.* Well argued of my side, I see the Baggage loves me! [*Peeping out with a Face more smutted.*

Gal. And hast thou? Oh, but prithee jilt me on,
And say thou hast not destin'd all thy Charms
To such a wicked Use.

Is that dear Face and Mouth for Slaves to kiss?
Shall those bright Eyes be gaz'd upon, and serve
But to reflect the Images of Fools?

Sir *Sig.* That's I still. [*Peeping more black.*

Gal. Shall that soft tender Bosom be approacht
By one who wants a Soul, to breathe in languishment
At every Kiss that presses it?

Sir *Sig.* Soul! what a pox care I for Soul—as long as my Person is so amiable?

Gal. No, renounce that dull Discretion that undoes thee,
Cunning is cheaply to be wise; leave it to those that have
No other Powers to gain a Conquest by,
It is below thy Charms.
—Come swear, and be foresworn most damnably,
Thou hast not yielded yet; say 'twas intended only,
And though thou ly'st, by Heaven, I must believe thee;
—Say,—hast thou—given him—all?

Cor. I've done as bad, we have discours'd th' Affair,
And 'tis concluded on.—

Gal. As bad! by Heaven, much worse! discours'd with him!
Wert thou so wretched, so depriv'd of Sense,
To hold Discourse with such an Animal?
Damn it; the Sin is ne'er to be forgiven.
—Hadst thou been wanton to that leud degree,
By dark he might have been conducted to thee;
Where silently he might have serv'd thy purpose,
And thou hadst had some poor excuse for that:
But bartering words with Fools admits of none.

Cor. I grant ye,—had I talk'd sense to him, which had been enough to have lost him for ever.

Sir *Sig.* Poor Devil, how fearful 'tis of losing me! [*Aside.*

Gal. That's some Atonement for thy other Sins,—
Come, break thy Word, and wash it quite away.

Sir *Sig.* That cogging won't do, my good Friend, that won't do.

Gal. Thou shalt be just and perjur'd, and pay my Heart the debt of Love you owe it.

Cor. And wou'd you have the Heart—to make a Whore of me?

Gal. With all my Soul, and the Devil's in't if I can give thee a greater proof of my Passion.

Cor. I rather fear you wou'd debauch me into that dull slave call'd a Wife.

Gal. A Wife! have I no Conscience, no Honour in me? Prithee believe I wou'd not be so wicked—
No,—my Desires are generous, and noble,
To set thee up, that glorious insolent thing,
That makes Mankind such Slaves, almighty Curtezan!
—Come, to thy private Chamber let us haste,
The sacred Temple of the God of Love;
And consecrate thy Power. [*Offers to bear her off.*

Cor. Stay, do you take me then for what I seem?

Gal. I am sure I do, and wou'd not be mistaken for a Kingdom:
But if thou art not, I can soon mend that fault,
And make thee so.—Come, I'm impatient to begin the Experiment. [*Offers again to carry her off.*

Cor. Nay, then I am in earnest,—hold, mistaken Stranger—I am of noble Birth; and shou'd I in one hapless loving Minute destroy the Honour of my House, ruin my Youth and Beauty, and all that virtuous Education my hoping Parents gave me?

Gal. Pretty dissembled Pride and Innocence! and wounds no less than smiles!—Come, let us in,—where I will give thee leave to frown and jilt; such pretty Frauds advance the Appetite. [*Offers again.*

Cor. By all that's good, I am a Maid of Quality,
Blest with a Fortune equal to my Birth.

Gal. I do not credit thee; or if I did,
For once I wou'd dispense with Quality,
And to express my Love, take thee with all these Faults.

Cor. And being so, can you expect I'll yield?

Gal. The sooner for that reason, if thou'rt wise;
The Quality will take away the Scandal.
Do not torment me longer— [*Offers to lead her again.*

Cor. Stay and be undeceiv'd,—I do conjure ye.—

Gal. Art thou no Curtezan?

Cor. Not on my life, nor do intend to be.

Gal. No Prostitute? nor dost intend to be?

Cor. By all that's good, I only feign'd to be so.

Gal. No Curtezan! hast thou deceiv'd me then?
Tell me, thou wicked honest cozening Beauty,
Why didst thou draw me in, with such a fair Pretence,
Why such a tempting Preface to invite,
And the whole Piece so useless and unedifying?
—Heavens! not a Curtezan!
Why from thy Window didst thou take my Vows,
And make such kind Returns? Oh, damn your Quality:
What honest Whore but wou'd have scorn'd thy Cunning?

Cor. I make ye kind Returns?

Gal. Persuade me out of that too; 'twill be like ye.

Cor. By all my Wishes I never held Discourse with you—but this Evening, since I first saw your Face.

Gal. Oh, the Impudence of Honesty and Quality in Woman!
A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me!
Bear witness, oh thou gentle Queen of Night,
Goddess of Shades, ador'd by Lovers most;
How oft under thy Covert she has damn'd her self,
With feigned Love to me! [*In Passion.*

Cor. Heavens! this is Impudence: that Power I call to witness too, how damnably thou injur'st me. [*Angry.*

Gal. You never from your Window talk'd of Love to me?

Cor. Never.

Gal. So, nor you're no Curtezan?

Cor. No, by my Life.

Gal. So, nor do intend to be, by all that's good?

Cor. By all that's good, never.

Gal. So, and you are real honest, and of Quality?

Cor. Or may I still be wretched.

Gal. So, then farewel Honesty and Quality—
'Sdeath, what a Night, what Hopes, and what a Mistress, have I all lost for Honesty and Quality! [*Offers to go.*

Cor. Stay.—

Gal. I will be rack'd first, let go thy hold! [*In fury.*
—Unless thou wou'dst repent.— [*In a soft tone.*

Cor. I cannot of my fixt Resolves for Virtue!
—But if you could but—love me—honourably—
For I assum'd this Habit and this Dress—

Gal. To cheat me of my Heart the readiest way: And now, like gaming Rooks, unwilling to give o'er till you have hook'd in my last stake, my Body too, you cozen me with Honesty.—Oh, damn the Dice—I'll have no more on't, I, the Game's too deep for me, unless you play'd upon the square, or I could cheat like you.—Farewel, Quality— [*Goes out.*

Cor. He's gone; *Philippa*, run and fetch him back; I have but this short Night allow'd for Liberty; Perhaps to morrow I may be a Slave. [*Ex.* Phil.
—Now o' my Conscience there never came good of this troublesome Virtue—hang't, I was too serious; but a Devil on't, he looks so charmingly—and was so very pressing, I durst trust my gay Humour and good Nature no farther.

[*She walks about*, *Sir* Signal *peeps and then comes out.*

Sir *Sig.* He's gone!—so, ha, ha, ha.
As I hope to breathe, Madam, you have most neatly dispatcht him; poor fool—to compare his Wit and his Person to mine.—

Cor. Hah, the Coxcomb here still.—

Sir *Sig.* Well, this Countenance of mine never fail'd me yet.

Cor. Ah— [*Looking about on him, sees his face black, squeaks and runs away.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah, whe, what the Deavilo's that for?
—Whe, 'tis I, 'tis I, most *Serenissima Signiora!*
[Gal. *returns and* Philippa.

Gal. What noise is that, or is't some new design
To fetch me back again?

Sir *Sig.* How! *Galliard* return'd!

Gal. Hah! what art thou? a Mortal or a Devil?

Sir *Sig.* How, not know me? now might I pass upon him most daintily for a Devil, but that I have been beaten out of one Devilship already, and dare venture no more Conjurationing.

Gal. Dog, what art thou—not speak! Nay, then I'll inform my self, and try if you be flesh and blood.
[*Kicks him, he avoids.*

Sir *Sig.* No matter for all this—'tis better to be kickt than discovered, for then I shall be kill'd: and I can sacrifice a Limb or two to my Reputation at any time.

Gal. Death, 'tis the Fool, the Fool for whom I am abus'd and jilted? 'tis some revenge to disappoint her Cunning, and drive the Slave before me—Dog! were you her last reserve? [*Kicks him, he keeps in his cry.*

Sir *Sig.* Still I say Mum.

Gal. The Ass will still appear through all disguises,
Nor can the Devil's shape secure the Fool—
[*Kicks him, he runs out, as* Cor. *enters and holds* Gal.

Cor. Hold, Tyrant—

Gal. Oh Women, Women, fonder in your Appetites
Than Beasts, and more unnatural!
For they but couple with their Kind, but you
Promiscuously shuffle your Brutes together,
The Fop of business with the lazy Gown-men—the learned
Ass with the illiterate Wit—the empty Coxcomb with the Politician, as dull and insignificant as he; from the gay Fool made more a Beast by Fortune to all the loath'd infirmities of Age. Farewel—I scorn to croud with the

dull Herd, or graze upon the Common where they fatten.
[*Goes out.*

Phil. I know he loves, by this concern I know it,
And will not let him part dissatisfied. [*Goes out.*

Cor. By all that's good, I love him more each moment, and know he's destin'd to be mine.— [*Enter* Marcella. —What hopes, *Marcella?* what is't we next shall do?

Mar. Fly to our last reserve; come, let's haste and dress in that disguise we took our flight from *Viterbo* in, —and something I resolve.

Cor. My soul informs me what—I ha't! a Project worthy of us both—which whilst we dress I'll tell thee, —and by which,
My dear *Marcella*, we will stand or fall:
'Tis our last Stake we set; and have at all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Corso.*

Enter Petro, Tickletext, *from the Garden.*

Tick. Haste, honest *Barberacho*, before the Day discover us to the wicked World, and that more wicked *Galliard.*

Pet. Well, Signior, of a bad turn it was a good one, that he took you for Sir *Signal!* the Scandal lies at his door now Sir,—so the Ladder's fast, you may now mount and away.—

Tick. Very well, go your ways, and commend me, honest *Barberacho*, to the young Gentlewoman, and let her know, as soon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my Reputation, I'll visit her again.

Pet. I'll warrant ye, Signior, for the future.

Tick. So, now get you gone lest we be discover'd.

Pet. Farewel, Signior, *a bon viage.*
[*Ex.* Pet. Tick. *descends.*

Tick. 'Tis marvellous dark, and I have lost my Lanthorn in the fray! [*Groping.*]—hah—whereabouts am I—hum —what have we here!—ah, help, help, help! [*Stumbles*

at the Well, gets hold of the Rope, and slides down in the Bucket.] I shall be drown'd, Fire, Fire, Fire! for I have Water enough! Oh, for some House,—some Street; nay, wou'd *Rome* it-self were a second time in flames, that my Deliverance might be wrought by the necessity for Water: but no human Help is nigh—oh!

Enter Sir Sig. *as before.*

Sir *Sig.* Did ever any Knight-Adventurer run through so many Disasters in one night! my worshipful Carcase has been cudgel'd most plentifully, first bang'd for a Coward, which by the way was none of my Fault, I cannot help Nature: then claw'd away for a *Diavillo*, there I was the Fool; but who can help that too? frighted with *Gal's* coming into an Ague; then chimney'd into a Fever, where I had a fine Regale of Soot, a Perfume which nothing but my *Cackamarda Orangate* cou'd exceell; and which I find by [*snuffs*] my smelling has defac'd Nature's Image, and a second time made me be suspected for a Devil.—let me see—[*Opens his Lanthorn, and looks on his Hands.*] 'tis so—I am in a cleanly Pickle: if my Face be of the same Hue, I am fit to scare away old *Beelzebub* himself, i'faith: [*Wipes his Face.*] —ay, 'tis so, like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier: well I'll home, scrub my self clean if possible, get me to Bed, devise a handsom Lye to excuse my long stay to my Governour, and all's well, and the Man has his Mare again. [*Shuts his Lanthorn and gropes away, runs against the Well.—Que questo (feels gently.)*] Make me thankful 'tis substantial Wood, by your leave—[*Opens his Lanthorn.*] How! a Well! sent by Providence that I may wash my self, lest People smoke me by the scent, and beat me a-new for stinking: [*Sets down his Lanthorn, pulls off his Masking-Coat, and goes to draw Water.*] 'Tis a damnable heavy Bucket! now do I fancy I shall look, when I am washing my self, like the sign of the Labour-in-vain.

Tick. So, my cry is gone forth, and I am delivered by

Miracle from this Dungeon of Death and Darkness, this cold Element of Destruction—

Sir *Sig.* Hah—sure I heard a dismal hollow Voice.

[Tick. *appears in the Bucket above the Well.*

Tick. What, art thou come in Charity?

Sir *Sig.* Ah, *le Diavilo*, *le Diavilo*, *le Diavilo.*

[*Lets go the Bucket, and is running frighted away.*

Enter Fillamour *and* Page, *he returns.*

—How, a Man! was ever wretched Wight so miserable, the Devil at one hand, and a *Roman* Night-walker at the other; which danger shall I chuse?

[*Gets to the door of the House.*

Tick. So, I am got up at last—thanks to my Knight, for I am sure 'twas he! hah, he's here—I'll hear his Business.

[*Goes near to* Fillamour.

Fil. Confound this Woman, this bewitching Woman:
I cannot shake her from my sullen Heart;
Spite of my Soul I linger hereabouts,
And cannot to *Viterbo.*

Tick. Very good; a dainty Rascal this!

Enter Galliard *with a Lanthorn, as from* Silvia's *House, held by* Philippa.

Fil. —Hah, who's this coming from her House? perhaps 'tis *Galliard.*

Gal. No Argument shall fetch me back, by Heaven.

Fil. 'Tis the mad Rogue.

Tick. Oh Lord, 'tis *Galliard*, and angry too; now cou'd I but get off, and leave Sir *Signal* to be beaten, 'twere a rare project—but 'tis impossible without discovery.

Phil. But will you hear her, Signior?

Gal. That is, will I lose more time about her? plague on't, I have thrown away already such Songs and Sonnets, such Madrigals and Posies, such Night-walks, Sighs, and direful Lovers looks, as wou'd have mollify'd any Woman of Conscience and Religion; and now to be popt i'th'

mouth with Quality! Well, if ever you catch me lying with any but honest well-meaning Damsels hereafter, hang me:—farewel, old Secret, farewel. [*Ex.* Philippa. —Now am I asham'd of being cozen'd so damnably, *Fillamour*, that virtuous Rascal, will so laugh at me; s'heart, cou'd I but have debaucht him, we had been on equal terms.—but I must help my self with lying, and swear I have—a—

Fil. You shall not need, I'll keep your Counsel, Sir.

Gal. Hah—*estes vous la?*—

Tick. How, *Fillamour* all this while! some Comfort yet, I am not the only Professor that dissembles: but how to get away—

Gal. Oh *Harry*, the most damnably defeated!

[*A Noise of Swords.*

Fil. Hold! what Noise is that? two Men coming this way as from the house of the Curtezans.

Enter Julio *backwards, fighting* Octavio *and Bravoes.*

Gal. Hah, on retreating,—S'death, I've no Sword!

Fil. Here's one, I'll take my Page's.

[*Takes the Boy's Sword.*

Gal. Now am I mad for mischief; here, hold my Lanthorn, Boy. [*They fight on* Julio's *side, and fight* Octavio *out at t'other side: Enter* Laura *and* Sabina *at the Fore-door, which is the same where Sir* Signal *stands:* Tick. *groping up that way, finds Sir* Sig. *just entring in;* Laura *and* Sab. *pass over the Stage.*

Sir *Sig.* Hah, a door open! I care not who it belongs to, 'tis better dying within Doors like a Man, than in the Street like a Dog.

[*Going in,* Tick. *in great fear comes up and pulls him.*

Tick. Signior, gentle Signior, whoe'er you are that owns this Mansion, I beseech you to give Protection to a wretched Man half dead with Fear and Injury.

Sir *Sig.* Nay, I defy the Devil to be more dead with Fear

than I—Signior, you may enter, perhaps 'tis some body that will make an Excuse for us both,—but hark, they return.

[*Both go in, just after* Lau. *and* Sab. *and* Silvio *enter.*

Lau. He's gone! he's gone! perhaps for ever gone.—
Tell me, thou silly Manager of Love,
How got this Ruffian in? how was it possible
Without thy Knowledge he cou'd get Admittance?

Sab. Now as I hope to live and learn, I know not, Madam, unless he follow'd you when you let in the Cavalier, which being by dark he easily conceal'd himself; no doubt some Lover of *Silvianetta's*, who mistaking you for her, took him too for a Rival.

Lau. 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is to blame, my cursed Fortune,
Who like Misers deals her scanty Bounties with so slow a hand,
That or we die before the Blessing falls,
Or have it snatcht e'er we can call it ours.
[*Raving.*] To have him in my House, to have him kind,
Kind as young Lovers when they meet by stealth;
As fond as Age to Beauty, and as soft
As Love and Wit cou'd make impatient Youth,
Preventing even my Wishes and Desires,
—Oh Gods! and then, even then to be defeated,
Then from my o'erjoy'd Arms to have him snatcht;
Then when our Vows had made our Freedom lawful;
What Maid cou'd suffer a Surprize so cruel?
—The Day begins to break,—go search the Streets,
And bring me news he's safe, or I am lost.

Enter Gal. Fil. *and* Jul.

Fil. Galliard, where art thou?

Gal. Here safe, and by thy side.—

Lau. 'Tis he!

Jul. Whoe'er he were, the Rogue fought like a Fury, and but for your timely Aid I'd been in some Danger.

Fil. But, *Galliard*, thou wert telling me thy Adventure with *Silvianetta;* there may be comfort in't.

Lau. So, now I shall hear with what concern he speaks of me.— [*Aside.*

Gal. Oh, damn her, damn her!

Lau. Hah!

Gal. The veriest Jilt that ever learnt the Art.

Lau. Heavens!

Gal. Death, the Whore took me for some amorous *English* elder Brother, and was for Matrimony, in the Devil's name; thought me a loving Fool, that ne'er had seen so glorious a sight before, and wou'd at any rate enjoy.

Lau. Oh Heaven! I'm amaz'd, how much he differs from the thing he was but a few Minutes since. [*Aside.*

Gal. And to advance her Price, set up for Quality; nay, swore she was a Maid, and that she did but act the Curtezan.

Lau. Which then he seem'd to give a credit to.—O, the forsworn Dissembler!

Gal. But when I came to the matter then in debate, she was for honourable Love forsooth, and wou'd not yield, no marry wou'd she, not under a Licence from the Parson of the Parish.

Jul. Who was it, prithee? 'twere a good Deed to be so reveng'd on her.

Gal. Pox on her; no, I'm sure she's a damn'd Gipsy, for at the same time she had her Lovers in reserve, lay hid her Bed-chamber.

Lau. 'Twas that he took unkindly,
And makes me guilty of that rude Address.

Fil. Another Lover had she?

Gal. Yes, our Coxcomb Knight Buffoon, laid by for a relishing Bit, in case I prov'd not season'd to her Mind.

Lau. Hah, he knew him then.

Gal. But damn her, she passes with the Night, the Day will bring new Objects.

Fil. Oh, do not doubt it, *Frank.*

Lau. False and Inconstant! Oh, I shall rave, *Silvio*—
[*Aside to* Sil.

Enter Cornelia *in Man's Clothes with a Letter.*

Cor. Here be the Cavaliers: give me, kind Heaven, but hold of him; and if I keep him not, I here renounce my Charms of Wit and Beauty—Signiors, is there a Cavalier amongst ye, call'd *Fillamour?*

Fil. I own that Name; what wou'd you, Sir?

Cor. Only deliver this, Signior. [Fil. *goes aside, opens his Lanthorn, and reads,* Jul. *and* Gal. *talk aside.*

Fil. [Reads.] *I'll only tell you I am Brother to that* Marcella *whom you have injur'd, to oblige you to meet me an Hour hence, in the* Piazo Despagnia: *I need not say with your Sword in your hand, since you will there meet* Julio Sebastiano Morosini!—Hah! her Brother sure return'd from Travel. [*Aside.*

—Signior,—I will not fail to answer it as he desires.
[*To* Cornelia.

I'll take this Opportunity to steal off undiscover'd.
[*Aside going out.*

Cor. So, I've done my Sister's Business; now for my own.

Gal. But, my good Friend, pray what Adventure have you been on to night.

Jul. Faith, Sir, 'twas like to have prov'd a pleasant one, I came just now from *Silvianetta*, the fair young Curtezan.

Cor. Hah! what said the Man—came from me! [*Aside.*

Gal. How, Sir, you with *Silvianetta!* when?

Jul. Now, all the dear live-long Night.

Cor. A Pox take him, who can this be? [*Aside.*

Gal. This night! this night! that is not yet departed.

Jul. This very happy Night,—I told you I saw a lovely Woman at St. *Peter's* Church.

Gal. You did so.

Jul. I told you too I follow'd her home, but cou'd learn neither her Name nor Quality; but my Page getting into

the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me News of both; her Name *Silvianetta*, her Quality a Curtezan.

Cor. I at Church yesterday! now hang me if I had any such devout Thoughts about me: why, what a damn'd scandalous Rascal's this?

Jul. Fill'd with hopes of Success, at night I made her a Visit, and under her Window had a skirmish with some Rival, who was then serenading her.

Gal. Was't he that fought us then.— [*Aside.*— But it seems you were not mistaken in the House— On with your Story pray—Death, I grow jealous now— [*Aside.*] You came at Night you said?

Jul. Yes, and was receiv'd at the door by the kind *Silvianetta*, who softly whisper'd me, come to my Bosom, and be safe for ever! and doubtless took me for some happier Man.

Lau. Confusion on him, 'twas my very Language! [*Aside raving.*

Jul. Then led me by dark into her Chamber.

Cor. Oh, this damn'd lying Rascal! I do this? [*Aside.*

Jul. But oh, the things, the dear obliging things, the kind, the fair young Charmer said and did.

Gal. To thee!

Jul. To me.

Gal. Did *Silvianetta* do this, *Silvianetta* the Curtezan?

Jul. That passes, Sir, for such, but is indeed of Quality.

Cor. This Stranger is the Devil, how shou'd he know that Secret else?

Jul. She told me too 'twas for my sake alone, whom from the first Minute she saw she lov'd, she had assum'd that Name and that Disguise, the sooner to invite me.

Lau. 'Tis plain, the things I utter'd!—Oh, my Heart!

Gal. Curse on the publick Jilt, the very Flattery she wou'd have past on me.

Cor. Pox take him, I must draw on him, I cannot hold. [*Aside.*

Gal. Was ever such a Whore?

Lau. Oh, that I knew this Man, whom by mistake I lavisht all the Secrets of my Soul to! [*Aside.*

Jul. I prest for something more than dear Expressions,
And found her yield apace;
But sighing, told me of a fatal Contract,
She was oblig'd to make to one she never saw;
And yet if I wou'd vow to marry her, when she cou'd prove
To merit it, she wou'd deny me nothing.

Lau. 'Twas I, by Heaven, that heedless Fool was I.

Jul. Which I with Lover's eager Joy perform'd,
And on my Knees utter'd the hasty Words,
Which she repeated o'er, and gave me back.

Gal. So, he has swallow'd with a vengeance the very Bait she had prepar'd for me, or any body that wou'd bite. [*Aside.*

Jul. But e'er I cou'd receive the dear Reward of all my Vows,
I was drawn upon by a Man that lay hid in her Chamber;
Whether by chance or design I know not; who fought me out,
And was the same you found me engag'd with.

Cor. A pleasant Rascal this, as e'er the Devil taught his Lesson to.

Gal. So, my Comfort is, she has jilted him too most damnably.

Cor. Slife, I have anger enough to make me valiant; why shou'd I not make use on't, and beat this lying Villain whilst the Fit holds?

Gal. And you design to keep these Vows, though you're contracted to another Woman?

Jul. I neither thought of breaking those, or keeping these; My Soul was all employ'd another way.

Lau. It shall be so, *Silvio*,—I've thought upon a way that must redeem all:—hark and observe me.

[*Takes* Sil. *and whispers to him.*

Jul. But I'm impatient to pursue my Adventure, which I must endeavour to do, before the Light discover the Mistake.—Farewel, Sir. [*Ex.* Julio.

Gal. Go and be ruin'd quite, she has the Knack of doing it.

Sil. I'll warrant ye, Madam, for my Part.

[*Ex.* Laura and Sabina.

Gal. I have a damn'd hankering after this Woman: why cou'd I not have put the cheat on her, as *Julio* has? I stand as little on my Word as he: a good round Oath or two had done the Business.—But a pox on't, I lov'd too well to be so wise. [Silvio *comes up to him.*

Sil. Con licentia, Signior; is your Name *Galliard?*

Gal. I am the Man, sweet Heart,—let me behold thee—hah—*Sans Cœur's* Page!

Sil. A duce of his Lanthorn, what shall I say now?—Softly, Signior, I am that Page whose chiefest Business is to attend my Lord's Mistress, Sir.

Cor. His Mistress! whose Mistress, what Mistress? S'life, how that little Word has nettled me!

[*Aside, listning close.*

Gal. Upon my Life, the Woman that he boasted of—[*Aside, hugging of himself.*]—A fair young amorous—noble—Wanton—a—

And she wou'd speak with me, my lovely Boy?

Sil. You have prevented the Commands I had; but should my Lord know of it—

Gal. Thou wert undone, I understand thee—

And will be secret as a Confessor,

As lonely Shades, or everlasting Night.

Come, lead the way.

Cor. Where I will follow thee, though to the Bed of her thou'rt going to, and even prevent thy very Business there. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Laura, *as before, in a Night-Gown.*

Lau. Now for a Power that never yet was known
To charm this Stranger quickly into Love.
Assist my Eyes, thou God of kind Desires;
Inspire my Language with a moving Force,
That may at once gain and secure the Victory.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. Madam, your Lover's here: your time's but short; consider too, Count *Julio* may arrive.

Lau. Let him arrive; having secur'd my self of what I love,
I'll leave him to complain his unknown Loss
To careless Winds as pitiless as I—*Silvio*, see the Rooms
Be fill'd with Lights, whilst I prepare my self to entertain him.
Darkness shall ne'er deceive me more—

[*Enter to* Sil. Gal. *gazing about him*, Cor. *peeping at the Door.*

Gal. All's wondrous rich,—gay as the Court of Love,
But still and silent as the Shades of Death;
—Hah—Musick! and excellent!

[*Soft Musick whilst they speak.*

Pox on't—but where's the Woman?—I need no preparation.—

Cor. No, you are always provided for such Encounters, and can fall to *sans* Ceremony,—but I may spoil your Stomach. [*A Song tuning.*

Gal. A Voice too! by Heaven, and 'tis a sweet one:
Grant she be young, and I'll excuse the rest,
Yet vie for Pleasure with the happiest *Roman*.

[*The Song as by* Laura, *after which soft Musick till she enters.*

The SONG by a Person of Quality.

Farewel the World and mortal Cares,
The ravish'd Strephon *cry'd,*
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by Phillis' *side:*
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,
Whilst not one Thought of mine
At any other Bliss shall aim,
But those dear Arms, but those dear Arms of thine.

Still let me gaze in thy bright Eyes,
And hear thy charming Tongue;
I nothing ask t'increase my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long.
In close Embraces let us lie,
And spend our Lives to come;
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's, be each other's Tomb.

—Death, I'm fir'd already with her Voice—

Cor. So, I am like to thrive.—

Enter Julio.

Jul. What mean these Lights in every Room, as if to make
The day without the Sun, and quite destroy my Hopes!—
Hah, *Galliard* here!

Cor. A Man! grant it some Lover, or some Husband, Heaven,
Or any thing that will but spoil the Sport.
The Lady! Oh, blast her, how fair she is!

Enter Laura *with her Lute, drest in a careless rich Dress, follow'd by* Sabina, *to whom she gives her Lute, and* Silvio.

Jul. Hah! 'tis the same Woman. [*She sees* Julio *and starts.*

Lau. A Stranger here! What Art can help me now? [*She pauses.*

Gal. By all my Joys, a lovely Woman 'tis.

Lau. Help me, Deceit, Dissembling, all that's Woman—
[*She starts and gazes on* Gal. *pulling* Silvio.

Cor. Sure I shou'd know that Face.—

Lau. Ah, look, my *Silvio*, is't not he?—it is!
That Smile, that Air, that Mien, that Bow is his:
'Tis he, by all my Hopes, by all my Wishes.

Gal. He! yes, yes, I am a He, I thank my Stars,
And never blest 'em half so much for being so,
As for the dear Variety of Woman.

Cor. Curse on her Charms, she'll make him love in earnest.

Lau. It is my Brother; and Report was false.
[*Going towards him.*

Gal. How, her Brother! Gad, I'm sorry we are so near akin, with all my Soul; for I'm damnably pleas'd with her.

Lau. Ah, why do you shun my Arms? or are ye Air?
And not to be enclos'd in human Twines—
Perhaps you are the Ghost of that dead Lord,
That comes to whisper Vengeance to my Soul.

Gal. S'heart, a Ghost! This is an odd preparative to Love. [*Aside.*

Cor. 'Tis *Laura*, my Brother *Julio's* Mistress, and Sister to *Octavio*.

Gal. Death, Madam! do not scare away my Love with Tales of Ghosts, and Fancies of the Dead. I'll give ye Proofs I'm living loving Man, as errant an amorous Mortal as Heart can wish—I hope she will not jilt me too. [*Aside.*

Cor. So! he's at his common Proof for all Arguments; if she shou'd take him at his Word now, and she'll be sure to do't.

Lau. Amiable Stranger, pardon the Mistake,
And charge it on a Passion for a Brother:
Devotion was not more retir'd than I,
Vestals or widow'd Matrons when they weep;
Till by a fatal Chance I saw in you,

The dear Resemblance of a murder'd Brother. [*Weeps.*

Jul. What the Devil can she mean by this? [*Aside.*

Lau. I durst not trust my Eyes, yet still I gaz'd,
And that encreas'd my Faith you were my Brother:
But since they err'd, and he indeed is dead,
Oh, give me leave to pay you all that Love,
That Tenderness and Passion that was his. [*Weeping.*

Cor. So, I knew she wou'd bring Matters about some way or other. Oh Mischief, Mischief, help me! S'life, I can be wicked enough when I have no use on't! and now have, I'm as harmless as a Fool. [*As* Gal. *is earnestly talking to* Lau. Julio *pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Lau. Oh, save me, save me from the Murderer.

Jul. Hah!

Gal. A Murderer, where?

Lau. I faint, I die with horror of the Sight!

Gal. Hah—my Friend a Murderer! sure you mistake him, Madam; he saw not *Rome* till yesterday; an honest Youth, Madam, and one that knows his distance upon occasion!—S'life, how cam'st thou here?—prithee be gone and leave us.

Jul. Why, do you know this Lady, Sir?

Gal. Know her!—a—ay, ay,—Man—and all her Relations, she's of Quality:—withdraw, withdraw—Madam—a—he is my Friend, and shall be civil.—

Lau. I have an easy Faith for all you say:—but yet however innocent he be, or dear to you, I beg he wou'd depart—he is so like my Brother's Murderer, that one Look more wou'd kill me—

Jul. A Murderer! charge me with Cowardice, with Rapes or Treasons—Gods, a Murderer!

Cor. A Devil on her, she has robb'd the Sex of all their Arts of Cunning.

Gal. Pox on't, thou'rt rude; go, in good Manners go.

Lau. I do conjure ye to torture me no more:
If you wou'd have me think you're not that Murderer,

Be gone, and leave your Friend to calm my Heart
Into some kinder Thoughts.

Gal. Ay, prithee go, I'll be sure to do thy Business for thee.

Cor. Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a friendly Part, no doubt—

Jul. 'Tis but in vain to stay—I see she did mistake her Man last night, and 'twas to Chance I am in debt for that good Fortune;—I will retire to shew my Obedience, Madam. [*Exit.* Jul. Gal. *going to the door with him.*

Lau. He's gone, and left me Mistress of my Wish.
Descend, ye little winged Gods of Love,
Descend and hover round our Bower of Bliss;
Play all in various Forms about the Youth,
And empty all your Quivers at his Heart. [*Aside.*

[Gal. *returns, she takes him by the hand.*

—Advance, thou dearer to my Soul than Kindred,
Thou more than Friend or Brother.
Let meaner Souls base-born conceal the God;
Love owns his Monarchy within my Heart,
So Kings that deign to visit humble Roofs,
Enter disguis'd, but in a noble Palace,
Own their great Power, and shew themselves in Glory.

Gal. I am all Transport with this sudden Bliss,
And want some kind Allay to fit my Soul for Recompence.

Cor. Yes, yes, my forward Friend, you shall have an Allay, if all my Art can do't, to damp thee even to Disappointment.

Gal. My Soul's all Wonder; now let us retire,
And gaze till I have softened it to Love.

[*Going out is met by* Cor.

Cor. Madam!

Lau. More Interruption!—hah— [*Turns.*

Cor. My Master, the young Count *Julio*—

Lau. Julio!

Gal. What of him? [*Aside.*

Cor. Being just now arriv'd at *Rome*—

Lau. Heavens, arriv'd! [*Aside.*

Cor. Sent me to beg the Honour of waiting on you.

Lau. Sure, Stranger, you mistake.—

Cor. If, Madam, you are *Laura Lucretia*.—

Gal. Laura Lucretia! by Heaven, the very Woman he's to marry. [*Aside.*

Lau. This would surprize a Virgin less resolv'd:
But what have I to do with ought but Love? [*Aside.*
—And can your Lord imagine this an Hour
To make a ceremonious Visit in?

Gal. Riddles by Love! or is't some Trick again? [*Aside.*

Cor. Madam, where Vows are past, the want of Ceremony may be pardon'd.

Lau. I do not use to have my Will disputed,
Be gone, and let him know I'll be obey'd.

Cor. S'life, she'll out-wit me yet,— [*Aside.*
Madam, I see this Niceness is not general,
—You can except some Lovers.

Gal. My pert young Confident, depart, and let your Master know he'll find a better welcome from the fair vain Curtezan, *la Silvianetta*, where he has past the Night, and given his Vows.

Lau. Dearly devis'd, and I must take the hint. [*Aside smiling.*

Cor. He knows me sure, and says all this to plague me. [*Aside.*
My Lord, my Master with a Curtezan! he's but just now arriv'd.

Gal. A pretty forward saucy lying Boy this; and may do well in time.—Madam, believe him not, I saw his Master yesterday,—convers'd with him.—I know him, he's my Friend;—'twas he that parted hence but now, he told me all his Passion for a Curtezan scarce half an hour since.

Cor. So!

Lau. I do not doubt it, Oh, how I love him for this seasonable Lye:
—And can you think I'll see a perjur'd Man, [*To* Cor.
Who gives my interest in him to another?
—Do I not help ye out most artfully?—
[*Aside. Laughing to* Gal.

Cor. I see they are resolv'd to out-face me.

Gal. Nay, vow'd to marry her.

Lau. Heavens, to marry her!

Cor. To be conquer'd at my own Weapon too!—
Lying! 'tis a hard case.— [*Aside.*

Gal. Go, Boy, you may be gone; you have you Answer, Child, and may depart—Come, Madam, let us leave him.

Cor. Gone, no help! Death, I'll quarrel with him,—nay, fight him,—damn him,—rather than lose him thus.
—Stay, Signior. [*Pulls him.*] —You call me Boy—but you may find your self mistaken, Sir,—And know—I've that about me may convince ye. [*Shewing his Sword.*
—'Thas done some Execution.

Gal. Prithee, on whom or what? small Village Curs? The barking of a Mastiff wou'd unman thee. [*Offers to go.*

Cor. Hold—follow me from the Refuge of her Arms; As thou'rt a Man, I do conjure thee do't:
—I hope he will, I'll venture beating for't. [*Aside.*

Gal. Yes, my brisk little Rascal, I will a—a—

Lau. By all that's good, you shall not stir from hence; ho, who waits there, *Antonio*, *Silvio*, *Gaspero?* [*Enter all.*]
—take that fierce Youth, and bear him from my sight.

Cor. You shall not need; s'life, these rough Rogues will be too hard for me; I've one prevention left,—farewel.

May'st thou supply her with as feeble Art,
As I shou'd do, were I to play thy part.
[*Goes out with the rest.*

Gal. He's gone, now let's redeem our blessed Minutes lost. [*Go in.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the Street.*—Piazo d'Hispagnia.

Enter Julio *alone.*

Jul. Now by this breaking Day-light I cou'd rave: I knew she mistook me last night, which made me so eager to improve my lucky Minutes. Sure, *Galliard* is not the Man, I long to know the Mystery;—hah—who's here? —*Fillamour!*

Enter Fillamour *met by* Marcella *in Man's Clothes; they pass by each other, cock and justle.*

Mar. I take it, you are he I look for, Sir.
Fil. My name is *Fillamour.*
Mar. Mine, *Julio Sebastiano Morosini.*
Jul. Hah, my Name, by Heaven! [*Aside.*
Fil. I doubt it not, since in that lovely Face
I see the charming Image of *Marcella.*
Jul. Hah!
Mar. You might, e'er Travel ruffled me to Man.
[*Aside.*
—I shou'd return thy Praise whilst I survey thee,
But that I came not here to compliment;—draw—
[*Draws.*
Fil. Why, cause thou'rt like *Marcella?*
Mar. That were sufficient reason for thy Hate,
But mine's because thou hast betray'd her basely.
—She told me all the story of her Love,
How well you meant, how honestly you swore,
And with a thousand Tears imploy'd my Aid
To break the Contract she was forc'd to make
T' *Octavio*, and give her to your Arms:
I did, and brought you word of our Design,
—I need not tell ye what returns you made;
Let it suffice, my Sister was neglected,
Neglected for a Curtezan,—a Whore;
I watcht, and saw each Circumstance of Falshood.

Jul. Damnation! what means this?

Fil. I scorn to save my Life by Lyes or Flatteries;
But credit me, the Visit that I made
I durst have sworn had been to my *Marcella*;
Her Face, her Eyes, her Beauty was the same,
Only the business of her Language differ'd,
And undeceiv'd my hope.

Mar. In vain thou think'st to flatter me to Faith,—
When thou'dst my Sister's Letter in thy hand, which ended that dispute,
Even then I saw with what regret you read it;
What care you took to disobey it too—
The shivering Maid, half dead with fears and terrors of the Night,
In vain expected a Relief from Love or thee.
Draw, that I may return her the glad news I have reveng'd her.

Jul. Hold, much mistaken Youth; 'tis I am *Julio*,
Thou, *Fillamour*, know'st my name, know'st I arriv'd
But yesterday at *Rome*, and heard the killing News
Of both my Sisters Flights, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*,—
And thou art some Imposture. [*To* Marcella.

Mar. If this now shou'd be true, I were in a fine condition.— [*Aside.*

Fil. Fled! *Marcella* fled!

Jul. 'Twas she I told thee yesterday was lost;
But why art thou concern'd?—explain the Mystery.

Fil. I lov'd her more than Life; nay, even than Heaven;
And dost thou question my concern for her?
Say how, and why, and whither is she fled?

Jul. Oh, wou'd I knew, that I might kill her in her Lover's Arms;
Or if I found her innocent, restore her to *Octavio*.

Fil. To *Octavio!* and is my Friendship of so little worth,
You cannot think I merit her?

Jul. This is some trick between 'em; but I have sworn

Most solemnly, have sworn by Heaven and my Honour
To resign her, and I will do't or die—
Therefore declare quickly, declare where she is,
Or I will leave thee deadupon the place. [*To* Marcella.

Mar. So, Death or *Octavio*, a pretty hopeful Choice this!

Fil. Hold! by Heaven, you shall not touch a single hair, thus—will I guard the Secret in his bosom.

[*Puts himself between 'em, draws.*

Jul. 'Tis plain thou'st injur'd me,—and to my Honour I'll sacrifice my Friendship, follow me. [*Ex.* Jul. Fil.

Enter Petro *and* Cornelia.

Mar. Ah, *Petro*, fly, fly, swift and rescue him.—

[*Ex.* Pet. *with his Sword in his hand.*

Cor. Oh, have I found thee, fit for my purpose too? Come, haste along with me,—thou must present my Brother *Julio* instantly, or I am lost, and my Project's lost, and my Man's lost, and all's lost.

Enter Petro.

Pet. Victoria, *Victoria*, your Cavalier's the Conqueror; the other wounded in his Sword-hand, was easily disarmed.

Mar. Then let's retire, if I am seen I'm lost;—*Petro*, stay here for the Cavalier, and conduct him to me to this house;—I must be speedy now.—

Cor. Remember this is *Julio*. [*Pointing to* Marcella.

Pet. I know your design, and warrant ye my part:—hah, *Octavio*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavio, Morosini *and* Crapine.

Oct. Now, Cowardice, that everlasting Infamy, dwell ever on my face, that Men may point me out that hated Lover that saw his Mistress false, stood tamely by whilst she repeated Vows; nay, was so infamous, so dully tame, to hear her swear her Hatred and Aversion, yet still I calmly listen'd; though my Sword were ready, and did not cut his throat for't.

Mor. I thought you'd said you'd fought.

Oct. Yes, I did rouze at last, and wak'd my Wrongs;
But like an Ass, a patient Fool of Honour,
I gave him friendly notice I wou'd kill him;
And fought like Prizers, not as angry Rivals.

Mor. Why, that was handsome,—I love fair play; what wou'd you else have done?

Oct. Have fall'n upon him like a sudden Storm, [*Enter* Pet. *and* Fill.] quick unexpected in his height of Love: —see—see yonder; or I'm mistaken by this glimmering Day, or that is *Fillamour* now entering at her door; 'tis he, by my Revenge—What say you, Sir?

Mor. By th' Mass, I think 'twas he— [*Enter* Julio.

Oct. Julio, I've caught the Wantons in their Toil,
I have 'em fast, thy Sister and her Lover. [*Embraces him.*

Jul. Eternal Shame light on me if they scape then.

Oct. Follow me quick, whilst we can get Admittance.

Jul. Where—here?

Oct. Here,—come all and see her Shame and my Revenge.

Jul. And are you not mistaken in the House?

Oct. Mistaken! I saw the Ravisher enter just now, thy Uncle saw it too; Oh, my excessive Joy! come, if I lye —say I'm a Dog, a Villain. [*Exeunt as into the House.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Sir Signal *a little groping.*

Sir *Sig.* There's no finding my way out,—and now does Fear make me fancy this some inchanted Castle.—

Enter Tick. *listening.*

Tick. Hah, an inchanted Castle!

Sir *Sig.* Belonging to a monstrous Giant; who having spirited away the King of *Tropicipopican's* Daughter, keeps her here inclos'd, and that I a wandring Knight am by fickle Fortune sent to her Deliverance. [Tick *listens.*

Tick. How's that! spirited away the King of *Tropicipopican's* Daughter; bless me, what unlawful Wickedness is practis'd in this Romish Heathenish Country! [*Aside.*

Sir *Sig.* And yet the Devil of any Dwarf, Squire or Damsel have I met with yet,—wou'd I were cleanlily off this business—hah, Lights, as I live, and People coming this way!—bless me from the Giant!—Oh Lord, what shall I do!— [*Falls on his Knees.*

Tick. I fear no Giants, having Justice on my Side; but Reputation makes me tender of my Person.—Hah—what's this, a Curtain; I'll wind my self in this, it may secure me. [*Winds himself in a Window-Curtain.*

Sir *Sig.* —They're entering, what shall I do?—hah—here's a Corner; defend me from a Chimney.

[*Creeps to the Corner of the Window, and feels a space between* Tick's *Legs and the Corner; creeps in, and stands up just behind* Tickletext. *Enter* Gal. *leading* Laura; Sab. *with Lights just after 'em;* Jul. Oct. Mor. *and* Crap.

Oct. Just in the happy Minute!

Gal. I've sworn by every God, by every Power divine, to marry thee, and save thee from the Tyranny of a forc'd Contract.—Nay, Gad, if I lose a fine Wench for want of Oaths this bout, the Devil's in me.

Oct. What think ye now, Sir?

Jul. Damnation on her, set my Rage at Liberty,
That I may kill 'em both. [Mor. *holds him.*

Mor. I see no cause for that, she may be virtuous yet.

Oct. Do ye think as such to pass her off on me,
Or that I'll bear the Infamy of your Family?
No, I scorn her now, but can revenge my Honour on a Rival.

Mor. Nay, then I'll see fair Play,—turn and defend thy Life. [*Goes to* Gal. *who turns.*

Jul. Whilst I do Justice on the Prostitute:—hah—Defend me, 'tis the Woman that I love. [*He gazes, she runs to* Gal.

Lau. Octavio!

Oct. Laura! My Sister, perfidious shameful—

[*Offers to kill her.*

Jul. Hold, thy Sister this? that Sister I'm to marry.

Lau. Is this then *Julio?* and do all the Powers conspire to make me wretched?

Oct. May I be dumb for ever.

[*Holds his Sword down, and looks sadly;* Jul. *holds* Lau. *by one hand, pleads with* Oct. *with the other.*

Enter Fillamour *and* Pet.

Fil. —Hah, *Galliard!* in danger too.

[*Draws, steps to 'em,* Mor. *puts between.*

Oct. Fillamour here! how now, what's the matter, Friend?

[*They talk whilst enter* Marcella *and* Cornelia.

Cor. Hah, new Broils; sure the Devil's broke loose to night.—my Uncle, as I live!

[Mor. *pleads between* Fil. *and* Octavio.

Mar. And *Octavio!* Where shall we fly for Safety?

Cor. I'll even trust to my Breeches, 'tis too late to retreat;—s'life, here be our Cavaliers too; nay then, ne'er fear falling into the Enemies hands.

Fil. I, I fled with *Marcella!* had I been blest with so much Love from her, I wou'd have boasted on't i'th' face of Heaven.

Mor. La ye, Sir. [*To* Octavio.

Fil. The lovely Maid I own I have a Passion for;
But by the Powers above, the Flame was sacred,
And wou'd no more have past the Bounds of Honour
Or Hospitality, than I wou'd basely murder; and were she free,
I wou'd from all the World make her for ever mine.

Mor. Look ye, Sir, a plain case this.

Gal. He tells ye simple truth, Sir.

Oct. Was it not you this scarce past night I fought with here, in the House by dark, just when you had exchanged yours Vows with her?

Lau. Heavens! was it he? [*Aside.*

Fil. This Minute was the first I ever enter'd here.

Jul. 'Twas I, Sir, was that interrupted Lover,—and this the Lady.

Lau. And must I yield at last? [*Aside.*

Oct. Wonders and Riddles!

Gal. And was this the *Silvianetta*, Sir, you told the Story of? [*Slily.*

Jul. The same whom Inclination, Friends, and Destiny, conspire to make me blest with.

Gal. So many Disappointments in one night wou'd make a Man turn honest in spite of Nature.

[*Sir* Sig. *peeps from behind.*

Sir *Sig.* Some Comfort yet, that I am not the only Fool defeated. Ha! *Galliard!*

Oct. I'm satisfy'd (*To* Fil.)—but what cou'd move you, Sir—(*to* Gal.) to injure me, one of my Birth and Quality?

Gal. Faith, Sir, I never stand upon Ceremony when there's a Woman in the case,—nor knew I 'twas your Sister: Or if I had, I shou'd ha' lik'd her ne'er the worse for that, had she been kind.

Jul. It is my Business to account with him,
And I am satisfy'd he has not injur'd me, he is my Friend.

Gal. That's frankly said; and uncompell'd, I swear she's innocent.

Oct. If you're convinc'd, I too am satisfy'd,
And give her to you whilst that Faith continues.

[*Gives him her.*

Lau. And must I, must I force my Heart to yield?
And yet his generous Confidence obliges me. [*Aside.*

Oct. And here I vow by all the sacred Powers, [*kneels*]
That punish Perjury, never to set my Heart
On faithless Woman;—never to love nor marry; [*Rises*]
Travel shall be my business—thou my Heir. [*To* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* So, poor soul, I'll warrant he has been defeated too.

Mar. Marcella, Sir, will take ye at your Word.

Fil. Marcella!

Mar. Who owns with Blushes Truths shou'd be conceal'd, but to prevent more Mischief,—That I was yours, Sir, was against my Will, [*to* Oct.] my Soul was *Fillamour's* e'er you claim'd a right in me; though I never saw or held discourse with him, but at an awful distance,—nor knew he of my Flight.

Oct. I do believe, and give thee back my Claim, I scorn the brutal part of Love; the noblest Body, where the Heart is wanting. [*They all talk aside*, Cornelia *comes up to* Galliard.

Cor. Why, how now, Cavalier, how like a discarded Favourite do you look now, who whilst your Authority lasted, laid about ye, domineer'd, huft and bluster'd, as if there had been no end on't: now a Man may approach ye without terror—You see the Meat's snatcht out of your Mouth, Sir, the Lady's dispos'd on; whose Friends and Relations you were so well acquainted with.

Gal. Peace, Boy, I shall be angry else.—

Cor. Have you never a cast Mistress, that will take compassion on you: Faith, what think ye of the little Curtezan now?

Gal. As ill as e'er I did; what's that to thee?

Cor. Much more than you're aware on, Sir—and faith, to tell you Truth, I'm no Servant to Count *Julio*, but e'en a little mischievous Instrument she sent hither to prevent your making love to *Donna Laura*.

Gal. 'Tis she herself.—how cou'd that Beauty hide it self so long from being known? [*Aside.*]—Malicious little Dog in a Manger, that wou'd neither eat, nor suffer the Hungry to feed themselves, what spiteful Devil cou'd move thee to treat a Lover thus? but I am pretty well reveng'd on ye.

Cor. On me!

Gal. You think I did not know those pretty Eyes, that lovely Mouth I have so often kist in cold imagination.

Cor. Softly, Tormentor. [*They talk aside.*

Mar. In this disguise we parted from *Viterbo*, attended only by *Petro* and *Philippa:* At *Rome* we took the Title and Habit of two Curtezans; both to shelter us from knowledge, and to oblige *Fillamour* to visit us, which we believ'd he would in curiosity; and yesterday it so fell out as we desired.

Fil. Howe'er my Eyes might be imposed upon, you see my Heart was firm to its first Object; can you forget and pardon the mistake?

Jul. She shall, and with *Octavio's* and my Uncle's leave, —thus make your Title good.— [*Gives her to* Fil.

Oct. 'Tis vain to strive with Destiny. [*Gives her.*

Mor. With all my heart,—but where's *Cornelia* all this while?

Gal. Here's the fair Stragler, Sir.

[*Leads her to* Mor. *he holds his Cane up at her.*

Mor. Why, thou Baggage, thou wicked Contriver of Mischief, what excuse had'st thou for running away? thou had'st no Lover.

Cor. 'Twas therefore, Sir, I went to find one; and if I am not mistaken in the mark, 'tis this Cavalier I pitch upon for that use and purpose.

Gal. Gad, I thank ye for that,—I hope you'll ask my leave first, I'm finely drawn in, i'faith—Have I been dreaming all this night of the possession of a new-gotten Mistress, to wake and find my self noos'd to a dull Wife in the morning?

Fil. Thou talk'st like a Man that never knew the Pleasures thou despisest; faith, try it, *Frank*, and thou wilt hate thy past loose way of living.

Cor. And to encourage a young Setter up, I do here promise to be the most Mistress-like Wife,—You know, Signior, I have learnt the trade, though I had not stock to practise; and will be as expensive, insolent, vain, extravagant and inconstant, as if you only had the keeping

part, and another the amorous Assignations. What think ye, Sir?

Fil. Faith, she pleads well, and ought to carry the Cause.

Gal. She speaks Reason, and I'm resolv'd to trust good Nature:—Give me thy dear hand.—

[*They all join to give it him, he kisses it.*

Mor. And now ye are both sped, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil question; are you sure you have been honest? if you have, I know not by what miracle you have liv'd.

Pet. Oh, Sir, as for that, I had a small stock of Cash in the hands of a couple of *English* Bankers, one Sir *Signal Buffoon*—

Sir *Sig.* Sir *Signal Buffoon*, what a pox, does he mean me trow? [*Peeping.*

Pet. —And one Mr. *Tickletext.*

Tick. How was that? *certo*, my Name!

[*Peeps out, and both see each other; their faces being close together, one at one side the Curtain, and t'other at t'other.*

Gal. and *Fil.* Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Sig.* And have I caught you, i'faith, Mr. Governour? Nay, ne'er put in your head for the matter, here's none but Friends, mun.

Gal. How now, what have we here?

Sir *Sig.* Speak of the Devil, and he appears.

[*Pulls his Governour forward.*

Tick. I am undone,—but, good Sir *Signal*, do not cry Whore first, as the old Proverb says.

Sir *Sig.* And good Mr. Governour, as another old Proverb says, do not let the Kettle call the Pot black-arse!—

Fil. How came you hither, Gentlemen?

Sir *Sig.* Why faith, Sir, divining of a Wedding or two forward, I brought Mr. Chaplain to give you a cast of his Office, as the saying is.

Fil. What, without Book, Mr. *Tickletext?*

Cor. How now, sure you mistake, these are two Lovers of mine.

Sig *Sig.* How, Sir, your Lovers! we are none of those, Sir, we are *Englishmen.*

Gal. You mistake, Sir *Signal*, this is *Silvianetta.*

Sir *Sig.* and *Tick.* How! [*Aside.*

Gal. Here's another Spark of your acquaintance,—do you know him?

Tick. How, *Barberacho!* nay, then all will out.—

Gal. Yes, and your Fencing and Civility-Master.

Sir *Sig.* Ay,—Why, what, was it you that pickt our Pockets then, and cheated us?

Gal. Most damnably,—but since 'twas for the supply of two fair Ladies, all shall be restor'd again.

Tick. Some comfort that.

Fil. Come, let's in and forgive all; 'twas but one Night's Intrigue, in which all were a little faulty.

Sir *Sig.* And Governour, pray let me have no more Domineering and Usurpation: but as we have hitherto been honest Brothers in Iniquity, so let's wink hereafter at each others Frailties;

Since Love and Women easily betray Man,
From the grave Gown-man to the busy Lay-man.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

*SO hard the times are, and so thin the Town,
Though but one Playhouse, that must too lie down;
And when we fail, what will the Poets do?
They live by us as we are kept by you:
When we disband, they no more Plays will write,
But make Lampoons, and libel ye in spite;
Discover each false Heart that lies within,
Nor Man nor Woman shall in private sin;
The precise whoring Husband's haunts betray,
Which the demurer Lady to repay,
In his own coin does the just debt defray.
The brisk young Beauty link'd to Lands and Age,
Shuns the dull Property and strokes the youthful Page;
And if the Stripling apprehend not soon,
Turns him aside, and takes the brawny Groom;
Whilst the kind Man so true a Husband proves,
To think all's well done by the thing he loves;
Knows he's a Cuckold, yet content to bear
Whate'er Heaven sends, or Horns or lusty Heir.
Fops of all sorts he draws more artfully,
Than ever on the Stage did* Nokes *or* Leigh:
*And Heaven be prais'd when these are Scarce, each Brother
O'th' Pen contrives to set on one another.
These are the effects of angry Poets Rage,
Driven from their Winter-Quarters on the Stage;
And when we go, our Women vanish too,
What will the well-fledg'd keeping Gallant do?*

And where but here can he expect to find
A gay young Damsel manag'd to his mind,
Who ruins him, and yet seems wondrous kind?
One insolent and false, and what is worse,
Governs his Heart, and manages his Purse;
Makes him whate'er she'd have him to believe,
Spends his Estate, then learns him how to live?
I hope those weighty Considerations will
Move ye to keep us altogether still;
To treat us equal to our great Desert,
And pay your Tributes with a franker Heart;
If not, th' aforesaid Ills will come, and we must part.

NOTES.

Notes on the Text.

Abdelazer.

p. 8 *Dramatis Personæ.* I have added 'Ordonio, a Courtier. A Swain and Shepherds. Courtiers, Guards, Soldiers, Moors, A Nymph and Shepherdesses.'

p. 11, l. 7 *But thousand Eyes throw killing Looks at me.*
4tos— 'But thousand Eyes
Throw killing Looks at me.'

p. 11, l. 26 *Than to lie fawning.* 4to misprints 'Then'.

p. 12, l. 10 *reveng'd by penitence.* 1724 misprints 'Patience'.

p. 12, l. 33 *Why star'st thou so?* 1724 wrongly 'Why dar'st thou so?'

p. 13, l. 5 *wou'd they search her here?* 1724 'wou'd you search her here?'

p. 13, l. 25 *swounded.* 1724 'swooned'.

p. 13, l. 33 *more knocking!* [*knocking.* 1724 omits the stage direction.

p. 15, l. 4 *Sway'd Destiny as well as they, and took their trade of killing.*
4to— 'Sway'd Destiny as well as they,
And took their trade of killing.'

p. 15, l. 16 *Pointing to his Sword.* 4to 'Points.'

p. 15, l. 17 *Scene II. A Room in the Palace.* I have supplied this locale.

p. 15, l. 18 *Enter Ferdinand weeping.* 4to 'Enter Fernando weeping.'

p. 19, ll. 33–4 *Covers a Soul more sanctify'd than this*
Moorish Robe.
1724 gives this as one line.

p. 20, l. 8 *except Abdelazar, Florella.* 4to 'manent Abdelazer, Florella.'

p. 20, l. 17 *honest and religious.* 1724 omits 'and'.

p. 24, l. 2 *Scene I. A Chamber of State.* I have added the locale.

p. 27, l. 27 *To the Women, who go out.* 4to 'Exeunt'.

p. 31, l. 15 *Madam, that Blessing.* 1724 omits 'Madam'.

p. 33, l. 8 *Scene II. A Banqueting Hall.* I have added the locale.

p. 33, l. 15 *I have a double Cause.* 1724 omits 'a'.

p. 34, l. 19 *though.* 1724 'tho' throughout.

p. 34, l. 27 *thou lovest.* 1724 'lov'st'.

p. 35, l. 13 *Aside.* The 4to omits this stage direction.

p. 38, l. 18 *A Gallery in the Palace.* I have supplied this locale.

p. 40, l. 11 *Queen and Women.* 1724 'Woman'.

p. 40, l. 28 *subtle, and ambitious.* 4to 'subtle as ambitious.' 1724 is undoubtedly the best reading.

p. 42, ll. 23–4 *And then our Lives he may dispose,*
As he has done our Honours.
1724 gives this as one line.

p. 45, l. 18 *The Queen's Apartments.* I have added this locale.

p. 49, l. 10 *frightful.* 1724 'frighted'.

p. 50, l. 18 *were worth your care.* 1724 'was worth'.

p. 51, l. 24 *Oh Traitress!* 1724 'Oh, Traitoress'.
p. 57, l. 2 *Act IV. Scene I.* 4tos and 1724 'Act IV. Enter Abdelazer . . .'. I have added the locale here and numbered the scenes throughout this Act.
p. 58, l. 4 *To gain your Heart.* 4tos 1677, 1693, print this to the conclusion of Abdelazer's speech as prose. 1724 prints from 'Thousand of Bigots' as prose. I have metrically divided these last lines, and followed 1724 from 'To gain your Heart'.
p. 61, l. 3 *afar off all the Scene.* 1724 omits this.
p. 64, l. 3 *some Moors.* 1677 reads 'some Moor'.
p. 65, l. 22 *Scene VI.* Neither 4tos nor 1724 number this scene.
p. 65, l. 30 *Your Soldiers faint, are round beset.* 4tos omit comma.
p. 69, l. 12 *Exeunt all.* 1724 'Exeunt'.
p. 69, l. 13 *Scene VII.* Neither 4tos nor 1724 number this scene.
p. 69, l. 18 *illustriate Hand.* 1724 'illustrious'.
p. 75, l. 2 *Barbarian.* 4tos italic. 1724 roman.
p. 79, l. 2 *attendance.* 1724 'attendants'.
p. 79, l. 16 *Scene II.* 4tos and 1724 do not number this scene.
p. 80, l. 10 *with Roderigo.* 1724 'with Rod.'
p. 80, l. 18 *Exit Elv.* I have added this stage direction. Neither 4tos nor 1724 mark an exit here for Elvira, although she obviously goes out when the Queen says 'retire' as an entry is marked after the ensuing dialogue.
p. 80, l. 20 *roughly.* 1724 omits this.
p. 80, l. 34 *and other Women.* 1724 'and the Women.'
p. 81, l. 4 *Durst.* 1724 'Dares'.
p. 82, l. 23 *Weeps over her.* 1724 omits this.
p. 82, l. 29 *repaid.* 1724 'repair'd.'
p. 87, l. 12 *to any Shape.* 1724 'into any Shape'.
p. 87, l. 29 *cou'd not the Gods.* 1724 wrongly omits 'not'.
p. 89, l. 4 *My Desire's grown high.* 4tos 'My Desires grow high'.
p. 92, l. 1 *Scene III.* Neither 4tos nor 1724 number this scene.
p. 92, l. 8 *Andromede.* 1724 'Andromeda'.
p. 93, l. 13 *through.* 1724 'thro' throughout.
p. 94, l. 12 *your Friends.* 4tos misprint 'your Friend'.
p. 95, l. 23 *upon my Name.* 1724 'upon thy Name'.
p. 96, l. 12 *that charming Maid.* 1724 'the charming Maid'.
p. 96, l. 12 *Whom I'd enjoy'd e'er now.* 4tos 'whom I'de enjoy e're now'.
p. 97, l. 6 *preserve.* 4tos and 1724 here insert the stage direction '[Kneels.' But this is repeated at the line (11) 'Thus low I take the Bounty from your Hands' and is far more appropriate at the latter juncture. There can be no doubt that the stage direction '[Kneels' should also be inserted at line 19—'Thus low I fall'—and it has been misplaced by the printer in the old copies. I have restored it.
p. 97, l. 18 *only me unhappy, when, Sir, my Crime*
Was only too much Faith?
4tos punctuate: 'only me unhappy? When, Sir, my Crime
Was only too much Faith;'
p. 97. l. 29 *Seas again.* At the conclusion 1677 prints 'The End of the Play.'
p. 98, l. 18 *Sex's.* 4tos 'Sexes'.

THE YOUNG KING.

p. 105 *To Philaster.* This Epistle Dedicatory only appears in the 4tos 1683, 1696.

p. 108 *Dramatis Personæ.* I have added '*Geron* the old Tutor to Orsames; *Gorel*, a Citizen; Keeper of the Castle; A Druid; Courtiers (men and women); Officers: Guards; Huntsmen; Assassins'. 4to 1698 misprints 'Ismenis' for 'Ismenes'; 'Thursander' for 'Thersander'; 'the Court of Daca' for 'the Court of Dacia'. 1724 gives 'a Rabble of the Mobile'; 4tos 'all a Rabble of the Mobile'.

p. 109, l. 4 *never the Luck.* 4tos 'never the ill Luck'.

p. 109, l. 15 *what's thy Business.* 1724 'what's the Business'.

p. 109, l. 28 *I spake.* 4tos 'I speak'.

p. 110. l. 23 *conspire against him.* 4tos ''gainst him'. But the metre requires 1724 'against'.

p. 111, l. 6 *him here.* 4to 1696 misprints 'here him'.

p. 111, l. 14 *Virago he Daughter.* 1724 'Virago her Daughter', which is excellent sense but lacks the point of 'he Daughter'.

p. 112, l. 22 *Ly. You sigh.* 4tos and 1724 print as prose. I have arranged metrically.

p. 113, l. 16 *one of gentle Birth.* 4tos 'of the gentle Birth'. 1724 'of genteel Birth'.

p. 114, l. 11 *Pim. Pox on her.* 4tos divide Pimante's speech at 'let her go.' and commence a new line with 'Well, Colonel,' as if metrically. I have followed 1724 as it is obviously prose.

p. 114, l. 25 *Sem. That's strange!* 4tos wrongly print this speech as prose.

p. 115, l. 34 *Artabazes.* 4tos 'Artabaces'.

p. 116, l. 3 *mistaken thing?* 4tos punctuate 'mistaken thing;'.

p. 116, l. 6 *fantastick.* 1724 wrongly 'fanatick'.

p. 116, l. 24 *cruel Cause.* 4to 1696 misprints 'crul Cause'.

p. 117, l. 9 [*Sem. looks about, finds the Cap and Feathers.*
Sem. See, Madam, what I've found.
4tos and 1724 give the stage direction after the speech. I have transposed these, as obviously such an arrangement is better.

p. 118, l. 20 *Ideas.* 4tos wrongly 'Idea's'.

p. 118, l. 29 *He rises.* 4tos and 1724 '[Rises.' But it is Thersander who is kneeling, not Cleomena. The insertion of 'He' saves any confusion.

p. 119, l. 9 *who're born.* 4tos 'who are born'.

p. 119, l. 11 *Whom happy Fate.* 4tos misprint 'Whose happy Fate'.

p. 120, l. 29 *Enter Vallentio, Urania.* 4to 1696 misprints 'Urina'.

p. 121, l. 3 *But one that.* 1724 omits 'one'.

p. 121, l. 16 *we took her.* 4to 1696 'wa took her'.

p. 121, l. 20 *The Scythians.* 4tos 'Th' Scythians'.

p. 122, l. 30 *Arms across.* 1724 'Arms close'.

p. 123, l. 9 *I will be.* 4tos 'And will be'.

p. 123, l. 12 *this Harmony.* 4tos 'his Harmony'.

p. 124, l. 11 *Shore?—* 4tos punctuate 'Shore;'.

p. 126, l. 18 *no less.* 4tos 'not less'.

p. 127, l. 36 *Amintas' Apartment.* 4tos 'Amin. Apartment.' 1724 'Amintas's Apartment.'
p. 128, l. 7 *Amin. It is the King.* 1724 does not arrange this metrically.
p. 128, l. 21 *Ex. Amin.* 4tos 'Amin. exit.'
p. 128, l. 25 *go bring.* 4tos 'and bring'.
p. 128, l. 28 *effect.* 4tos 'effects'.
p. 128, l. 30 *you're lost.* 4tos 'you are lost'.
p. 129, l. 27 *Unrest.* 1724 misprints 'Undrest'.
p. 130, l. 10 *Not seeing.* 4tos print this line—'Not seeing a Woman I ne'er had bin.'
p. 130, l. 10 *Exeunt.* Not in 4tos and 1724.
p. 130, l. 11 *Another Room.* I have added the locale, unmarked in 4tos and 1724.
p. 131, l. 12 *dearest fair.* 4tos 'dear fair'.
p. 132, l. 18 *Gods.* 4tos misprint 'God's'.
p. 134, l. 14 *He bows low.* 4tos 'bows low.'
p. 134, l. 15 *I am.* 4tos 'I'm'.
p. 135, l. 13 *Rivulet.* 4tos 'Rivolet'.
p. 136, l. 9 *Ah! Madam.* 4tos divide this speech metrically. 1724 prints as prose.
p. 137, l. 10 *to live.* 1724 'I live'.
p. 137, l. 11 *Passion.* 1724 'Person'.
p. 139. l. 8 *All go out but Ther. Hon. Lysan.* 4tos add 'manent Thers. Ho. Lysan.' which is entirely superfluous.
p. 139, l. 23 *Aside.* 4to 1698 omits this.
p. 139, l. 28 *Renders me too unartful.* 4tos 'Renders unartfull'.
p. 140, l. 11 *Lys.* 4tos, misprinting, omit the speech-prefix 'Lys.'
p. 140, l. 15 *Exeunt.* Omitted in 4tos and 1724.
p. 141, l. 15 *eighteen Years.* 1724 misprints 'Year'.
p. 141, l. 32 *then?* [*Rage.* 1724 omits 'Rage.'
p. 144, l. 5 *a Table. Geron near the Throne.* I have added 'Geron near the Throne', which occurs neither in 4tos nor 1724. It is extraordinary that the old copies do not give the name of the old tutor amongst the Dramatis Personæ nor do they mark his presence here.
p. 144, l. 13 *any other God but I?* 4tos 'any other God's but I.' 1724 'any other here but I?'
p. 145, l. 30 *Exit Geron.* Neither 4tos nor 1724 mark this exit, although later in the scene the entrance of Geron (p. 148) is noted in all the old copies.
p. 147, l. 11 *Ors.* 4to 1696 by a strange misprint gives speech-prefix 'Ger.'
p. 148, l. 9 *I have.* 4tos 'I've'.
p. 148, l. 20 *—It is not Sleep!—* 4tos 'Is it not Sleep!'; but 1724 is far better here.
p. 148, l. 31 *Arates.* 4tos misprint 'Erates.'
p. 149, l. 4 *A Grove near the Camp.* 4tos and 1724 omit this locale.
p. 150, l. 5 *is he longer.* 1724 misreads 'is he no longer'.
p. 150, l. 8 *Trumpets sound.* 4to 'Trumpet sounds.'
p. 150, l. 18 *Trumpets sound. Exeunt.* 4tos 'Trumpet sounds.' 1724 'Ex.'
p. 151, l. 18 *Ismenes.* 4tos 'Ismenis' throughout.
p. 152, l. 12 *Horse's.* 4to 1696 misprints 'Horses'.

p. 152, l. 13 *Ura. Ex.* 4tos 'Ura. Exit.'
p. 153, l. 11 *Cavalry.* 4tos 'Chavalry'.
p. 153, l. 13 *yet-disputing.* 1724 weakly 'yet-disputed'.
p. 153, l. 34 *to the Stranger.* 1724 omits 'to'.
p. 154, l. 7 *Exeunt.* Not in 4tos nor 1724.
p. 156, l. 1 *drawing of.* 1724 omits 'of'.
p. 156, l. 6 *Moment's.* 4tos misprint 'Moments'.
p. 157, l. 7 *reach.* 4tos 'reaches'.
p. 157, l. 18 *Scene V. Changes.* 4tos and 1724 'Scene changes'. I have numbered this scene.
p. 158, l. 15 *Ism. goes in, Scene draws.* 1724 omits 'Ism. goes in'.
p. 158, l. 33 *Thersander—Prince of Scythia.* 1724 omits this line, marking '[Faints.' at conclusion of previous line.
p. 159, l. 19 *one end.* 4tos 'one hand'.
p. 160, l. 28 *my Dagger to this Heart.* 1724 'this Dagger to my Heart.'
p. 160, l. 30 *these.* 4tos 'those'.
p. 160, l. 31 *dear dead Prince.* 1724 misprints 'dear dear Prince.'
p. 161, l. 6 *require.* 4tos 'requires'.
p. 163, l. 1 *Scene II. Between the two Camps.* 4tos 'Scene the Second.' I have added the locale, which is unmarked in all the editions.
p. 163, l. 7 *to fight.* 4tos 'to fight'.
p. 164, l. 7 *The Scythian Guards.* 4to 1698 misprints 'The Scythian Guards of'.
p. 164, l. 13 *Exeunt.* Unmarked in 4tos.
p. 166, l. 6 *Aside.* This is not marked in 4tos.
p. 166, l. 27 *in the Earth.* 4tos 'in Earth'.
p. 168, l. 7 *Exit Lysander.* No former editions mark this Exit, which, however, is obviously necessary.
p. 168, l 10 *Habit that I left.* 4tos 'Habit I left'.
p. 168, l. 16 *'tis.* 4tos 'it is'.
p. 168, l. 18 *remain.* 4tos 'remains'.
p. 168, l. 20 *my Dishonour.* 4to 1696 omits 'my'.
p. 168. l. 26. *Enter King.* 4to 1698 has 'Enter King. Lysander solus.' Lysander is a misprint for Thersander, but the whole addition is quite unneeded.
p. 169, l. 6 *given.* 4tos 'gave'.
p. 169, l. 26 *Herald.* 4tos 'Herauld'.
p. 169, l. 27 *Scene V. Cleomena's Apartments.* 4tos 'Scene the Fifth.' I have added the locale, which is unmarked in all former editions.
p. 170, l. 19 *Race.* 4to 1698 misprints 'Rafe'.
p. 170, l. 26 *Exit.* 4tos 'Queen Exit.'
p. 172, l. 18 *People's.* 4to 1698 'Peoples'.
p. 173, l. 2 *my Foe.* 4tos omit 'my'.
p. 173, l. 3 *Exit. Val.* 4tos 'Vall. ex.'
p. 173, l. 23 *Scene VI. A Street.* The former editions do not mark or number this Scene. Neither do they give locale. Their reading runs:—

'[Exeunt.
'Enter Vallentio passing over the Stage, is met'.

p. 174, l. 7 *'Sha.* 4tos 'Sha.'

p. 174, l. 7 *though thats.* 1724 omits 'though'.
p. 174, l. 17 *gather.* 4to 1698 'gether'.
? p. 174, l. 23 *Civil Wars.* 4to punctuates 'Civil Wars ?'
? p. 174, l. 32 *Citizens goes out.* 4tos 'Cit. goes out'.
p. 175, l. 13 *Scene VII.* 4tos 'Scene the Seventh.'
p. 175, l. 17 *Exeunt Attendants.* This stage direction is omitted in 1724 and 4tos.
p. 176, l. 25 *King and Guards.* 4tos omit 'and'.
p. 177, l. 3 *Murderer.* 4tos 'Mutherer'.
p. 177, l. 11 *Act V.* 4tos 'Act the Fifth.'
p. 177, l. 12 *Scene I.* 4tos 'Scene the First.'
p. 177, l. 17 *with Guards.* 4tos 'with the Guards'.
p. 177, l. 24 *any.* 4tos 'my'.
p. 178, l. 4 *dy'd.* 4tos 'di'd'.
p. 179, l. 14 *Scene II.* 4tos 'Scene the Second.'
p. 180, l. 5 *crystal.* 4tos 'chrystal'.
p. 180, l. 29 *rustick.* 4to 1698 misprints 'ruistick'.
p. 180, l. 33 *now.* 4to 1698 misprints 'no'.
p. 181, l. 6 *dy'd.* 4tos 'di'd'.
p. 181, l. 24 *Noise.* 1724 omits this stage direction.
p. 181, l. 29 *Gorel.* I have added this entrance. A speech-prefix 'Gorel' is marked by all old copies in this scene, but no entrance, neither is the name given in the Dramatis Personæ.
p. 181, l. 30 *tearing.* 1724 'dragging'.
? p. 182, l. 12 *terrably.* 4tos, 1724 'terribly'. 'terrably' no doubt denotes a clownish mispronunciation.
p. 182. l. 17 *It ought.* 4to 1698 reads :—

'It ought to have been presented
In a more glorious order.'

p. 183, l. 1 *Dy'd.* 4tos 'Di'd'.
p. 183, l. 18 *you'd.* 4tos 'you wou'd'.
p. 184, l. 25 *Clemanthis'.* 4tos 'Clemanthis'.
p. 184, l. 35 *of's.* 4tos 'of his'.
p. 185, l. 24 *from you one visit.* 4tos 'one visit from you'.
p. 186, l. 18 *Oh, Madam.* 4tos, which I follow, metrically. 1724 prose.
p. 186, l. 27 *Clemanthis'.* 4tos 'Clemanthis'.
p. 187, l. 6. *Scene V. Changes.* No former edition numbers this scene.
p. 187, l. 8 *Attendants to them.* 1724 misprints 'Attendantsm.'
p. 187, l. 18 *all his Actions.* 4to 1698 omits 'all'.
p. 187, l. 34 *swound.* 1724 'swoon'.
p. 188, l. 22 *With numerous.* 4tos divide thus :—

'With numerous Troops
Which swiftly make their way.'

p. 188, l. 30 *I long to see.* 1724 prints as far as 'fair Princess' prose. 4tos metrically.
p. 189, l. 1 *Ism. Geron.* All former editions omit Geron's name here though they give speech-prefix later in the scene.
p. 189, l. 27 *Cleo. and Thers.* All former editions read '[Points to Cleo.' I have added 'and Thers.', which is obviously required.

p. 191, l. 9 *is be.* 4tos 'was he'.
p. 191, l. 17 *told you.* 4to 'told him'.

THE CITY HEIRESS.

p. 199, l. 1 *To the Right Honourable.* The Dedicatory Epistle only occurs in 4tos 1682, 1698.
p. 199, l. 28 *Peaching.* 4to 1698 weakly reads 'Preaching'.
p. 201, l. 14 *glout.* 1724 'glour'.
p. 202, l. 10. *Guinea.* 4to 1682 spells 'Guinney' here and in each other place the word occurs.
p. 203, l. 5 *Uncle to T. Wilding.* 4tos 1682, 1698, 'He is Uncle to Tom Wilding'.
p. 203 *Dramatis Personæ.* I have added to the list—'*Laboir*, Man to Tom *Wilding*; Boy, Page to Lady *Galliard*; Boy, Page to *Diana*; Guests; Mrs. *Sensure*, Sir *Timothy's* Housekeeper; *Betty*, Maid to *Diana*; Maid at *Charlot's* lodging.'
p. 205, l. 8 *huff.* 4to 1698 'hoff'.
p. 206, l. 33 *Feats.* 1724 misprints 'Fears'.
p. 206, l. 35 *are you.* 1724 'you are'.
p. 209, l. 24 *when she loves.* 1724 'then she loves'.
p. 209, l. 32 *City-Heiress, Charles.* 1724 omits 'Charles.'
p. 210, l. 5 *Exit.* 4tos and 1724 omit this 'Exit' which is obviously necessary.
p. 213, l. 32 *you had.* 4to 1682 'you'd had'.
p. 215, l. 5 *Legions.* 4tos 1682, 1698, misprint 'a Legend'.
p. 216, l. 30 *Wild. Damn it.* 1724 prints these lines as prose.
p. 220, l. 24 *Mr. Foppington.* 4tos 1682, 1698, 'Mr. Foping.'
p. 223, l. 14 *do your.* 4to 1682 'does your'.
p. 223, l. 33 *cunning in their Trade of Love.*
1724 divides 'cunning in their Trade of Love.'
p. 224, l. 6 *Charl. To-night.* 4tos 1682, 1698, print the first two lines of Charlot's speech as prose.
p. 224, l. 20 *hast inur'd.* 1724 misprints 'hast injur'd'.
p. 225, l. 22 *cut his.* 4tos 1682, 1698, 'cut's'.
p. 225, l. 34 *Goes out with Fop.* 4tos 1682, 1698, misplace this direction in the midst of Wilding's speech after 'Farewell', line 29.
p. 226, l. 27 *petty.* 1724 'pretty'.
p. 226, l. 29 *Wilding.* 4to 1682 misprints 'Widling'.
p. 227, l. 18 *those.* 4tos 1682, 1698, 'these'.
p. 227, l. 22 *New.* 4to 1682 'Now'.
p. 228, l. 4 *at Coffee-houses.* 4tos 1682, 1698, omit 'at'.
p. 228, l. 31 *Manteau.* 4tos 1682, 1698, 'Manto'.
p. 232, l. 19 *Scene III.* None of the former editions number this scene.
p. 234, l. 25 *Sir Charles his Uncle.* 1724 'Sir Charles' Uncle'.
p. 235, l. 36 *quitting of the Town.* 4to 1698 and 1724 read 'quitting the Town.'

p. 237, l. 14 *buy.* 4to 1682 'b'ye'.
p. 241, l. 1 *with Diana.* 4tos 'and Diana'.
p. 241, l. 8 *catechize.* 4tos misprint 'chastize'.
p. 244, l. 15 *she is.* 4tos 'she's'.
p. 242, l. 5 *shalt.* 4tos 'sha't'.
p. 242, l. 22 *shalt.* 4tos 'sha't'.
p. 242, l. 31 *shall I not have.* 1724 'shall I have'.
p. 243, l. 27 *Commendation.* 4tos 'Commendations'.
p. 246, l. 27 *Enter Sensure.* This entrance, obviously necessary here, is not marked in any former edition, although all note the exit 'Betty and Sensure.'
p. 248, l. 3 *convert from.* 4to 1698 and 1724 read 'convert for'.
p. 248, l. 15 *Charms that.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'Charms which'.
p. 249, l. 4 *Mester de Hotel.* 4tos 'Mester de Hotell.' 1724 'Maitre de Hotel.'
p. 249, l. 5 *Mater de Otell!* 4tos 'Meter de Otell.'
p. 249, l. 27 *This next.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'the next'.
p. 252, l. 31 *I's tell.* 1724 'I'll tell'.
p. 252, l. 33 *wondrous.* 4tos 'wonderous'.
p. 253, l. 3 *wele aday!* 1724 punctuates 'wele aday?'.
p. 254, l. 2 *excellency.* 4to 1682 'excellently'. 4to 1698 'excellensie'.
p. 254, l. 22 *this your fickle.* 4to 1682 and 1724 omit 'this'.
p. 257, l. 16 *old.* 4tos 1682, 1698, 'odd'.
p. 258, l. 5 *leav'st.* 4to 1682, 1698, 'leavest'.
p. 258, l. 12 *Vizards.* 1724 'Vizors'.
p. 258, l. 25 *do you make as if you went to bed.* 1724 omits this sentence.
p. 258, l. 36 *Exeunt.* 4tos omit.
p. 259, l. 14 *Mien.* 4tos 'Mine'.
p. 259, l. 15 *Hold thy fluent.* 1724 prints as prose.
p. 260, l. 1 *Who is a most.* 1724 prints this speech as prose.
p. 261, l. 2 *Twelve was.* 4tos italicize this line as a quotation. 1724 prints it roman.
p. 261, l. 8 *You.* 4tos 'Ye'.
p. 262, l. 20 *Cue.* 4tos 'Que'.
p. 262, l. 23 *three.* 1724 'thee'.
p. 263, l. 29 *let 'em.* 4tos 'let them'.
p. 264, l. 7 *felt for.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'felt in'.
p. 264, l. 27 *know't.* 1724 'know it'; and prints the speech as prose.
p. 265, l. 28 *I'm glad on't.* 1724 prints as prose.
p. 267, *the unequal.* 4to 1698 and 1724 omit 'the'.
p. 267, l. 16 *wou'd.* 1724 'shou'd'.
p. 268, l. 2 *Another Room.* None of the previous editions give the locale or number the scene.
p. 269, l. 6 *you.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'ye'.
p. 270, l. 20 *they go out.* 4tos 'and goes out'.
p. 272, l. 28 *He goes out.* I have added this stage direction as we have 'Wild. returns'.
p. 273, l. 2 *Candles.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'Candle'.
p. 275, l. 8 *resolv'd no body.* 1724 'resolv'd that nobody'.

p. 276, l. 13 *Nay, that's too much.* 1724 as prose.
p. 276, l. 27 *in a Rage.* 4tos 'in Rage'.
p. 277, l. 9 *Exit.* Not in 4tos.
p. 277, l. 12 *Laboir.* I have added this name to the stage direction.
p. 278, l. 1 *I'd had.* 1724 omits 'had'.
p. 278, l. 9 *nor.* 4to 'or'.
p. 278, l. 13 *Portmantle.* 4tos 'Portmantua'.
p. 278, l. 29 *conscious of Treasure.* 1724 'where any Treasure is.'
p. 279, l. 23 *Night-Cap.* 4to 1682 'Night-Caps.'
p. 279, l. 25 *feeling in.* 1724 'feeling of'.
p. 282, l. 4 *Dresswell, Laboir.* I have added these names to the stage direction.
p. 282, l. 26 *away with it.* 1724 'away with him'.
p. 284, l. 13 *Scene II.* None of the previous editions number this scene.
p. 284, l. 15 *to them.* 1724 'to him'.
p. 285, l. 18 *shall to Bed.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'shall go to Bed.'
p. 285, l. 29 *Scene III.* None of the previous editions number this scene.
p. 286, l. 15 *barricado'd.* 4tos 'baracado'd'.
p. 288, l. 2 *naming.* 1724 omits.
p. 288, l. 6 *followed by Betty.* I have added Betty's exit to this stage direction.
p. 288, l. 6 *Scene IV.* None of the previous editions number this scene.
p. 289, l. 24 *at Galliard's Door!* 1724 'at Lady Galliard's Door!'.
p. 289, l. 33 *meet.* 4tos 'meets'.
p. 290, l. 29 *of your.* 1724 'on your'.
p. 290, l. 33 *Hopes.* 1724 'Hours'.
p. 291, l. 1 *Scene V.* None of the previous editions number this scene.
p. 291, l. 12 *You are mistaken.* 1724 prints this speech as prose.
p. 292, l. 27 *As far as.* 1724 prints this as prose.
p. 292, l. 29 *to Ladies.* 4to 1698 and 1724 'to the Ladies'.
p. 293, l. 18 *Care of.* 1724 'Care on'.
p. 293, l. 21 *fond.* 1724 omits.
p. 294, l. 12 *nought.* 1724 'not'.
p. 294, l. 22 *took.* 1724 'taken'.
p. 294, l. 23 *of Grace.* 4to 1682 'a Grace'.
p. 295, l. 1 *made.* 1724 omits.
p. 298, l. 32 *Exeunt.* Not in 4tos, which, however, mark 'The End.'
p. 299, l. 30 *of.* 4tos 'in'.

THE FEIGN'D CURTEZANS.

p. 301 *The Feign'd Curtezans.* 4to 1679 gives 'The Feign'd Curtizans' and so throughout.
p. 305, l. 1 *To Mrs. Ellen Guin.* The Dedication only occurs in 4to 1679.
p. 309, l. 1 *Dramatis Personæ.* I have added '*Silvio*, Page to *Laura Lucretia*. *Antonio*, an Attendant to *Laura Lucretia*. Page to *Julio*. Page to *Fillamour*.' In both 4to 1679 and 1724 there is great confusion between *Silvio* and *Sabina*. These characters are sometimes intermingled as one, sometimes disentangled as two. This will be duly

noticed as it occurs. I have no doubt the commas on evil are Mrs. Behn's MS. of the play.

p. 310, l. 22 *A Stool.* I have marked the locale, omitted in previous editions.

p. 310, l. 27 *Servant I am, sent him.* All previous editions insert 'Exeunt Man.'

p. 311, l. 35 *and the.* 1724 omits 'and'.

p. 312, l. 12 *Winterson.* 4to 1679 'Winterbourn'; and *Pinnie* 'Vinterbo' throughout.

p. 312, l. 16 *Wht, faith.* 4to 1679 'Whe faith'.

p. 312, l. 28 *with him.* 4to 1679 omits 'him'.

p. 312, l. 32 *on't would.* 4to 1679 'assur'd me would'.

p. 313, l. 7 *in yours.* 4to 1679 'to yours'.

p. 313, l. 21 *you out.* 4to 1679 'out you'.

p. 314, l. 16 *Francis.* 4to 1679 'Frances'.

p. 314, l. 34 *Fool's.* 4to 1679 'Fool'.

p. 315, l. 17 *Inamorata.* 4to 1679 'Inamorato.'

p. 315, l. 18 *young Lady.* 4to 1679 omits 'young'.

p. 316, l. 3 *use of.* 4to 1679 'use on'.

p. 316, l. 31 *Alonzo.* 4to 1679 'Alonso.' 1724 omits.

p. 317, l. 1 *in a room to Theodosia.* singing. I have added this locale.

p. 317, l. 3 *Pens scraps.* 4to 1679 'and Pens scraps'.

p. 320, l. 1 *remember these.* 1724 'remember those'.

p. 320, l. 21 *Pastilage.* 1724 'Papilage'.

p. 321, l. 23 *volantiero.* 4to 1679 'vollentiero'.

p. 323, l. 10 *won'd.* 4to 1679 'will'.

p. 326, l. 15 *The Curtain of the Play Master.* This locale is unmarked in all previous editions.

p. 326, l. 16 *Marcus.* 4to 1679 misprints 'Marcum'.

p. 326, l. 26 *Marcella and Cornelia.* 4to 1679 'Marcella not Cornelia.'

p. 328, l. 12 *dotes your.* 4to 1679 'doates your'.

p. 329, l. 2 *down-right.* 4to 1679 'right down'.

p. 330, l. 9 *St Teresa's.* 4to 1679 'St. Teretia's'.

p. 330, l. 15 *garb.* 4to 1679 'garbo'.

p. 330, l. 27 *with Sabina, Hermann, and.* I have added these words to the stage direction.

p. 331, l. 3 *Son. Cous.* 1724 omits. 4to 1679 reads 'Son's Cousin.'

p. 332, l. 22 *Exit with Sabina and her Train.* 4to 1679 'Exeunt with her train.' 1724 'Exit with her Train.'

p. 333, l. 24 *pray for nothing.* 4to 1679 'pray solemnly for'.

p. 335, l. 11 *for his Falshood.* 4to 1679 'for Falshood'.

p. 335, l. 24 *Bills.* 4to 1679 'Bill'.

p. 337, l. 4 *of us.* 4to 1679 'on's'.

p. 338, l. 8 *Conquant per coue.* 4to 1679 'Conquant pavoent'. I have not in any place modified and corrected the spelling of the Italian as it stands in the old editions.

p. 340, l. 1 *Obliges.* 4to 1679 'Obliges'.

p. 342, l. 11 *an Sacco.* 4to 1679 misprints 'un Sacco'.

p. 332, l. 14 *you are but a little.* 1724 'you are a little'.

p. 343, l. 2 *The Curse.* I have supplied the locale which all previous editions omit.

p. 343, l. 20 *Enter Mor. and Octa.* 4to 1679 'Enters Mur. and Octa.' 1724 'Enters Mor. and Octa.'

p. 344, l. 21 *—nay, was contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel ;'* 1724 '—nay, was contracted to him, fairly contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel ;'.

p. 345, l. 5 *This fine.* 1724 prints this speech as prose.

p. 346, l. 11 *with Silvio and.* I have added these three words to the stage direction.

p. 348, l. 15 *with Phillipa.* I have added an entrance for Phillipa here, although it is not marked in the former editions, as later in the scene she speaks to Cornelia, and obviously must be in attendance on her in the balcony.

p. 349, l. 6 *so good.* 1724 omits these words.

p. 350, l. 9 *Exit Crap.* I have added Crapine's exit here as he re-enters anon with Octavio, and his exit is required by the business of the scene.

p. 351, l. 6 *false-souled.* Both 4to 1679 and 1724 read 'false souly', which I have ventured to alter.

p. 352, l. 12 *They are going.* 4to 1679 and 1724 both read 'They go out . . .', but it is obvious from Galliard and Fillamour's conversation with Tickletext that they do not actually leave the stage, as also from the direction later 'Offering to go.'

p. 352, l. 13 *Aside.* 4to 1679 and 1724 both read 'Aside to Mar.' An obvious mistake.

p. 352, l. 18 *Exit.* Both 4to 1679 and 1724 have 'Exeunt.' We may suppose Phillipa to have entered with Marcella and the former direction to be 'Aside to Phil.' but it seems more in accordance with the scene to make these two slight changes.

p. 354, l. 22 *Exeunt Fil. and Gal.* 4to adds 'and Lau.' but the 1724 'exit' at the end of her next speech is obviously correct.

p. 354, l. 35 *and Crapine.* I have added this entrance. 4to 1679 and 1724 omit this, but both mark his exit.

p. 357, l. 7 *to steal to a Wench.* 1724 'to steal a Wench'.

p. 363, l. 26 *'Tis Love.* Both 4to 1679 and 1724 print this speech as prose. It is obviously verse.

p. 365, l. 21 *Fil. —I've.* 4to 1679 wrongly gives this speech to Galliard.

p. 369, l. 13 *Papish.* 1724 'Papist'.

p. 372, l. 30 *Ex. Pet. with Tick.* I have added this stage direction which is unmarked in the former editions, but obviously necessary here.

p. 374, l. 22 *Scene II.* I have numbered this scene. Former editions read 'The Scene changes to . . .'.

p. 383, l. 3 *Phil.* 4to 1679 and 1724 both wrongly give these two lines to Fillamour.

p. 383, l. 15 *Exeunt.* Omitted in all former editions.

p. 383, l. 17 *The Corso.* I have added the locale.

p. 386, l. 19 *no Sword.* 4to 1679 and 1724 here needlessly repeat a stage direction 'Enter Julio and Octavio fighting.'

p. 386, l. 32 *Signior, gentle Signior.* 4to 1679 reads 'Signior, a gentle Signior'.

p. 387, l. 3 *and Silvio.* I have added this entrance of Silvio's here, which is not marked in the former editions, but later Laura addresses him.

p. 387, l. 4 *He's gone.* 4to 1679 and 1724 give this speech as prose but I have arranged it metrically.

p. 389, l. 25 *from Silvianetta.* 4to 1679 'from the Silvianetta'.

p. 391, l. 17 *But e'er.* 1724 prints this speech as prose. I have followed 4to 1679.

p. 392, l. 7 *and Sabina.* I have added Sabina's exit. There exists in the former editions great confusion between Silvio and Sabina here. 4to 1679 and 1724 give Silvio's three speeches to Galliard with prefix 'Sab.'

p. 393, l. 1 *Scene II.* I have numbered the scene. 4to 1679 reads 'Enter Laura, as before, in a Night-Gown. Scene, A Chamber.'

p. 393, l. 8 *Enter Silvio.* The confusion between Silvio and Sabina continues in the former editions. 4to 1679 and 1724 both give Silvio's entrance but mark his speech 'Sab.' In Laura's speech (line 14) both read 'Sabina, see the Rooms', which I have altered to 'Silvio, see the Rooms'. Both read (line 18) 'Enter to Sil. . . .'.

p. 394, l. 32 *and Silvio.* I have added Silvio's entrance. The confusion continues.

p. 399, l. 7 *Aside.* Omitted in 1724. 4to 1679 reads 'and laughing.'

p. 400, l. 1 *Scene III.* I have numbered this scene.

p. 400, l. 18 *Aside.* 4to omits.

p. 401, l. 18 *Hold, much mistaken.* 4to 1679 and 1724 as prose. I have arranged metrically.

p. 401, l. 24 *Aside.* 4to 1679 omits.

p. 401, l. 36 *This is.* 4to 1679 and 1724 as prose. I have arranged metrically.

p. 402, l. 10 *Ex. Jul. Fil.* 4to 1679 omits this.

p. 402, l. 26 *Exeunt.* 4to 1679 gives no stage direction. 1724 reads 'exit', but obviously all go out.

p. 403, l. 23 *Scene IV.* I have numbered this scene.

p. 403, l. 31 *I a wandring.* 4to omits 'a'.

p. 406, l. 31 *And here I vow.* I have arranged this speech metrically. Former editions print as prose.

Notes: Critical and Explanatory.

Abdelazer.

p. 6 *Montero-Caps.* Spanish *montero* = a hunter. A Spanish hunting-cap with two flaps for the ears. Pepys, 20 March, 1660, sees 'two monteeres for me to take my choice of'.

p. 7 *Beasts.* 17th century French *beste* = an obsolete card game said to have resembled Nap; also certain penalties at Ombre and Quadrille. The word most frequently occurs in connection with Ombre, which is derived from the Spanish *hombre* = man. The one who undertakes the game has to beat each of the other two; if he fails he is said to have been beasted and pays a forfeit to the pool. It has been suggested that 'unable to sustain himself as a man, Hombre, he becomes beast.' c.f. *The Feign'd Astrologer*, iii, 1 (4to 1668), where Lewis speaks of

> A kind of Lady-ordinary
> Where they were beasting it, for that game's in
> Fashion still, though *Hombre* be more courtly.

Butler, *Hudibras* (1678), iii, 1, l. 1007, has—

> These at Beste and Ombre woo
> And play for love and money too.

Lestrange, *Quevedo* (1708), talks of spending 'whole nights at Beste or Ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel.'

p. 8 *Isabella, Queen of Spain. Mrs. Lee.* 'About the year 1670, Mrs. Aldridge, after Mrs. Lee, after Lady Slinsgby' was 'entertain'd in the Duke's House.' Her husband, John Lee, joined the company at the same time. But whilst his wife became the leading tragedienne of the day, he himself never rose above the most minor and insignificant rôles. A woman of superb and Junoesque beauty, haughty mein and imperious manners, Mrs. Mary Lee soon won a prominent place in the theatre. Although effective in comedy, especially in its higher flights, it was as tragedy queen she obtained her greatest triumphs. In December, 1670, she made her debut at Lincoln's Inn Fields as Olinda, a small part in Mrs. Behn's maiden effort, *The Forc'd Marriage*, and early the following year acted Daranthe, Chief Commandress of the Amazons, in Edward Howard's dull drama, *The Women's Conquest.* A few months later, in April, she played Leticia in Revet's *The Town Shifts.* In 1672, at Dorset Gardens, she was Æmelia in Arrowsmith's amusing *The Reformation;* 1673, Mariamne in Settle's heroic tragedy, *The Empress of Morocco*, a rôle she acted with such excellence that it gave every token of her future greatness and advanced her to the very front rank. 1674, she was Amavanga in Settle's *The Conquest of China;* Salome, Herod's

sister, in Pordage's bombastic *Herod and Mariamne*. 1675, Chlotilda, disguised as Nigrello, in Settle's *Love and Revenge*; Deidamia, Queen of Sparta, in Otway's first and feeblest tragedy, *Alcibiades*, of which play she also spoke the epilogue. 1676, Roxolana in Settle's *Ibrahim*, produced in May; and late the same month or very early in June the Queen of Spain in Otway's magnificent *Don Carlos*, a powerful play which, supported by Betterton as Philip II, Smith as Carlos, Harris as Don John of Austria, and our great tragedienne 'succeeded much better than either *Venice Preserv'd* or *The Orphan*, and was infinitely more applauded and followed for many years.' In November she played Madam Fickle in D'Urfey's comedy of the same name; in December Corisca in Settle's *Pastor Fido*. In 1677 Mrs. Lee's only rival, Mrs. Marshall, the leading lady of the King's House, retired.[1] Mrs. Barry's star was but just faintly rising on the theatrical horizon; and it is noticeable that even when this famous actress was at the height of her great reputation, we still find Mrs. Lee cast for those rôles she made so peculiarly her own, and in which no one could approach her. In February, 1677, she acted Berenice in Otway's *Titus and Berenice*, a rather tame adaption of Racine. Mrs. Barry is named for the small character of the queen's confident, Phænice, and was also Lucia in a farce from Molière, *The Cheats of Scapin*, which followed the drama. Mrs. Lee naturally took no part in this afterpiece, but there is a smart epilogue, 'spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee, when she was out of Humour,' which commences:—

> How little do you guess what I'm to say!
> I'm not to ask how you like Farce or Play:
> For you must know I've other Business now;
> It is to tell you, Sparks, how we like you.

In April she gave a fine performance of Cleopatra, Sedley's *Antony and Cleopatra*; in June she was acting Circe, the title-rôle of Charles Davenant's gorgeously mounted opera; in August, Astatius in a bucolic, whose scene is Arcady, entitled *The Constant Nymph; or The Rambling Shepherd*, 'written by a Person of Quality,' which proved anything but a success. In the autumn she created the Queen in *Abdelazer*; in November, Roxana in Pordage's tumid *The Siege of Babylon*, a play founded upon the famous romance, *Cassandra*. In January, 1678, she played Priam's prophetic daughter, a very strong part, in Banks' melodrama, *The Destruction of Troy*; August of the same year, Elvira in Leanerd's witty comedy, *The Counterfeits*, whence a quarter of a century later Colley Cibber borrowed pretty freely for *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not*. That autumn Mrs. Lee acted Eurydice in Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*. It was this year that her husband died, and she was left a widow. In April, 1679, she played Cressida in Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida*, and probably in the same month, Cleomena in Mrs. Behn's *The Young King*; later in the autumn, Laura

[1] Her last original rôle was Berenice in Crowne's *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, a heroic tragedy in two parts.

Lucretia in *The Feign'd Curtezans;* in October, Bellamira, the heroine of Lee's excellent if flamboyant tragedy, *Cæsar Borgia*, to the Borgia of Betterton and Smith's Machiavel. In 1680 her rôles were Arviola in Tate's *The Loyal General;* Julia in Lawrence Maidwell's capital comedy, *The Loving Enemies;* Queen Margaret in Crowne's *The Misery of Civil War*, a version of 2 *Henry VI*. In the winter of this year Mrs. Lee re-married, and thenceforward is billed as Lady Slingsby, our first titled actress. Her husband was probably Sir Charles Slingsby, second baronet, of Bifrons in Kent, a nephew of Sir Robert Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy, who had died 26 October, 1661. Sir Charles is recorded to have sold Bifrons in 1677, but we know practically nothing about him.[1] Dr. Doran supposes Lady Slingsby to have been connected with the Slingbys of Scriven, but he adduces no authority. In 1681 Lady Slingsby performed Queen Margaret in Crowne's *Henry VI, the First Part with the Murder of Gloucester*, an adaption of Shakespeare's 1 *Henry VI*, suggested by the great success of his previous alteration. She also played Regan in Tate's foolhardy tinkering with *King Lear;* Sempronia in Lee's powerful *Lucius Junius Brutus;* and in December, Marguerite in the same author's excellent *The Princess of Cleves*. In 1682 she acted another Roman rôle, Tarpeia, in an anonymous tragedy, *Romulus and Hersilia*, produced 10 August. She also spoke Mrs. Behn's famous epilogue reflecting upon the Duke of Monmouth. Two days later a warrant was issued for the arrest of 'Lady Slingsby, Comoedian, and Mrs. Aphaw Behen,' to answer for their 'severall Misdemeanours' and 'abusive reflections upon Persons of Quality.' Even if they were actually imprisoned, of which there is no evidence, the detention both of actress and authoress was very brief. On 4 December of the same year, after the union of the two companies, Lady Slingsby created Catherine de' Medici in Dryden and Lee's stirring tragedy, *The Duke of Guise*, produced at the Theatre Royal. In 1683 Lady Slingsby had no original part which is recorded, but her genius successfully helped the numerous revivals of older plays that belong to that year. In 1684 she sustained Calphurnia to the Cæsar of Cardell Goodman, the Antony of Kynaston, the Brutus and Cassius of Betterton and Smith, the Portia of Mrs. Sarah Cook, in a notable revival of *Julius Cæsar* (4to 1694), marred, however, by stagey alterations said to be the work of Davenant and Dryden two decades before. The same year she played Lucia in *The Factious Citizen;* Lady Noble in Ravenscroft's *Dame Dobson*. In August, 1685, Clarinda in D'Urfey's plagiarism of Fletcher's *The Sea Voyage*, which he called *A Commonwealth of Women*. Shortly after she appears to have retired from the stage. Dame Mary Slingsby, widow, from St. Mary's parish, was buried in old St. Pancras graveyard, 1 March, 1694. Careless historians and critics even now continually confuse Mrs. Mary Lee,

[1] There was a Sir Arthur Slingsby, a younger son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, Bart. Both Pepys (20 July, 1664) and Evelyn (19 July, 1664) mention the lottery he held with the King's permission in the Banqueting House at Whitehall. Evelyn judged him to be 'a mere shark.'

Lady Slingsby, with Mrs. Elizabeth Leigh, the wife of the celebrated comedian, Antony Leigh. The two actresses must be carefully distinguished. Geneste curiously enough gives a very incomplete list of Lady Slingsby's rôles, a selection only, as he allows; he makes several bad mistakes as to dates, and entirely fails to appreciate the merits and importance of this great actress in the Restoration theatre. These errors have been largely followed, and it is become necessary to insist somewhat strongly upon the fact that Lady Slingsby was one of the leading performers of the day. In a contemporary *Satire on the Players* (1682 3), which has never been printed, she heads the list of actresses, and Mrs. Barry is vilipended second. The lines run as follows:

> Imprimis Slingsby has the fatal Curse
> To have a Lady's honour with a Player's Purse.
> Though now she is so plaguy haughty grown
> Yet, Gad, my Lady, I a Time have known
> When a dull Whiggish Poet wou'd go down.
> That Scene's now changed, but Prithee Dandy Beast
> Think not thyself an Actress in the least.
> For sure thy Figure ne'er was seen before,
> Such Arse-like Breasts, stiff neck, with all thy Store,
> Are certain Antidotes against a Whore.

The 'dull Whiggish Poet' alluded to is Elkanah Settle, with whom at the beginning of her theatrical career Lady Slingsby was on terms of considerable intimacy. Scandal further accused her of an intrigue with Sir Gilbert Gerrard, which is referred to when the knight was attacked in *A Satyr on Both Whigs and Tories*, (1683, unprinted MS.)

> Thou Thing made up of Buttons, Coach, and Show,
> The Beasts that draw thee have more sense than thou.
> Yet still thou mightst have fool'd behind the Scenes,
> Have Comb'd thy Wig and set thy Cravat Strings,
> Made love to Slingsby when she played the Queen,
> The Coxcomb in the Crowd had passed unseen.

p. 9 *Song.* Poets and critics have been unanimous in their praise of this exquisite lyric, which, had she written nothing more, would alone have been amply sufficient to vindicate Aphara Behn's genius and immortality. It was a great favourite with Swinburne, who terms it 'that melodious and magnificent song'; Mr. Bullen is warm in its praise, whilst Professor Saintsbury justly acknowledges it to be 'of quite bewildering beauty'.

p. 70 *Stout Scæva.* The centurion M. (Valerius Max. iii. II. 23.) Cassius Scæva at the battle of Dyrrachium, B.C. 48, showed heroic valour and maintained his post although he had lost an eye, was deeply wounded in shoulder and thigh, and his shield was pierced in 120 places. He survived, however, and lived until after Cæsar's assassination. v. *Cæsar B.G.* III. 53. *Suet. Cæs.* 68. *Flor.* iv. 2. 40. *Appian. B.C.* II. 60. He appears as a character in Fletcher's *The False One.*

p. 98 *little Mrs. Ariell.* This actress doubtless belonged to the Nursery, a training theatre for boys and girls intended for the stage. Established

under Royal Letters Patent issued 30 March, 1664, it is frequently alluded to in contemporary literature. There was only one Nursery, although, as it not infrequently changed its quarters, two are sometimes stated to have existed simultaneously, an easy and plausible mistake. The Nursery was originally in Hatton Garden. About 1668 it was transferred to Vere Street, and thence finally to the Barbican. Mr. W. J. Lawrence in an able history of *Restoration Stage Nurseries*, shows that Wilkinson's oft-engraved view of the supposed Fortune Theatre is none other than this Golden Lane Nursery on the site of the old Fortune Theatre. Mrs. Ariell, a young girl, probably performed Fanny in *Sir Patient Fancy*. Occasionally the names of other Nursery actresses occur. We have a certain Miss Nanny, of whom nothing is known, billed as Clita, a small part in D'Urfey's *The Commonwealth of Women*, produced August, 1685. The prefix 'Miss' as meaning a young girl occurs here in a bill for the first time. A decade later we have Miss Allinson as Hengo, a lad, in an alteration of Fletcher's *Bonduca*, and Miss Cross as Bonvica, Bonduca's youngest daughter. In 1693 Miss Allison, who took the part of Jano, a page boy, in Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer*, is billed as Betty Allison. In 1696 again, Miss Cross, with Horden, spoke the prologue to D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, Part III. In the cast, however, when she enacted Altisidora, she is described as Mrs. Cross. A Miss Howard acted Kitty in Motteux's *Love's a Jest* (1696) and, 'in page's habit,' spoke the epilogue to Dilke's *The Lover's Luck* the same year. After that date 'Miss' instead of the heretofore 'Mrs.' became more general.

The name of the child actress, doubtless from the Nursery, who took the young Princess Elizabeth in Banks' *Virtue Betray'd; or, Anna Bullen* (1682) has not come down to us. *Wits led by the Nose; or, A Poet's Revenge*, an alteration of Chamberlaine's unacted *Love's Victory* (4to 1658), produced at the Theatre Royal in the summer of 1677, has indifferent performers such as Coysh, Perrin, in the leading rôles; whilst other parts are cast thus: Sir Jasper Sympleton, Stiles; Jack Drayner, Nathaniel Q.; Heroina, Mrs. Baker, Jun.; Theocrine, Mrs. F[arlee?]. Stiles, Nathaniel Q., Mrs. Baker, Jun., Mrs. F[arlee?] were all temporary recruits from the Nursery. In the spring of 1678 the younger members act again in Leanerd's *The Rambling Justice*. Powre played Sir John Twiford; Disney, Contentious Surley; Mr. Q., Spywell; Mrs. Merchant, Petulant Easy; Mrs. Bates, Emilia. The Nursery disappears about 1686. Certainly in 1690 it was the custom for young aspirants to the sock and buskin to join the regular theatres without preliminary training elsewhere.

THE YOUNG KING.

p. 107 *Tartarian war.* Brawls and free fights, sometimes of a serious character, in the pit (Tartarus) of a Restoration theatre were of frequent occurrence. There is a well-known instance in Langbaine: 'At the acting of this tragedy [*Macbeth*] on the stage, I saw a real one acted

in the pit; I mean the death of Mr. Scroop, who received his death's wound from the late Sir Thomas Armstrong, and died presently after he was remov'd to a house opposite to the Theatre, in Dorset Garden.' This was in 1679. In April, 1682, in the pit at the Theatre Royal, Charles Dering and Mr. Vaughan drew on each other and then clambered on to the stage to finish their duel 'to the greater comfort of the audience'. Dering being badly wounded, Vaughan was held in custody until he recovered. In Shadwell's *A True Widow* (1678) Act iv, 1, there is a vivid picture of a general scuffle and battle royal in the pit. cf. Dryden's Prologue to *The Spanish Friar* (1681) :—

> Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
> Where 'tis agreed by bullies chicken-hearted
> To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.

p. 107 *Half crown my play* . . . There are many allusions to the price of admission to the pit. Pepys mentions it, and on one occasion notices 'ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s 6d a-piece'. cf. Epilogue to Carye's *The Generous Enemies* :—

> There's a nest of devils in the pit,
> By whom our plays, like children, just alive,
> Pinch'd by the fairies, never after thrive:
> 'Tis but your half-crown, Sirs: that won't undo.

p. 133 *antick*.—here used in its strict and original sense, 'baroque', 'rococo'. A favourite word with Mrs. Behn.

p. 181 *Life it self's a Dream*. This is the very title of Calderon's comedia, *La Vida es Sueño*.

p. 183 *J. Wright, esq*. James Wright (1643–1713), barrister-at-law and miscellaneous writer, is now chiefly remembered by his famous pamphlet, *Historia Histrionica* (1699), a dialogue on old plays and players, reprinted in various editions of Dodsley. Wright was a great lover of the theatre, and 'one of the first collectors of old plays since Cartwright.'

p. 192 *spoken . . . at his Royal Highness' second exile*. This note fixes the date of the play as being between the latter end of March, 1679, and August of the same year. It was probably produced in April. The Duke of York sailed for Antwerp on 4 March, 1679. From Antwerp he went to the Hague and thence to Brussels. In August he was summoned home as Charles was attacked by a severe fit of ague. He returned to Brussels to escort the Duchess back, and on 27 October left for Scotland.

THE CITY HEIRESS.

p. 199 *Henry, Earl of Arundel*. Henry Howard, 1655–1701, son of Henry, sixth Duke of Norfolk, succeeded his father 10 January, 1684. From 1678 to 1684 he was styled Earl of Arundel, although summoned to Parliament on 27 January, 1679 as Lord Mowbray.

p. 200 *Then let the strucken Deer. Hamlet*, Act iii, 11.

p. 201 *to roar*. To be tipsily boisterous, debauched and wantonly destructive. The word is common.

p. 201 *to glout*. To stare at; to make eyes at. Not here to frown or scowl, the usual meaning, and the sole explanation given by the *N.E.D.* For 'glout' in this sense cf. Orrery's *Guzman* (1679) iv, 'Guzman glouts at her, sighs, and folds his arms.'

p. 201 *Convenient*. 'Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle. Several names for a Mistress or rather a Whore.'—'An Explanation of the Cant' prefixed to Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia* (4to, 1688). The word occurs more than once in the course of the play. cf. Act iv, where we have '*Enter* Margaret *and Mrs.* Hackum *with a Cawdle.*

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear *Blowing!* my *Convenient!* my *Tackle!*'

p. 201 *In Reverend Shape*. The allusion throughout this prologue is to Titus Oates. After his abominable perjuries this wretch was lodged at Whitehall, assigned £1200 a year and a special posse of officers and attendants.

p. 201 *The Oaths* . . . cf. Dryden's description of Oates as Corah. *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I—especially—

Who ever asked the witnesses' high race
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?

p. 202 *Pug*. A quasi-proper name for a fox. cf. R. S. Surtees' *Ask Mamma* (1857–8), xv. 'Pug . . . turns tail and is very soon in the rear of the hounds.'

p. 202 *silken Doctor*. Oates pretended to have taken the degree of D.D. at the University of Salamanca.

The spirit caught him up! the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical degree
Unknown to foreign university.—*Absalom and Achitophel*, i.

Silken of course alludes to his black silk Doctor's gown.

p. 202 *Guinea for—no Feast*. This and the following verses refer to a circumstance much talked of and well laughed at by the Tories. The Duke of York having been invited to dine with the Artillery Company at Merchant-Tailors'-Hall, on 21 April, 1682; an opposition dinner was impudently projected by the Shaftesbury party, to be held at Haberdashers' Hall, and tickets were forthwith issued at one guinea each; for the purpose, as it was declared, of commemorating the providential escape of the nation from the hellish designs of the papists, etc. The King, however, issued a salutary order forbidding the meeting as an illegal one. This supplied the loyal party with new matter for ridicule and satire against the Whigs, who were considerably dejected by their disappointment.

p. 206 *overtaken*—with liquor. cf. Steele, *Spectator*, No. 420, Wednesday, 6 August, 1712. 'I do not remember I was ever o'ertaken in drink.'

p. 206 *wholesom Act*. see *supra*. Vol. I, *The Roundheads*, Act v, ii, p. 457, note: 'p. 414, an act, 24 June.'

p. 207 *Forty one*. The year of the Grand Remonstrance and agitation for the suppression of Episcopacy.

p. 207 *guttle*. To flatter, to toady. The word is rare in this sense, generally meaning to guzzle. cf. parasitus.

p. 210 *Porridge.* A contemptuous nickname given by Dissenters to the *Book of Common Prayer.* On 24 August, 1662, Pepys hears that there has been 'a disturbance in a church in Friday St.; a great many young [people] knotting together and crying out *Porridge* often and seditiously in the church, and took the Common Prayer Book, they say, away.' There is a four leaved pamphlet, 4to 1642, by Gyles Calsine, entitled 'A Messe of Pottage, very well seasoned and crumb'd with bread of life, and easie to be digested against the contumelious slanderers of the Divine Service, terming it Poridge.'

p. 214 *Opinion.* Reputation. cf. Shirley, *The Gamester* (1637), Act i:—'*Barnacle.* Patience; I mean you have the opinion of a valiant gentleman.'

p. 218 *watch her like a Witch.* *vide* Vol I, p. 448, note: *Women must be watcht as Witches are.*

p. 228 *i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes.* The foremost benches of the pit were a recognized rendezvous for fops and beaux. The tiring rooms of the actors and actresses were also a favourite resort of wits and gallants. Pepys frequently mentions the visits he paid behind the scenes. The Epilogue to *The Gentleman Dancing Master* (1671) even invites cits behind the scenes:—

> You good men o'th' Exchange, on whom alone
> We must depend when Sparks to sea are gone;
> Into the pit already you are come,
> 'Tis but a step more to our tiring-room
> Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet
> Upon an able love of Lombard-Street.

p. 228 *flamm'd off.* Cheated. cf. Ford and Dekker's *The Witch of Edmonton,* ii, 11 (1621):— '*Susan.* And then flam me off
With an old witch.'
also South's *Sermons* (1687):—'A God not to be flammed off with lies.'

p. 209 *Lusum.* i.e. Lewisham.

p. 230 *in ure.* In use; practice. cf. John Taylor's *The Pennyles Pilgrimage* (4to 1618):—

> For in the time that thieving was in ure
> The gentle fled to places more secure.

p. 230 *betauder.* The meaning of this word (=to bedizen with tawdry finery) is plain. As it is only found here, the *N.E.D.* suggests it may be a nonce-verb.

p. 230 *Spanish Paint.* Rouge. cf. Lady Wishfort in *The Way of the World* (1700):—'I mean the Spanish paper, idiot. Complexion, darling, paint, paint, paint.'—Act iii, 1.

p. 230 *prew.* Prim, modest. A very rare, affected little word.

p. 230 *rant.* To be boisterously merry. cf. Farquhar, *The Constant Couple* (1700), Act iv, 1:—'*Clincher jun.* I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake and go to the jubilee with the best of them.'

p. 233 *seditiously petitioning.* In allusion to the vast number of petitions which Shaftesbury procured from the counties in support of the Exclusion Bill. The rival factions, 'Petitioners' and 'Abhorrers' were the nucleus of the two great parties, Whigs and Tories.

p. 236 *Tuberose.* The most fashionable perfume of the day. cf. Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* (1676), Act v, 1:—'*Belinda.* I . . . told them I never wore anything but orange-flowers and tuberose.'

p. 245 *bits.* A stroke of luck; an opportunity.

p. 246 *ignoramus.* The partial verdict of the Middlesex Grand Jury ignoring the bill of the indictment against Shaftesbury, 24 November, 1681. It is frequently alluded to by Dryden, Mrs. Behn, and the Tory writers.

p. 248 *Albany.* James (II), Duke of York and Albany.

p. 249 *Polanders.* Shaftesbury aspired to be chosen King of Poland in 1675 when John Sobieski was elected to that Throne. This piece of foolish ambition and a certain physical infirmity, to wit, an abscess that in order to preserve his life had to be kept continually open by a silver pipe, got him the nickname of Count Tapsky. In *The Medal* (March, 1682) Dryden speaks of 'The Polish Medal', and Otway's Prologue to *Venice Preserv'd* (1682) ridicules Shaftesbury's regal covetings thus:—

> O Poland, Poland! had it been thy lot
> T'have heard in time of this Venetian plot,
> Thou surely chosen hadst one king from thence
> And honoured them, as thou hast England since.

An elaborate and amusing piece of sarcasm on the same subject appeared in a pamphlet entitled *A Modest Vindication of the Earl of S——y, In a Letter to a Friend concerning his being elected King of Poland*, 1682. Squibs and pasquinades such as *Scandalum Magnatum, or Potapski's case*; *A Satire against Polish Oppression* (1682), and the versified *Last Will and Testament of Anthony, King of Poland* abounded.

p. 251 *Tantivy.* Reckless, dare-devil. Said by Dr. Johnson to be derived from the sound of a hunting-horn.

p. 251 *Absalom and Achitophel.* The first part of this great poem was published, folio, on or a little before 17 November, 1681. A second edition, quarto, followed during December. The work was anonymous, but the authorship was never a secret. The second part, mainly from the pen of Tate, appeared in November, 1682.

p. 254 *lookt Babies.* To look babies is to gaze at the reflection of one's face in another's eyes. cf. Beaumont, *The Woman Hater* (1606), iii, 1:—

> *Gondarino.* I cannot think I shall become a coxcomb,
> To ha' my hair curl'd by an idle finger,
> . . . . . .
> Mine eyes look'd babies in.

p. 257 *an old Reckoning.* 4to 1, 1682, reads 'an odde Reckoning'; 4to 2, 1698, reads 'an odd Reckoning'; but 1724 'old' is doubtless correct.

p. 257 *to give us a Song.* Charlotte Butler, who played Charlot, 'proved', says Cibber, 'not only a good actress, but was allowed in those days, to sing and dance to great perfection. In the dramatic operas of *Dioclesian* and *King Arthur*, she was a capital and admired performer. In speaking too, she had a sweet-toned voice, which, with her naturally genteel air and sensible pronunciation, rendered her wholly mistress of the amiable in many serious characters. In parts of humour, too, she had a manner of blending her assuasive softness, even with the gay, the

lively, and the alluring.' Fletcher's *The Prophetess* was brought out as an opera, *Dioclesian*, at Dorset Garden in 1690. Dryden's *King Arthur*, 'a dramatic opera', music by Purcell, was produced in 1691. In the latter piece Mrs. Butler acted Philidel, an Airy Spirit.

p. 257 *Charl. and Fop. dance.* Jevon, who acted Foppington, had originally been a dancing master. He was famous for his grace and nimbleness.

p. 259 *Mercury.* The first foreign printed periodical circulating in England was *Mercurius Gallobelgicus*, a bound book printed in Cologne and written in Latin. The first number, a thick little octavo of 625 pages, was published in March, 1594, and contained a chronicle of events from 1588. From this 'newsbook' came the Latin title *Mercurius*, used on so many of our periodicals. In 1625 was issued the first coranto with a name, 'printed for Mercurius Britannicus'. The earliest number in existence is 16, dated 7 April, 1625. Butler (*Hudibras*, II, i. 56) speaks of

> Mercuries of furthest regions,
> Diurnals writ for regulation
> Of lying, to inform the nation.

p. 259 *flam.* humbug. cf. South's Sermons (1737), II, xii, p. 443. *Conscience* (1692). 'All pretences to the contrary are nothing but cant and cheat, flam and delusion.'

p. 260 *Hackney.* A whore. Cotgrave (1611), *Bringuenaudée*, a common hackney. Stapylton's *Juvenalls Satyrs* (1647), III, 76:—'And hackney-wenches that i' th' *Circus* stand'. *Hudibras*, III, i, 811-2:—

> That is no more than every lover
> Does from his hackney-lady suffer.

p. 261 *Twelve was the lucky.* Tom is quoting from *The Happy Night*, a piece which may be found in Vol. I of the *Works of the Earl of Rochester* (1756), and in the early pseudo-Amsterdam editions. The following note is generally appended: 'The late Duke of Buckinghamshire was pleased to own himself the Author of this Poem.'

p. 262 *fisking and giggiting.* Both these words have practically the same signification, i.e., to frisk or scamper about heedlessly. cf. *Rules of Civility* (1675), in *Antiquary* (1880):—'Madam . . . fisking and prattling are but ill ways to please.'

To giggit is a very rare verb. The *N.E.D.* only notices it as a modern U.S.A. colloquialism, quoting *Old Town Folks* 'While the wagon and uncle Liakim were heard giggiting away.'

p. 263 *Rakeshame.* A common word for a profligate in the 17th century. cf. Bishop Montagu, *Diatribæ* (1621), 'Such roysterers and rakeshames as Mars is manned with.'

p. 269 *whipping Tom.* The use of a whipping boy punished for another's fault is well known. Barnaby Fitzpatrick served that office for the young Edward VI. and Mungo Murray for Charles I.

p. 273 *Intelligence.* Newspaper; diurnal. 'Letters of Intelligence' was an early and common name for a periodical. In 1662 we have *A Monthly Intelligence Relating the Affaires of the People called Quakers.* No. 1, August-September 1. (The only number.) In 1665, *Publick Intelligence*, No. 1, 28 November, 1665. By Sir Roger L'Estrange. (One number.)

p. 277 *I saw how.* Tom is quoting these four lines from stanza vii of *The Disappointment*, *vide* Vol. vi. The same poem, yclept *The Insensible*, appears in various editions of Rochester's *Works*, and is attributed to the Earl. *The Disappointment* is again the title of another poem which directly precedes *The Insensible.*

p. 278 *Enter Sensure.* cf. Shadwell's *The Miser* (1672), Act iv, where Squeeze escaping from Mother Cheatley's house is exposed by being found to have donned Lettice's red silk stocking in mistake for his own. It is said that when Shaftesbury's house was searched for incriminating papers a lady of some little notoriety was found concealed under his bed.

p. 281 *the City-Charter.* The Charter of the City of London was broken by the Crown in 1683. cf. Dryden's *Prologue to the King & Queen . . . upon the Union of the Two Companies* spoken at Drury Lane, 16 November, 1682 :—

> When men will needlessly their freedom barter
> For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
> (There's a damned word that rhymes to this, call'd Charter.)

p. 282 *Crape-Gownorums.* Clerics. Bailey (1755) defines crape as 'a sort of thin worsted stuff of which the dress of the clergy is sometimes made'. cf. *Speculum Crape-Gownorum; or, A Looking-Glass for the young Academicks* (1682). An unpublished satire (Harleian MS.), *The Convocation* (1688), has :—

> Whole Troops of Crape Gowns with Curtains of Lawn
> In the Pale of the Church together are drawn.

p. 282 *Association.* When Shaftesbury was apprehended and sent to the Tower in 1681, the project of an 'Association' was discovered amongst his papers. The satire is very mordant here. There is a caustic pasquil entitled *Massinello, or a Satyr against the Association and the Guildhall Plot.* Dedicated to the Salamanca (No) Doctor, 1683. cf. Dryden's *Prologue to the King and Queen*, spoken at the opening of their Theatre, Drury Lane, upon the Union of the Two Companies, 16 November, 1682 :—

> How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
> And Carolina's with Associators :
> Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

p. 289 *Chitterling.* Originally the smaller intestines of beasts, as of the pig, but here used as equalling 'catgut'. A rare example.

p. 290 *Discoverer.* A name given to those who belonged to Titus Oates' gang and feigned to have knowledge of and discover the Popish Plot.

p. 294 *mump'd.* tricked. Dutch *mompen* = to cheat. A very common expression.

p. 296 *Polish Embassador then incognito? A Modest Vindication of the Earl of S —y* (1682), banters that nobleman by describing how 'Polish Deputies were immediately sent Post incognito with the Imperial Crown and Sceptre in a Cloak-Bag'.

p. 297 *Salamanca.* The abominable Oates, prince of perjurers, feigned to have taken his degree D.D. at Salamanca. cf. Crowne's *City Politics* (1683), Act v, where Craffy says to Dr. Panchy (Oates), 'Where did you take

your degree— in Beargarden?' 'In a learned university, Sir,' thunders the Doctor, to which Crafty retorts, 'I' the University of Coffee-houses, the University of Lies.'

p. 299 *Trincalos.* In Davenant and Dryden's version of *The Tempest*, produced with extraordinary success at the Duke's House, 7 November, 1667: or in Shadwell's operatic alteration of Shakespeare produced at Dorset Garden, 30 April (or very early in May), 1674. The reference is applicable to either of these two. No sooner has Trincalo chosen Sycorax, Caliban's sister, as his spouse, than the treacherous Stephano wins the she-monster for himself, and a battle royal ensues. Cave Underhill, a famous Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, excelled as Trincalo.

p. 299. *Fop-corner.* One of the corners of the pit nearest the stage much affected by the gallants and beau critics. There are frequent allusions in prologues, epilogues and plays. cf. the ballad epilogue to Davenant's *The Man's the Master* (produced 26 March, 1668, 4to, 1669):—

> Others are bolder, and never cry, shall I?
> For they make our guards quail
> And 'twixt curtain and rail,
> Oft combing their hair, they walk in Fop-Alley.

THE FEIGN'D CURTEZANS.

p. 305 *To Mrs. Ellen Guin.* This adulatory epistle may be paralleled with that prefixed by Duffet to his rhyming comedy, *The Spanish Rogue* (4to, 1674). The only other known book beside these two plays dedicated to Nell Gwynne is a very rare little volume entitled *Janua Divorum: or The Lives and Histories of the Heathen Gods, Goddesses, & Demi-Gods*, by Robert Whitcombe, published in 1678, and inscribed to 'The Illustrious Madam Ellen Guin'. Dr. Johnson's pungent remark to the effect that Dryden has never been equalled in the hyperbole of flattery except by Aphara Behn in her address to Nell Gwynne is quoted to triteness. But then at that time it was the fashion to riot in the wildest extravagances of compliment. Neither the great laureate nor Astrea must be too harshly taken to task for their vivid verbal colouring.

p. 306 *two noble Branches.* Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans, born 8 May, 1670; James Beauclerk, born 25 December, 1671, *ob.* September, 1680, the two sons of Nell Gwynne by Charles II. There is an exquisitely voluptuous painting by Gascar, engraved by Masson, of Nell Gwynne on a bed of roses whilst the two boys as winged amorini support flowing curtains and draperies. Her royal lover appears in the distance. There is also a well-known and beautiful painting of the mother and children by Lely, engraved by Richard Tompson.

p. 307 *Mrs. Currer.* Elizabeth Currer was born in Dublin. When quite a girl she joined the Duke's Company in 1673, and in a few years, owing to her beauty and extraordinary spirit, became a prime favourite with the Town. Amongst her chief recorded parts are: 1677, Mrs. Hadland in *The Counterfeit Bridegroom*. January, 1678, Lady Fancy in Mrs.

Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*; in March, Marcella in *The Feign'd Curtezans*; June of the same year, Madam Tricklove in D'Urfey's *Squire Oldsapp*. In 1680, The Queen in Tate's *The Loyal General*, and Jenny Wheedle (Matilda) in D'Urfey's entertaining comedy *The Virtuous Wife*. In 1681 she created Ariadne in *The Rover*, Part II. and 'Lady Elianor Butler, a young lady of great quality that was one of King Edward's mistresses,' in Crowne's adaptation of, 2 *Henry VI*, which he dubbed *The Miseries of Civil War*. 1682, Eugenia in Ravenscroft's rollicking *The London Cuckolds*; (probably) Lady Desbro' in *The Roundheads*; Diana in *The City Heiress*; Isabella in *The False Count*; and, her greatest rôle, Aquilina the Greek light o' love in *Venice Preserv'd* to the Antonio of Leigh. 'When Leigh and Mrs. Currer', says Davies, 'performed the parts of doting cully and rampant courtezan the applause was as loud as the triumphant Tories could bestow.' Subsequent decades eliminated the intrigue between Nicky Nacky and the fumbling old senator. The scenes were thought to reek too openly of the stews, and when indeed they were played for the last time in their entirety at the express command of George II, then Prince of Wales, with Pinketham as Antonio and pretty Mrs. Horton Aquilina, the house, in spite of the high patronage, thought fit to demonstrate their pudicity in a very audible manner.[1] The critics too, in a somewhat ductile herd, have modestly decried these same episodes. Otway's comic and satiric powers have been thoroughly underrated. Taine, however, boldly confessed that Otway 'like Shakespeare . . . found at least once the grand bitter buffoonery, the harsh sentiment of human baseness', and he demonstrates that, however odious and painful the episodes of senator and whore may be, they are true to the uttermost. Even the great nineteenth-century realist Zola did not disdain to take a hint thence for his chapters in *Nana* of the masochist Count Muffat and the 'rampant courtezan'.

In 1684 Mrs. Currer created Mrs. Featly in Ravenscroft's 'recantation play', *Dame Dobson*; she was also Sylvia in Otway's last comedy, *The Atheist*, and Lady Medlar in *The Factious Citizen*. In 1685 she played Isabella in Tate's farcical *A Duke and no Duke*, and five years later she is billed as the roystering Widow Ranter in Mrs. Behn's posthumous comedy of the same name. Her name does not appear after 1690, latterly her appearances were few, and she seems to have been one of those 'erept the stage by love'. An unprinted MS. *Satire on the Players* (1682–3) has a sharp reference to Betty Currer and cries:—

> Currer 'tis time thou wert to Ireland gone
> Thy utmost Rate is here but Half-a-Crown
> Ask Turner if thou art not fulsome grown.

p. 309 *Silvio, Page to Laura Lucretia.* (Dramatis Personæ.) I have added 'Silvio' to the list of actors as he enters according to the stage

[1] There was a notable performance of *Venice Preserv'd* at Drury Lane, 19 November, 1721, which is perhaps the occasion referred to; but, as Genest says, after the original performances the rôle of Aquilina is not to be found in the play bills. 2 December, 1721, Spiller acted Antonio at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

directions, Act i, 1, and elsewhere. Julio in the same scene refers to him, and Laura Lucretia several times addresses him during the play. Act ii, 1, &c. In Act v, however, he is manifestly confused with Sabina. Laura gives Silvio certain instructions, he approaches Galliard, and his lines have speech-prefix 'Sab.' In the following scene the direction is 'enter Silvio' and his speech is given to Sabina, Laura moreover addressing him as Sabina. I have no doubt that this confusion existed in Mrs. Behn's MS.

p. 315 *Medices Villa.* The Villa Medici was erected in 1540 by Annibale Lippi. The gardens are famous for their beauty. From the avenue of evergreen-oaks with a fountain before the Villa can be obtained a celebrated view of St. Peter's.

p. 317 *I may chance to turn her.* Mr. Tickletext was much of the opinion of the celebrated casuist Bauny, who, in his *Theologia Moralis*, tractatus iv, *De Pœnitentia*, quaestio 14, writes: 'Licitum est cuilibet lupanar ingredi ad odium peccati ingerendum meretricibus, etsi metus sit, et vero etiam verisimilitudo non parva se peccaturum eo quod malo suo saepe sit expertus, blandis se mulierculorum sermonibus flecti solitum ad libidinem.'

p. 319 *Amorous Twire.* Twire = a sly, saucy glance; a leer. cf. Etheridge's *The Man of Mode* (1676), Act iii, iii, *Harriet.* 'I abominate . . . the affected smiles, the silly By-words, and amorous Tweers in passing.' The verb 'to twire' occurs in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, xxviii, 12, and frequently elsewhere.

p. 320 *Hogan-Mogan.* A popular corruption, or rather perversion, of the Dutch *Hoogmogend-heiden*, 'High Mightinesses', the title of the States-General. In a transferred manner it is used as a humorous or contemptuous adjective of those affecting grandeur and show; 'high and mighty.' The phrase is common. Needham, *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, No. 7 (1648), speaks of the 'Hogan Mogan States of Westminster'. Tom Brown (1704), *Works* (1760), Vol. IV, lashes 'hogan-mogan generals'.

p. 330 *Pusilage.* French *pucelage*; virginity; maidenhead. 1724 reading 'pupilage' misses the whole point and comes near making nonsense of the passage. cf. Otway's *The Poets Complaint of his Muse* (4to, 1680), v-vi:

> No pair so happy as my Muse and I.
> Ne'er was young lover half so fond,
> When first his pusilage he lost;
> Or could of half my pleasure boast.

p. 322 *Back-Sword.* A sword with a cutting edge; or single-stick (with a basket hilt).

p. 322 *Parades.* 'The lessons defensive are commonly called the parades'. —Sir W. Hope's *Compleat Fencing Master* (2nd edition, 1692).

p. 322 *Degagements.* André Wernesson, Sieur de Liancour, in chap. v of *Le Maistre d' Armes* (1686), treats 'des Dégagements' in some detail. Hope defines 'Caveating or Dis-engaging' as 'the slipping of your Adversaries' sword when it is going to *bind* or secure yours'.

p. 322 *Advancements.* Advancings. 'A man is said to *Approach* or *Advance* when being out of his adversaries' reach or at a pretty distance from him he cometh nearer to him'.—Hope, *Compleat Fencing Master.*

p. 322 *Eloynements.* To elonge 'is to Streatch forward one's right Arm and Legg and to keep a close left Foot. This a Man doth when he giveth a Thrust, and when he doth it he is said to make an *Elogne'* (Eloynements).—Hope, *New Method of Fencing*, chap. iv, xi (2nd edition, 1714), deals in detail with 'Elonging, or making an Elonge'.

p. 322 *Retierments.* Retreats or Retirings are very fully described in Liancour's *Le Maistre d' Armes*, chap. iv. 'A Man is said to Retire when being within his Adversaries' reach he goeth out of it either by stepping or jumping backwards from his Adversary upon a Straight Line'. —Hope, *Compleat Fencing Master* (2nd edition, 1692).

p. 322 *St. George's Guard.* 'A guard of the broadsword or sabre used in warding off blows directed against the head'.—C. James, *Military Dictionary* (1802).

p. 322 *Flurette.* or Fluret. A fencing foil. Hope, *New Method of Fencing* (1714), chap. vii says: '[The Fencing-Master] ought to . . . begin his Scholars with Fleurets'.

p. 323 *Ajax and Ulysses contending for Achilles his armour?*

> Bella mouet clypeus: deque armis arma feruntur.
> Non ea Tydides, non audet Oïleos Aiax,
> Non minor Atrides, non bello maior et aeuo
> Poscere non alii: soli Telamone creato
> Läertaque fuit tantae fiducia laudis.—Ovid: *Metamorphoseon*, xii, 621-5. Book xiii commences with a description of the contest of Ajax (Telamonis) and Ulysses for the arms of the dead Achilles. They were awarded to the prince of Ithaca.

p. 324 *Clouterlest.* Clumsiest. E. Phillips, *Theatrum Poetarum*, speaks of Spenser's 'rough hewn clouterly verses'. cf. *Pamela*, Vol. I, p. 112 (1741), 'some clouterly ploughboy'.

p. 338 *Rosemary.* 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance'. *Hamlet*, iv, v.

p. 340 *Docity.* Gumption. A favourite word with Mrs. Behn. cf. *The False Count*, ii, ii. *Guill.* 'I thank heaven I have docity', and elsewhere.

p. 341 *Julio.* Guilio, a silver coin worth 6*d*. It was first struck by Pope Julius II (1503–13), hence its name.

p. 346 *The hour of the Berjere.* L'heure du berger ou l'amant trouve celle qu'il aime favorable à ses voeux. cf. La Fontaine, *Contes. La Coupe Enchantée.* 'Il y fait bon, l'heure du berger sonne.' It is a favourite expression of Mrs. Behn. cf. *Sir Patient Fancy*, Act i, i. 'From Ten to Twelve are the happy hours of the Bergere, those of intire enjoyment.' Also the charming conclusion of *The Lover's Watch:*—

> Damon, my watch is just and new:
> And all a Lover ought to do,
> My Cupid faithfully will show.
> And ev'ry hour he renders there
> Except *l'heure du Bergère.*

p. 352 *Knox, or Cartwright.* The allusion here is to the Scotch reformer and the Puritan divine, whose weighty tomes Tickletext might be supposed to carry with him for propagandist purposes. Fillamour has already rallied him on his Spartan orthodoxy, and anon we find the

worthy chaplain hot at the 'great work of conversion'. It has been ingeniously suggested that a reference is intended to *The Preacher's Travels* of John Cartwright of Magdalen, Oxford, a book first published in 1611, and afterwards reprinted.

p. 253 *St. James's of the Incurables.* The church of S. Giacomo and the adjacent Ospedale stand at the corner of the Via S. Giacomo, which leads from the Corso towards the river.

p. 378 *cogging.* To cog is to trick, to cheat. A word in common use.

p. 384 *like to like* . . . A very old proverbial saying. The humours of Grim the collier are introduced by Ulpian Fulwell into his morality, *Like Will to Like* (1561). cf. The amusing anonymous comedy, *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* (1600), with its major plot of the Belphegor story.

p. 384 *smoke.* To detect. cf. *All's Well That Ends Well*, iii, 6. 'He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu.'

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